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THE

ILLUMINATED MAGAZINE.

VOL. IV.

NOVEMBER TO APRIL.

LONDON:

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FOR NOVEMBER.

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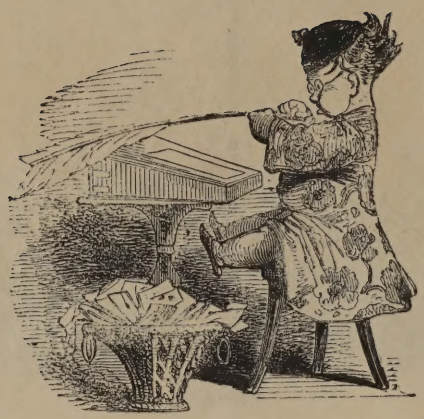


TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications remain with the publisher for the following Correspondents, who are requested to send for them. "A Templar's Tale," "The Wind-Birds," "The Fairy Schoolmaster," "The Quarrelsome Sisters," "Napoleon Bonaparte's Star of Destiny," "A True Tragedy of the Thames," "Song, C. H. W.," "The Second Flight of Asmodeus," "Many happy returns, &c." "A proposition for the Amendment, &c." "The New Grave" "A. W—, Esq.," "Felix," "A. W. Y." "C. O. A." "Pere la Chaise," "Kate Wynsley," "Yeomanry Cavalry," "Death Summons," "E. F—, Esq.," "Kentish Tales," "E. L. B." "Story of Anthony Palmer," "My First Article," "The Midnight Wanderer," "A Gentleman Tramp," "Semiramide," "A Templar," "The Spectre Omnibus," "Ascent of Mount Leutes," "A Fable," "Casino in the Parks," "Polka," "Buried Alive," "F. R. L—, Esq.," "A. M. Y." "Philo-Soph," "Lewes," "The Ground of the Law," "G. R—, Esq.," "Quis," "Dr. M—," "On Difficulty of First Address." "J. H—, Esq.," "A Voyage of Discovery," "A Day at Malvern," "Dancing and Literature," "An English Home Scene," "Inquisitor," "Alpha"—"Souvenir of Aix le Baines."

Numerous Contributions will receive our early attention after publication of the present number.

*** Several distinguished authors—the first of the day—are engaged to enrich future numbers of the ILLUMINATED MAGAZINE.

The Illuminated Magazine

Address.

The present number of the Illuminated Magazine commences our Fourth Volume.

To this fact, the Editors venture to add a prediction—the volume that is fourth in the order of succession, will not be last in its degree of merit.

Before we are taxed with displaying more confidence than modesty, may we be permitted to state why we consider our confidence well founded, and why that humility of phrase which in preface and prospectus is often but vanity in disguise, would here be out of place?

Men, Ministries, and Magazines are each and all liable to change; when that change is for the better it is a cause for congratulation rather than regret, and our confidence of future success is founded on the arrangements we have made to ensure that result. As we shall speak of those arrangements without reserve, we shall not, in doing so, affect a humility we have no reason to feel.

The Illuminated Magazine was projected, established, and conducted, with the intention of calling to the aid of the literary ability of the day, that artistic skill by which the present age is distinguished.

In announcing that a change has taken place in the management of the Magazine, it is necessary to add that no alteration will be made in the plan and principle hitherto pursued. The only difference will be an extension and improvement of both. The Engravings will be more numerous, and by securing the services of an increased number of the best artists of the day, they will be richer in that beauty which springs from variety.

The expense of illustrated works has rendered the superior class of them a luxury of the Rich. We have done, and shall still do, our best to give the graceful and imaginative creations of the pencil as "things of beauty" for the delight and refinement of a far wider circle.

In the Literary Department we have ensured the assistance of many fresh contributors in addition to those already favourably recognised by our readers. It is the pleasing duty of the present Editors to acknowledge, with the warmest thanks, the many handsome offers of assistance they have received; the approbation of the public has given the ILLUMINATED MAGAZINE a high position, a large influence, and a wide circulation; but by the assistance engaged and the aid proffered them, the Editors feel assured the first will be raised, the second increased, and the last extended.

To this general statement of the fresh energy and renewed exertion to which the conductors of this Magazine have been impelled by its past success, it may be as well to add an outline—and an outline only can it be—of the more particular points in which that energy will be displayed.

ART will not only assist us in the embellishment of our pages; it will furnish us with a theme for criticism and remark; in all its phases it will be treated with that care its importance merits, and with that honest freedom from which the ablest of its followers have never shrunk.

English Literature will occupy more space and receive greater attention. The leading books of the month will be presented to the reader in a due blending of criticism and extract. Foreign Literature will also furnish an agreeable and useful variety, either in Reviews and specimens of foreign works, Biographies of foreign writers, or extracts from their writings, whether poetry or prose. We will read "the stars of other skies," and "from their golden urns draw light" that may brighten our own.

But our attention to the world of letters, will not be allowed to exclude us from the yet wider world, of MAN, Action, and Events. Of those occurrences, political or social, which form epochs in the world's history, we shall avail ourselves, as fit topics for comment; they will be treated in no narrow spirit of cavil or despondency, either as to the world or man's position in it. The past reveals to us no Age of Gold—except in fable; we do not anticipate an Utopia in the future. We accept the present as it is, not faultless, but progressive, and this progress we shall watch in the spirit of that philosophy which, grieving over many things, can yet hope the best for all.

One more announcement, and that of a business-like description, and we close our exordium of profession and promise, neither of which have we made without a firm intention of acting up to it, as we trust time will prove.

Books and Engravings will in future be punctually noticed in the current month, if delivered on or before the 20th; the order in which they arrive, it may be useful to add, will fix the order in which they will be attended to. Papers and articles intended for insertion in the same month must not be delivered at the office later than the 10th.

FATHERLAND:

A TALE OF TWO EPOCHS.

BY J. W. CARLETON, (CRAVEN) AUTHOR OF 'HYDE MARSTON,' &c., &c., &c.

There was a time, when, though my path was rough,
The joy within me dallied with distress;
And all misfortunes were but as the stuff
Whence fancy made me dreams of happiness:
For hope grew round me like the twining vine,
And fruits and foliage, not my own, seemed mine.

COLERIDGE.

IT was the close of a rich autumnal day, towards the end of September, when a youth, in the dawn of manhood, handed his fowling-piece to a game-keeper in attendance, and motioning him to call off a brace of noble spaniels that were in no hurry to obey the summons, entered one of those venerable mansions so characteristically designated "the stately homes of England." By a lawful conceit, the hall of entrance might be called a prologue to the house and household. The florid architecture proclaimed its date from days when men poured forth their broad pieces to embellish their broad lands, while store of sylvan trophies, grim warriors, and gallant hunters, hung around, bore record that the pursuits and tastes of its lords lay alike in war and woodcraft.

He who crossed its threshold, carried with him assurance of his lineage. His glance and bearing bespoke pride of place; his step and gesture, the bold grace of a pupil trained from childhood to the boon exercises of flood and field. Perhaps, it might have been as well if his hazel eye had flashed less haughtily, and his small sweet upper lip had not curled with quite so much contempt; but liberal allowance must be made for the descendant of the terrible-looking gentleman suspended over the entrance of the eastern corridor, in a slashed doublet and jack-boots, a rapier in his hand as big as a ploughshare, and looking more fierce than fifty furies. As he entered, the young man gazed around, as if to study the family biography which encircled him; his look anon settling on a most gentle page of the volume—a portrait of a girl, of the time and style of Lely. He appeared to peruse it with deep emotion, for the traces of strong feeling passed rapidly over his cheek and brow.

"How like! how wondrous like!" he murmured, "I could almost imagine it was herself!" And then he turned slowly, and passed again through the door by which he came in.

Fair was the scene that spread on every side before the terrace by which the mansion was surrounded. In the fore-ground, gently swelling lawns, clothed with turf soft and sheen as velvet, were studded with noble trees—patriarchal oaks, giant beeches, and majestic cedars, the plumed monarchs of the forest. There, too, wound a limpid river, bright as hope, and tranquil as content; while, in jocund herds, the slim deer cropped their fragrant banquet, or slept beneath the canopy of some blossoming chesnut. But fair and calm as the scene was, he who looked upon it seemed little influenced by its spirit. He paced the broad terrace with uncertain steps, now pressing onward, as if moved to some sudden purpose, and then abruptly pausing, as though it were abandoned or forgotten. His age, as already said, was early manhood; and yet the complexion of youth belonged not to his expression or bearing. Both bespoke a forced maturity; that exotic moral ripeness to the attainment of which the modern system of education acts as the guide, but not as the philosopher and friend. Ah, surely not! for what can they give the dawn of existence in return, who rob it of its freshness, its bloom, and its hopefulness? The experience of life brings with it a bitter compensation for all its advantages; it puts an end to simplicity of character. The moment that melancholy companion joins us, woe to our pilgrimage! In vain we attempt to rid ourselves of its society. The heart, whilom clear as crystal, through which the sunbeam passes bright and cheerful as when it left its home in the heavens, is covered with a dark veil. No longer does our voyage lie on the bright waters of hope, that sparkle around us like rivers of stars. We have learnt to materialize: a sad alchymy—to transmute feeling into solicitude; nature's blithe instinct, that life is a licence for happiness, into the world's sad knowledge—how hard it is to live!

For more than two centuries the Nevilles of Oversley had ranked among the leading aristocracy of the county of Kent. Their ancestors, who had been gentlemen of account there before the Revolution, disappeared during the Protectorate, but returned with Charles the Second. The representative of the family, who, at this period, unfurled its banner in the garden of England, had held high rank under the merry Monarch—and, better still, enjoyed his high favour. That the kindness with which the Sovereign endowed him was in some degree the offspring of a fellow-feeling, there is reason for believing, because all existing memorials of the old Royalist General represent him as a roystering gallant that devoted to wassail the days which remained to him from war. With him the Castle of Oversley, and the domains attached to it, came into the family, which had previously been more indebted for its social position to ancestry than acres. The ancient cavalier was a patriot to the backbone; as it has been said of Pitt, "he loved England as an Athenian loved the city of the Violet Crown—as a Roman loved the city of the Seven Hills." Like Pitt, also, he showed his attachment in his peculiar fashion; he hated a Frenchman—as Lord Collingwood declared was the moral obligation and social duty of every British officer—"like the devil;" and poured forth libations to Church and State, as if he held the appointment of chief priest of loyal sacrifices and oblations. The stock from such a source was not likely to possess a turn for domestic management or systematic economy. Each of its generations, indeed, was the drop of water on the rock, which, in process of time, should wear it away; and the hour was fast at hand when the heir of that distinguished line was destined to succeed to no portion of its honours—except the name.

The future lord of a barren heritage looked abroad upon the glorious regions before him in much such sort as we contemplate a scene in the consciousness that we are dreaming. Hill and valley, wood and water, house and home, appeared to him as an unsubstantial vision—an unreal mockery—from which he should presently awake to the bitter assurance that all was a delusion. Like almost every young Englishman of condition, his spring of life had been divided between a public school and the university. When scarcely more than a child he departed from his father's roof, to which his visits had hitherto been but as those of a stranger; and now, for the first time, he found himself an inmate of his father's house as one to whom it was a home.

Oversley Court was one of the best specimens of the style of mansion of the time of Charles the Second—truly described as the most wretched era of all but classic architecture in our whole history. It was surrounded by the most picturesque district of the lovely county in which it was situated, and having attached very considerable domains. It was generally believed, however, that when the then possessor, Sir Percy Neville, succeeded to them, they were considerably embarrassed; and his career had been anything but one likely to redeem a fortune previously in difficulties. Yet there was no act of it which could at all impeach his character as a moral or an honourable man. He lived on his estates after the approved fashion of persons of his position—supported a dignified, but not an extravagant hospitality—was a liberal and kind landlord—always accessible to the poor (for as yet poverty had not become a disease against which the law made provisions more socially excommunicative than against leprosy or the cholera)—and dealt out

justice with a balance so scrupulously accurate, that the solar microcosm of malice could not have detected the beam a hair's breadth out of the horizontal. Those of another generation might well ask how came it that, under such circumstances, a country gentleman, possessed of means suited to his station, could waste his substance? But we do not belong to days from which the memory or the memorials have passed, of those merciless and mortal political tournaments that were wont periodically to fright our isle from its propriety. Indeed, they have not ceased long enough for the wounds received in them to have healed. There are those haply who could even now point to a seat in the Legislature for which an aged lady, with the spirit of a Roman matron, was content to barter affluence for an almshouse. A contested election was then a civil war—licensed by Act of Parliament—in which acre was arrayed against acre, and guinea against guinea, in a struggle of extermination wherein no quarter was given. Nay, more—and infinitely more foul and unnatural—it has been the incentive to domestic suicide! What shall be said of a system which induced one of the belted knights of this land—a branch of a genealogical tree which was planted at the Conquest—to set the torch to his own good hall, because he could no longer afford to dwell in it, and for that his pride could not brook the foot of the stranger should pollute the hearth of his sires? If this seem a supposition too monstrous for belief—'tis a legend familiar to a northern county—and no fancy sketch.

Three cases of single combat of this description, with as many champions from the gold coast (three bankers of Lombard-street), in somewhere about a dozen years so sorely damaged the baronet's exchequer, that while he had the victory and the glory, they had the *spolia opima*—each *successive* conquest being attended by a mortgage of hop-gardens and cherry orchards, which enabled the vanquished to realise ten *per cent.* from their customer's capital. A banker!—will people of another century be persuaded there ever *was* such a thing *in rerum naturâ?* What shall prevent their setting it down as a creature of imagination? Will they credit that history, which requires them to believe there existed once upon a time men like themselves, who fed upon flesh and fish (the best to be had in the market), to whom all the other men took their gold and securities, with a request that they would, as an especial favour, turn them to account of their own benefit and emolument? Will Young England not look upon the requisition to believe there ever were such establishments as banks for deposit as an offence to its common sense? Peradventure we shall see.

While the veteran of so many political forlorn hopes lost his ready cash and credit he gained a great access of popularity. The ultimate good he was likely to reap from it, was, however, very problematical, if, indeed, it possessed even so unsatisfactory a claim. The French essayist's tale of the "Giant and the Dwarf," though well served up by Goldsmith in his "Vicar of Wakefield," is so full of practical every-day philosophy, and withal so pat to the purpose, that it may be sufficient to go through a third edition, with the baronet and the bankers for its *dramatis personæ*. . . . A long time ago—so long that the date has been lost—there was a giant and a dwarf, between whom a great friendship existed. Presently they made a bargain to set out together in search of adventures. They soon met with a couple of Saracens, upon one of whom the dwarf fell—being very eager for an opportunity of displaying his valour. He did not do much mischief to the Saracen, who drew his sword and cut off one of the dwarf's arms. Thus he had the worst of it, and would have been slain but for the giant, who came up, and straightway put both the Saracens to death. Thereupon, the dwarf had the gratification of cutting off the dead fellow's head. They now went on, seeking for another adventure, and were fortunate enough to fall in with three lewd-minded Satyrs, who were carrying away a damsel in distress. The dwarf went about his business now a little more cautiously; but, nevertheless, he laid about him stoutly, and was rewarded for striking the first blow by another, which knocked out one of his eyes. The giant now came up, and, had not the Satyrs run away, he would, no doubt, have killed them all. They rejoiced greatly at this victory, and the damsel they had saved fell in love with the giant and married him. They now went on and on till they met with a gang of robbers. The giant immediately assailed them, followed by the dwarf, who was not slow to imitate his example. The battle was long and desperate; wherever the giant turned he cut down all before him, but the dwarf very narrowly escaped death several times. At last, the victory declared for the two friends, but the dwarf lost a leg. He was, therefore, without a leg, an arm, and an eye, while the giant had not received as much as a wound. Hereupon he exclaimed to his companion: "My little cock, this is excellent sport, let us have one more victory, and then we shall have honour for ever!" "No, no," cries the dwarf, whom experience had made wise; "no, no; I declare off; I'll fight no more, for I find, in every battle, that you get all the glory and gain, while all the blows fall to my share."

The dwarf of the French essay is the popular candidate of the old English political economy.

Sir Percy Neville was a patriot—so far as a

member of Parliament, who made rural policy his especial care, may be held worthy of the title. He was attached, nevertheless, to the court party, as well from instinctive loyalty, as brcause it was the idiosyncracy of his order. Thus did he, in a manner, endow the house of Brunswick with all the relics of a fortune derived from those whose descendants owed it little good-will. The singularity of application does not lack precedent in the transfer of English estates. Greenwich Hospital, for instance, derives the greatest portion of its funds from the possessions of the Earl of Derwentwater who was attainted in 1715. And Bamborough Castle, one of the most noble of our benevolent institutions, was originally the property of the rebel general, Foster. It is a peculiarity of the landed interest, that it takes from two to three generations to complete its ruin, however well-disposed the agents may be. The whole process is regulated by the machinery of entail, whereby the "fee" of the soil is invested in an ordination of Providence. A. marries, and in consideration of a sum then and there paid to him, endows certain parties with all his lands and hereditaments in trust for the first-born male, if any should be of the union. He spends his spouse's dowry, of course, and then requires a further supply—of course also. Being tenant for life, what between insurances, and showing title to the satisfaction of the lender's attorneys, the advance stands him in something like fifteen per cent. While half a dozen loans, so raised, are being dissipated, B——, the heir, comes of age, and wants cash to squander on his own account. This, he is informed, there are two ways of obtaining, by paying off his father's annuities, and so raising a larger sum by joint mortgage, which marriage, or some other casualty of life, may enable him to pay off; or by marriage, which is a mortgage without the equity of redemption. What is to be done? The necessity admits of no dalliance. Shall he operate his own paper at two thousand per cent., and throw himself into the hands of the Philistines—Moses and Aaron Solomons, gentlemen compared with whom Shylock had a heart—"open as day to melting charity"—or into the arms of the Indigo broker's daughter, a young lady who carries her nose at an angle of forty-five degrees, and wears a shoulder like Richard the Third? Better die, or dock the entail: so he naturally does the latter, and having thereby put a couple of thousands into his purse, as naturally sets out on a continental tour with *Giselle*, a young virgin from the *corps de ballet*, as an interpreter.

Charles Edward was the only issue of a marriage between Sir Percy Neville and the youngest daughter of a Kentish gentleman of small fortune. Her only portion was her virtue and beauty; alas! that we are fallen upon days in which a woman so gifted should stand in need of other dower. This lady survived the birth

of her child but a few months. It was, no doubt, a spice of the spirit of the old Royalist General that induced Sir Percy to bestow on his heir the Christian names of the last of the Stuarts; but there were those of his neighbours, to whom the state of his affairs was well known, who hinted it was no good omen, but boded that he upon whom they were bestowed should be the last of the Nevilles. The baronet had been warmly attached to his wife, and took his bereavement heavily to heart. After a space spent in passionate grief, the impulse of his spirit, however, broke out into more active expression; and a vacancy just then occurring in the representation of the county, he threw himself into the first of those political contests, to which allusion has been already made. His election was followed by long absences from home, and consequently by separations from those social ties which, under other circumstances, would have linked him to a domestic life. He passed the whole of every session in town; and during the intervals of his parliamentary duties, there were agricultural associations, county meetings, and endless rural societies to be attended, that left him without a day to devote to his personal concerns.

Of course, all care was taken of the youthful heir; a tutor was provided, into whose hands he passed from those of his nurse, who set about cultivating the mind of his charge with the routine of crops common to the case. First, he instilled into him the great fundamental truth, that being born a gentleman, the end and aim of his being was to do nothing—but study his own gratification. This lesson he very soon became proficient in; and as it was the principle of his education, the right understanding of it saved both the pastor and pupil much trouble. Whatever else was taught him came in the form of episode: for instance, there was archery; his tutor was a professed toxopholite, and ere four summers had crowned him, Master Charles Edward could lodge his shaft in the nether end of a retiring footman with the precision of a Robin Hood. By this time, too, "horses he rode without remorse or ruth," besides everything else with life in it, on which he could get astride. Indeed, they go so far as to say he has been seen navigating on Neptune, the Newfoundland dog, about the river which ranthrough the park—but this wants confirmation. With this preparation, and a short training at the boarding-school of a town in the vicinity, he was sent to Eton. As he had been brought up in the principles and practice recognised at this seat of learning, he became at once very popular. But this difference attended his course of conduct—whatever he did, or whatever he did not, was done like a gentleman. And this shall be thy grace and thy glory fair Etonia! what time the millocracy shall be in the ascendant, and the Groves of Academus confounded with the Groves of Blarney—that however rude and base the metal brought to thy crucible, thou did'st purge its alloy, and send it forth with a polish and a sterling stamp which fitted it for currency among the gentle!

From the banks of the Thames our student removed to those of the Isis. There is this distinction between the colleges at Oxford, that there are some few in which you *may* read if you wish it, and very many where you cannot read, however much you may desire to do so. Young Neville fortunately was consigned to one of the former—it might be invidious to name it however, because it belongs to a minority so small, that to take *one* out of the obscurity might throw the others into a bad relief. This much may be said for them all—nowhere is learning thrust upon you by compulsion. Here he remained the usual period; and it is fair to say, not without turning his time to account. With the instinct of his race, he followed athletic pursuits, and especially field-sports, constantly, and with as much ardour as success. He rode and rowed among the first flight of the University; and, albeit, slight of person and of limb, the workmanlike manner in which he finished off a "snob" in the corn-market, is never omitted when the feats of the fist give zest to a bowl of bishop at "The Mitre." Still he neglected not "the Humanities," as the materials of a liberal education are so characteristically denominated north of Tweed. The taste that led him to cultivate the classics was identical with that which made him an enthusiastic lover of our own poets. Perhaps the tendency of his reading might lay him open to the charge of a bias for works of imagination, and those which appeal to the feelings rather than the graver faculties; but though it may be a position opposed to the growing materialism of the day, it is one every practical man's experience furnishes proof of—that to refine the mind is the way to dispose it most profitably to receive the subtleties of science and the graceful secrets of art.

With a sound, if a somewhat transcendental, mind in a sound body, the heir of Oversley made ready to return to the place of his nativity. Never was there a less propitious epoch for the visit of such a guest. The whole county was on fire with the *notes* of preparation for a general election, in which there were half a dozen candidates canvassing the two seats. This was Sir Percy's second contest; and having once fleshed the sword of a knight of the shire, he now drew it with the determination of a man resolved to do or die. The saloons, the façades, the terraces, the lawns—all, all were overrun by hordes of Goths, under the

titles of "general," "central," "divisional," and "sub-divisional committees." These savages perpetrated punch and pipes in the hall of state; shocked its echoes with sounds and sentiments at which its penates ought to have swooned, and defiled its floor of tesselated marble after a fashion not to be writ for eyes polite. The presence of a son, all too bilious and gentleman-like for his companions, was probably quite as distasteful to the popular candidate, as the condition of the canvass to his son. So that an intimation of a wish on the part of the Oxonian to take the air on the other side of the Straits of Dover, met with a much more cordial reception than such hints usually do. A supply of letters of credit and introduction was forthwith furnished—a traveling phaeton put into requisition—store of miscellaneous lumber into its imperials, a valet into the rumble, and behold the cruise of life begun, "youth at the helm and pleasure at the prow."

Five years elapsed between the departure of young Neville from England, and his return, at the period when this narrative commences. He had supported, during the early portion of his absence, a tolerably regular correspondence with his father, as also a fair share of intercourse with those to whom he had taken letters of introduction. Latterly, however, he wrote less frequently, and with less relation to his occupations and views, having, as he stated, set up his staff for a season in one of the valleys on the shore of the Lake of Constance. His letters, indeed, bore evidence of having been posted in that quarter of the world; but the places varied somewhat singularly: now it was Zurich; anon Geneva, Basle, Strasbourg, Mayence. It may, perhaps, seem startling that a father should rest content to know less of the actual pursuits and position of his only son than of his domestic servants; but to the citizen of the world whose boundaries are the Court, the Senate, and the 'Change—to the philosopher, who has studied in that great school of friendshiplessness, it shall appear no marvel. Klopstock has said, "England is too prosperous, too busy for those who are in trouble;" of a verity, the turmoil of her politics, and the storm of her industry, are too fierce for the fosterage of the small sweet affections of life. It is not that they have no existence in those whom party chooses for its champions, or commerce to wave her flag at the Poles, but they are not with such as these household feelings; they do not sit with them around the hearth, or eat with them at the board. Thus it was with the Lord of Oversley: the man of kindly impulses—of warm sympathies—of fond natural yearning towards the sole scion of his house—in becoming a portion of the machinery of his party, had put off the parent in putting on the patriot.

From this nightmare of ambition, or whatever it was, he was at last awoke by those calls which will not go unheeded. His creditors were clamorous—his resources exhausted—and there was no longer any blinking the fact, that "something must be done." As the most prudent preliminary, his agent advised that the heir apparent should be recalled; and in reply to that summons, he once more crossed the threshold of his ancestors.

Love in a cottage, designed by Sir Geoffrey Wyattville, furnished by Gillows, and surrounded by a park of a thousand acres, is a very different affair from love in a cottage built by Corydon, at the back of a ditch, in the parlour whereof Phyllis prepares the pigs for market. In like manner, a pressure for money is one thing in a back attic in the slums of St. Giles's, and another in the castle of a Baronet and a member for the county. Sir Percy was from home when his son arrived, but was expected in the course of the day, as well as some visitors from London. Such was the information given by an ancient serving man out of livery—in fact, in a suit of black broad-cloth, silk stockings, and a powdered periwig that would have done credit to the Archbishop of Canterbury. It was yet early, and to a respectful demand whether he would take any refreshment, the traveller desired some luncheon to be served, and intimated a wish afterwards to amuse himself with a ramble abroad. He had previously taken possession of the suite of rooms prepared for him, wherein his courier was still occupied in bestowing the various contents of his travelling carriage. One item of these the grim foreigner treated with such reverence as a good Catholic confers upon his especial saint. He bore it in his arms to a couch of curious perfection which stood in a small inner chamber adjoining the dressing-closet—once, probably, an oratory, and subsequently a boudoir. There having deposited it upon certain cushions of eider down, and covered it with a gorgeous cashmere shawl, as lightly as the snow falls, he closed the door, with a look that told those in attendance it would be a service of danger for any one to open it.

His master having seen this office performed, descended to the dinner-hall. The repast set before him was a plain one, by his own desire: the fashion of its service was simple, being an equipage of silver merely. How the son of the distressed Baronet was lodged for his meal shall be told. The dining-hall at Oversley Court is perhaps the most stately of any similar saloon in England. The architecture and the ornaments strike you by their grand uniformity. The floor, as before observed, is of marbles, tesselated like the finest mosaic: the chimney-piece according well with the dimen-

sions of the room, which is forty feet long and forty feet high. Facing the doors by which you enter, is a music gallery, with gilt balustrades upon a splendid entablature, supported by exquisite consoles. The sides are decorated with arches, recesses, and niches—the latter occupied by noble statuary—the works of the best artists of Italy—the figures emblematic of the fine arts, such as music, poetry, painting, sculpture, and the like. Between these recesses are hung portraits of the heads of the family only, from the old Royalist General to Sir Percy of that ilk inclusive. The ceiling is a most elaborated piece of painting, being an allegory whereby you are shown, from all the symbols the artist could collect in all the elements, that a rural life is the *beau ideal* of mortal bliss. If, therefore, this chamber be taken as a fair sample of the general style of accommodation, it will probably be admitted, without further proof, that—the circumstances of the case had in account—our traveller was in comfortable lodgings.

The village of King's Oversley is just the sort of place you would wish, and expect it to be—quiet, comfortable, old-fashioned, and essentially English. Turn which way you will, you meet something that reminds you of home and fatherland! That antique and homely church is an emblem of the faith you profess; that picturesque cottage, of the abode which you have assigned to comfort and content when haply a sojourner in far off lands. As you turn from the hawthorn-sheltered lane that leads from the high road into the rural street, there stands in front of you the village alehouse, with its sign waving in the breeze, as if beckoning you to enter. Hah! you recognise that rosy-gilled veteran, whose seat that old oaken bench has been from time immemorial. A walking biography is he of the heroes of Minden, and the worthies of the Flanders war. He's fond of beer indeed—very fond—but then, poor fellow, recollect how those sixteen years in the Punjaub must have evaporated the moisture out of him. I tell you, another guess man is he from that Hoskins, the higler, who could never pass the door without stopping at it to guzzle till he fell out of his cart. And do not the gardens smell sweetly! though autumn is no longer young, the fragrance of summer breathes from that tiny plat there, just before you reach the Cross. The villagers call it fair Rosamond's bower; it's where Rose Kennedy lives with her father, the parish clerk. Bless you, it isn't much larger than a flowerpot, yet never a day of the year is there but you might gather in it a nosegay fit for a queen. Hark! what a galloping of horses and cracking of whips: who can be coming with all this pomp and circumstance?

The first shadows of evening were falling on the valley which spread between the hamlet and the outer park, as a chariot and four post horses passed rapidly in the direction of Oversley Court. Evidently, it contained some one of account from the marks of grave respect that attended its progress. The villagers had recognised in one of its occupants the Lord of the Manor; who the other might be—a venerable-looking gentleman, rolled up in furs and similar appliances of luxurious travel—afforded them matter of conversation for the remainder of the evening.

The gorgeous sunset of a rich autumnal day was fading over the western terrace, on which stood Edward Neville, a solitary—almost a stranger where his first breath was drawn. His mien and demeanour—as we have seen them—betokened a spirit ill at ease. He had thrown himself against a buttress, watching the horizon as its hues changed from gold to orange, to crimson, to purple, and to azure, when a small shrill cry of delight broke his reverie: he leaned forward, and something flew into his arms as light and gleesome as a bird! It spoke no word, but nestled closer and closer, till it grew to his bosom. "My boy, my baby boy," he exclaimed, "how came you here; how found you your way alone through those long passages and great doors: were you not frightened?"

"Do you love me?" whispered the child, clinging with its tiny bright hands to his neck.

"As the life of my life," he said; "but where is Christian Marillac: surely he did not leave you?"

"Do you love mamma?" it asked in a voice of silver. The young man strove to speak, but he could not. "And who am I?—and where is the lake? Christian says it is so far off." At the moment a quick strong step was heard approaching, and the stalwart Swiss passed hurriedly by, for the twilight was now fast fading away. "Christian," said Edward Neville, "how is this?" The man replied not; but, catching the child from his master's arms, he wrapped it precipitately in the folds of his ample cloak. "Sir Percy is returned, Sir," said a footman, "and wishes to see you as soon as possible; shall I show you to him?" "I will follow you," said the young man; and as he turned to do so the Swiss disappeared in an opposite direction.

(To be continued.)

LOUIS PHILIPPE AND THE IRISH TUTOR;

OR, THE GRANDEST DAY OF ALL AT WINDSOR CASTLE.

BY DOCTOR O'TOOLE, T.C.D.

After the war of opinion which has broken out at Tahiti, in one conflict of which, sharp and sudden, Queen Pomare's copper-coloured subjects seem to have given the French another edition of Sicilian Vespers; after those remarkably smart bulletins from the Warspite on the ball practice of His Royal Highness, Punch's friend; after the fierce twisting of their martial moustaches by those to whom "no offence in life was intended," whilst honest Jack Tar only twisted his quid or his waistband, and secretly enjoyed the joke; after the ocean of angry ink which was spilt between the press of the two countries, without any body being "kilt;" after a thousand invocations of Nemesis, and the crowing of the Gallic cock, and the growling of Britannia's lion; after all this which took place, and all which did not, but which might have taken place, it is consoling, nay, it is far more than consoling, to find that the great nation and the great country can arrange their grave difficulties of state by an appeal to good sense and jocularity, as honest neighbours compose the little differences of private life by a system which I remember when a puerile *sans culotte* in my native Kildroughal to have seen very often adopted between the priest and the parson, to steady the rocking balance of their doctrinal ratiocinations—that system is

A Tumbler of Punch.

I do not presume to say that punch—heaven rest the great man's soul, or the good woman's, who first commingled the benign potation—was handed about to the ladies during the royal festivities which have just taken place at Windsor, as I see no mention of it in the *Court Circular* or *Morning Post;* although I have heard of her Majesty's qualified approbation of "Athol Brose," which proves that there is something else she might possibly like better. I wish only to be understood as offering this my decided opinion, that if the great silver vase from which libations have been poured to the health and happiness of the royal "babbies" after baptism, was filled up with Paddy's eye-water, and helped round to the illustrious strangers after supper on the first night of their arrival, that Louis Philippe might have signed a most liberal commercial treaty, acknowledged the right of search, revoked the blockade of Tahiti, and recalled the army of Africa; whilst the Duc De Montpensier might have entered into recognizances for De Joinville's keeping the peace towards England during the period of his natural life. I need not add another word to point out what must suggest itself after such touching reflections, that punch is simply typical of the friendly hospitalities which have just welcomed to these English shores the illustrious ruler of our snappy and susceptible neighbours; and that it is, when well made, an excellent wash-down to national and individual animosities.

I put on my Sunday wig and brightest shoe-buckles, and took "the second class" for Slough. This happened on the third day of King Louis Philippe's sojourn at Windsor Castle. On my arrival at the station I found that whilst I had been admiring the cultivated scenery through which the lightning-winged locomotive shot along, or dreaming of the glories that awaited me, a remarkably fine-dressed young woman who had sat next me, but who discoursed somewhat frankly to me, during our progress, about the theatres, cigar-smoking, champagne, and such nick-nacks, had picked my pocket of my purse, and worse, more lamentable still, of my iron snuff-box. On the lid of this pulveriferous receptacle was executed in *alto relievo* the pious picture of Æneas carrying Anchises, and leading Ascanius through the flames of Troy, with the following neat and appropriate inscription, which, alas! was thrown away on the unfeeling Jezabel:

> Hæc est Iliacos pietas spectata per ignes;
> Quum verita est profugos lædere flamma Deos.

It was bequeathed to me with his memory, many years ago, by that renowned Grecian, the Rev. John—by flippant undergraduates, called "Jacky"—Barret, Vice Provost of Trinity College, Dublin, and I set far more store by it than the oldest gem of Etruria, a wilderness of Old China, or the accumulated curiosities of the Archæological Society.

Not having the means wherewith to subsidize a vehicle in which to proceed as a gentleman ought to Court, I was content to trudge it on foot, assisted by my faithful walking stick of forty years standing, and before long found myself, not without much dust and perspiration, amidst

> Thy forest, Windsor, and thy green retreats,
> At once a monarch's and the muses' seats;

and now embracing within its noble confines and hospitable shade an old friend of my own, one high upon the roll of sceptred kings.

"And may be that same is not a proud reflection for yourself to entertain, Thadæus O'Toole, LL.D., of Trin. Coll., Dub.," said I, soliloquising; "and maybe this is not," I added, "a proud day for ould Ireland."

Reflecting thus as I came in sight of those awe-striking towers, the abode of royal grandeur and might, without any equipage but my honest stick, I communed with myself whether coming in such humble guise might not cause my royal friend to disown me, and my visit to end sadly with being handed over to the officer of the guard, or one of the smart gentlemen of the new police. Such thoughts were, however, not of perduration. I faced my destiny, and ascended with a resolute air the steps of the grand entrance. My card, which was scrutinised on both sides very particularly by the junior aide-de-camp in waiting, having been taken up by that young gentleman, he returned to me with a different light on his handsome countenance, and said "Monsieur Le Docteur De Thuile."

"O'Toole, s'il vous plait," said I, in a pleasant tone of interlocution.

"Je vous demande pardon, Monsieur O' Thuile," said the royal messenger, with a profound obeisance; "Sa Majesté me charge à vous exprimer sa reconnaissance, et qu'il sera charmé de vous accorder une audience particuliere quand Milord B——— à pris congé."

Which I thought mighty good French for a stripling, and the height of politeness into the bargain. I was immediately afterwards told by Monsieur Guizot, whom I stopped as he passed through the ante-chamber, that Lord B——— had his Majesty involved in a polytechnic discussion on the Dalkey Atmospheric and the swinging bridge not yet completed at Hungerford Market, plans of which, in compartments, his lordship had brought in his hat and breeches' pockets.

"I am right glad," said I to the Minister of France, who, too, I am proud to add, like his royal master and myself, was a teacher of youth in his day. "I am much rejoiced that it is not his translation, improperly so called, of the 'Oration on the Crown,' which is the subject matter of consideration, as it is like unto the Greek of Demosthenes as it is to the Orlando Furioso, or the Psalter of Cashel. Such a rambling, unscholarlike paraphrasis would annoy Louis Philippe of France as much as the great original did Philip of Macedon, and leave my royal friend in anything but a serene state of mind to bestow the attention which it merits, upon a translation of a much higher order, with a copy of which I shall have the honour to present his Majesty."

Having spent some time in contemplating from the window in which I sat, the rich loveliness of the landscape before me, on which many a king and queen, now lying as low as cobblers and apple-women, had gazed with aching eyes of love, and having admired the magnificent works of art which crowded the walls of the apartment, till I was tired, I began at length to think that the scientific conference in his Majesty's audience chamber was protracted to a most unnecessary length. It is possible, thought I, that Lord B——— may be waiting for pot-luck, and that my humble self may be "provoked" by the illustrious entertainer to stop and divide the conversation.

The longest annoyances in this sublunary state of trial must have an end. Lord B———, with his models of wood and cast iron, passed out, and the word for his fly was heard along the line.

"Charmed, delighted to see you, my dear Doctor," said his Majesty, as he embraced me in French fashion; and with easy grace and that charmingly-disembarassing air so peculiarly his own, he pointed to a seat, and asked after my health for the last thirty years.

I told his Majesty unaffectedly that I was hale and hearty, with the exception of an occasional twitch from the north-easterly wind, and a slight touch in my own, which must be expected at my time of life.

"Married, of course, my dear Doctor?" said the King, with a half-quizzing look, as if he would inquire for Mistress O'Toole and "all her little ones."

"Ah, your Majesty, it is a strange tale," I replied. "Much experience have I had in Hymæneal preliminaries, but I have not proceeded beyond the vestibule of the temple, near which I shall be buried with the odious words 'Old Bachelor' written over my tomb."

"Indeed! I should have thought you just the man," observed his Majesty, "to captivate the ladies. Your figure, your mind, your kind heart, amiable disposition! Surely English women have not grown cold or callous to manly worth since I first knew them."

"Alas! your Majesty," I said, with a sigh, "my first love died many, many years ago, but a short time previous to the day on which we were to have been married to each other. Since then I never seriously thought of entering the married state, although I have not been idle—

Vixi puellis nuper idoneus
Et militavi non sine gloriâ.

Many a time have my intentions been inquired into, and my motives mistaken by match-morbid mammas and susceptible young ladies; and many a time, for the sake of a quiet life, and shrinking from reproach, have I allowed matters to proceed according to the rules"——

"And to be broken off contrary to them, I suppose," said his Majesty, "seeing that you are still unblest."

"Oh dear, no! please your Majesty," said I, "my proceedings in this, and all other affairs, have ever been conducted and concluded according to strict rule. A gentleman who wishes a tender affair to break off properly should allow the lady to take the initiative. She and her friends in such case may say that she refused you. You and your friends may say you had a good escape from one who could treat you thus. This is on the principle of mutual concession observed in Irish duels after two shots and close shaving, by which no love nor honour is lost on either side of the question. Seventeen ladies of respectable fortune, and of different coloured hair, eyes, statures, and complexions, have I brought to the settlements, but not one to the scratch—I beg the ladies' pardon and your Majesty's—to the altar."

"Oh, pray do not, my dear Doctor, be under any constraint as to your façon de parler, use the utmost freedom of speech which once was observed between us, and let me not lose a particle of your native idiom. Your worldly affairs, I hope, are in a prosperous condition."

"Why, as your Majesty permits me to speak without reserve, I may say that they are just 'purty middling;' that I am jogging on through life's pilgramage one step forward and one back again, like Paddy in the mud."

"By which I am to understand, my dear Doctor, that you are at the same point of the road where I left you?"

Your Majesty cannot fail to be correct, I observed, with a profound movement forward, and as I raised my body upwards again, and composed myself to lean backward at my ease,—alas too hastily!—the treacherous easy chair which was bowed underneath on rocking-horse principles, took my heels up in the air, and swung backward and forward sundry times, in a rapid series of semi-gyrations, in spite of all my exertions to extricate my person from the unfortunate and unseemly difficulty.

"Ah mon Dieu! Montpensier's chair, it served Lord B——— the same trick; you are much hurt, I am afraid, my dear Doctor," said his Majesty, in hurried tones of sympathy.

"By no means, your Majesty," I answered, when I had regained my equilibrium and recomposed my wig, which had been considerably dislocated, although the sudden semicircular motion, I confess, was not very pleasurable nor dignified.

"It is not unlike the rocking tricks of fortune, which you and I, and all of mortal mould, experience in our time."

"And with different effects, I might well say, when I remember, humbler perhaps, happier days, which your Majesty once spent in this country, and I had the felicity to spend with you."

"You would allude to the time," said his Majesty, "when I taught mathematics at Doctor Nichols's, at Hayes, in Middlesex, and you, his first class of Greek, the youthful members of which, you used to call your Homerians."

"And your Majesty, Euclid of Alexandria, whilst you called me in return Gorgias the Leontine."

"What strange events since then! what mighty changes! and yet, you Doctor, are unchanged in aught save years."

"Revolutions, O King, were not made for me. The Bourbon and the O'Toole are different, and the changes which affect them."

"But you used to tell us at Dr. Nichols's formerly, that you, too, had royal blood in your veins."

"And doubtless I had and have still. Royal blood in Ireland is as plenty as buttermilk. The star of your house rose in the ascendant, when the earth shook to its centre; mine sunk in bog-water centuries ago, behind the proud peaks of Cunnemara. The last prince of my line helped himself whenever he could, for a long time, to the goods and chattels of the English of the Pale; and why not, in days when robbing and reiving were in fashion? At last he lost his territory and his life together, in an affray with them, towards the close of Elizabeth's reign. The body-strippers of the camp denuded him of everything but a pair of buckskins, which stuck to him tightly, and which they deemed too mangled and distressed to be disturbed. The pockets of them they turned inside out, and found nothing in them but snuff. But even Tom Steele's tattered military surtout is not without its moral, and an ensign in ribbons has a grand effect:—

> "Yet, Freedom, yet, thy banner torn yet flying,
> Streams like a thunder storm against the wind."

The sad remains of my great ancestor's galligaskins were exhibited by the coifed mourners at his wake, a sad memorial of human greatness, and an excuse for sending round the hat for the expenses of his funeral obsequies.

"A far greater, though, doubtless, not a more worthy prince, the 'Soldan fierce,'" said his Majesty, "left behind him the garment which he wore next his person, to be carried on a lance at his funeral, the priest who marched behind crying out in simple solemn chant, 'Saladin, Conqueror of the East, of all the greatness and riches he had in this life, carrieth with him nothing more than his shirt!' Ah! Doctor, these are sad reflections for the mightiest amongst us, —nothing more than his shirt!"

"Should the magnanimous portion of the French nation, called the war party," I ventured to observe, "permit your Majesty to die

in your bed, and leave you a shirt to dispose of, I sincerely hope that you will ordain no such pitiful exhibition, however it might excite the melodramatic grief of the bourgeoisie of Paris; but, remember, in disposing of your last bit of linen,—your old friend the Irish tutor, who, if he be alive at your demise, is most likely to want it.

"The same merry, laughing philosopher as ever—careless of the future, and dreaming of the past"— observed the King.

To which I answered, "that his Majesty might add that the Muses were my adoration and consolation, their fountain my drink, with something stronger than a cinder thrown in, to take the chill off; and Parnassus my landed estate."

"A very pretty thought, truly," said his Majesty, "one which, if I am not much mistaken, I remember, expressed in a few delightful Sapphic lines that you used to recite, descriptive of learned poverty, returning home in merry mood, from a tour in the distant classic land, with some avaricious son of wealth sore perplexed, and thinking only of his gold."

"After some bear-licking expedition," I replied. "It is many years ago, since I was unfortunately travelling tutor to a miser's cub, as miserly as his father, and as much afraid of the robbers."

"In those days, Doctor, you and I could whistle before the gentlemen of the road," said the King pleasantly. "And the gentlemen of the road might whistle also, please your Majesty," at which he laughed unaffectedly, and said, "'Tis true for you, Doctor, my darling."

"I vernacularized the Lesbian Stanzas," I observed in continuation, "not long since, at the request of Young England, for the Manchester Athenæum, and one of the poetic speakers, at the anniversary meeting (the other day) of that gymnasium for adults, undertook to recite them. Whether he forgot them, however, in the intensity of self-contemplation, or on second consideration he thought them likely to hit his audience too hard, I know not, but the Manchester men never heard them." "That was their loss," said the King. To the truth of which remark, I bowed polite assent, and proceeded with my prolusion:

Cum meam nullis humeros onustus
Sarcinis tecum patriam reviso,
Lætus, et parvo mihi cumque dives
Canto viator.

Tu siles mæstum: tibi cura Musas
Demit, et multi grave pondus auri,
Quæque te quondam malefida rerum
Turba relinquet.

Dives est qui nil habet; illa tantùm
Quæ potest certâ retinere dextrâ,
Seque fert secum, vaga quò migrare
Jussit egestas.

Quid mihi, qui nil cupiam, deesse
Possit? umbrosi placet una Pindi
Vallis: o sacrum nemus, o jocosæ
Rura Camœnæ!

Quæ meos poscet via cumque gressus,
Delphici mecum, mea regna, colles
Itis, et fessum comitante circum—
Sistitis umbrâ.

Me Gothus sœvis religet catenis,
Me Scythes captum rapiat, solutâ
Mente vobiscum potero tremendos
Visere Reges.

Unburthened, careless, light and free,
I wend my homeward way with thee,
And bless my happy poverty,
A merry trav'ler singing.

With weight of gold art thou opprest,
By the glad Muses still unblest,
With worthless cares which have no rest
Thy anxious bosom wringing.

Behold me rich, with nought to spare,
Save in my hand what I can bear;
Ready to journey when and where
My wandering fate invites me.

What can I want who nought desire?
My heart is with the Muses' choir;
Their sacred groves my soul inspire,
Their classic hill delights me.

Where'er my devious footsteps stray,
Sweet Delphic peaks, you bless my way,
Your classic waters round it play,
Your pleasant shades surround it.

To barbarous hordes by fate consigned,
My limbs their cruel chains may bind;
The Muses' care, the chainless mind,—
A King cannot confound it.

"Thank you, Doctor—I very much thank you," said the King, rather ironically, which caused me to observe that the conclusion had no allusion to his wholesale imprisonment of the French editors during the first two or three years of his auspicious reign. Indeed, I assured his Majesty that if the case had been King O'Toole instead of Louis Philippe, I should have, perhaps, locked the fellows up myself under the circumstances.

"The Latin lines are the production of a Jesuit, I think I heard you once say?"

"Yes, please your Majesty; a poor Jesuit—one of that class of ecclesiastics to whom you 'turn a cowld showlder,' notwithstanding which, many shrewd persons have a notion that you are yourself a lay brother of the order."

Perceiving that this remark caused his Majesty to smile rather unpleasantly, I thought it my duty to turn the tide of thought from Young England and the Jesuits to ould Ireland and Dan, on which subject I felt myself more at home, and afforded his Majesty much amusement. "Besides having the honour and felicity," I politely remarked, "of paying my profound respects to your Majesty, I had it also in contemplation to ask of your royal condescension to accept of my metrical comparison between the Great Malbrough and Daniel O'Connell. A Dauphin of France was taught

to sing the original by his nurse, and his beautiful mother loved the lay. It may not be too sanguine in me to hope that at your Majesty's suggestion, my gracious sovereign, the Queen of these realms, may command Nurse Lily to recommend my Anglo-Irish version to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, who by all accounts has a remarkably innocent little pipe of his own, and promises to inherit the musical taste of his royal parents."

I then, at his Majesty's earnest request, broke forth into the following:—

GRAND HISTORICAL LILT; AND SUBLIME PARALLEL BETWEEN THE SOLDIER MALBROOK AND THE STATESMAN DAN.

MORT ET CONVOI DE L'INVINCIBLE MALBROUGH.

Malbrough s'en va-t-en guerre
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine,
Malbrough s'en va-t-en guerre;
Ne sait quand reviendra.

Il reviendra z-à Pàques,
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine,
Il reviendra z-à Pàques,
Ou à la Trinité.

La Trinité se passe,
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine,
La Trinité se passe,
Malbrough ne revient pas.

Madame à sa tour monte,
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine,
Madame à sa tour monte,
Si haut qu'ell'peut monter.

Elle aperçoit son page,
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine,
Elle aperçoit son page,
Tout de noir habillé.

Beau page, ah! mon beau page,
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine,
Beau page, ah! mon beau page,
Quell'nouvelle apportez.

Aux nouvell's que j'apporte,
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine,
Aux nouvell's que j'apporte,
Vos beaux yeux vont pleurer.

Quittez vos habits roses,
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine,
Quittez vos habits roses,
Et vos satins brochés.

Monsieur d'Malbrough est mort,
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine,
Monsieur d'Malbrough est mort,
Est mort et enterré.

J' l'ai vu porter en terre,
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine,
J'l'ai vu porter en terre,
Par quatre z-officiers.

L'un portait sa cuirasse,
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine,
L'un portait sa cuirasse,
L'autre son bouclier.

DAN'S CAPTIVITY, RELEASE, AND GRAND PROCESSION.

Mighty Dan, he went a campaigning,
The Sassenach yoke disdaining,
The monster meetings training,
But he hasn't yet got the Repayle.

Och! he'll get it on Easter Monday,
Perhaps upon Trinity Sunday;
Myself would very much wonder
If he gets it at all at all.

For Trinity now is ended,
And matters are not much mended,
Tho' the *Nation's* songs are quite splendid,
And the boys are willing to pay.

The Hill of Howth sitting high on
Poor Granawaile is crying;
Says she "Misther Smith O'Brien,
I'm sick of all this delay."

And whilst she thus is chiding,
Up comes like a Peeler riding,
All in black sad news betiding,
The great Pierce Mahon-ee.

"You'll be dry Pierce after your canther,
Take a pull at the jug instanther;
And tell us, without any banther,
What's that crape on your hat?" says she.

"I've come from the Conciliation
With this copy of the *Nation;*
It contains the sad narration
How Dan has lost the day.

"Wear Irish manufacthers,
As you value your charackthers,
Give pipes and punch the sack; there's
Excitement enough in tay.

"They've sentenc'd the Liberator,
And the Head Pacificator,
And the divil an agitator
But Smith O'Brien's free.

"I saw them carried to quod, Ma'am,
Ochone! ochone! before God, Ma'am,
I'd rather be under the sod, Ma'am,
Than live sich a sight to see.

"Chief Justice Pennyfether
Walked with Bournes and Kemmis together,
He carried his charge, but whether
'Twas a good one, the Lords will say.

L'un portait son grand sabre,
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine,
L'un portait son grand sabre,
L'autre ne portait rien.

A l'entour de sa tombe,
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine,
A l'entour de sa tombe,
Romarins l'on planta.

Sur la plus haute branche,
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine,
Sur la plus haute branche,
Le rossignol chanta.

On vit voler son ame,
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine,
On vit voler son ame,
Au travers des lauriers.

Chaçun mit ventre à terre,
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine,
Chaçun mit ventre à terre,
Et puis se releva.

"Justice Crampton carried th' indictment,
Burton wept on the bench with excitement,
Tom Smith with Fitzgibbon to fight meant,
But 'twas made up by Misther O'Hay."

The freize coats wern't let for to crowd in,
For shilelaghs were not allowed in,
But the nobs were genteely bowed in—
They presinted their cards d'ye see.

In the garden Dan made an oration,
To the Lord Mayor and the Corporation,
And the nightingale of the *Nation*
Sang sweet in the grand marquee—

Till Lord Denman gave them a poser,
Lyndhurst look'd the picthur of woe, Sir,
Lord Brougham twisted his nose, Sir,
And Dan bade the Richmond adieu!

Then such ranting, roaring, tearing!—
Small blame to the boys of ould Erin,—
The Lord Chief Justice swearing,
And Tom Smith crying "Pillaluh!"

Pour chanter les victoires,
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine,
Pour chanter les victoires,
Que Malbrough remporta.

La cérémonie faite,
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine,
La cérémonie faite,
Chaçun s'en fut coucher.

Les uns avec leurs femmes,
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine,
Les uns avec leurs femmes,
Et les autres tout seuls!

Ce n'est pas qu'il en manque,
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine,
Ce n'est pas qu'il en manque,
Car j'en connais beaucoup.

Des blondes et des brunes,
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine,
Des blondes et des brunes,
Et des chataign's aussi.

J'n'en dis pas davantage,
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine,
J'n'en dis pas davantage,
Car en voilà z-assez.

The grand Te Deum is ringing,
As Dan on the car they are bringing,
And a ra'al Irish harper singing,
"You're welcome back again!"

Next part of the cerry-mony
Was to pay Misther Pierce Maho-ny,
And Dan, with Maurice and Johnny
Drove off to Derrynane.

So let's drink an end to all strife, Sir,
To the married UNION for life, Sir,
May each single young man get a wife, Sir,
And never ask for REPAYLE.

If to buckle a gintleman's bent, I
Can tell him of colleens plenty,
'Troth, I know myself more than twenty
That would jump at it,—I'll go bail.

There's our beautiful eye of grey, Sir,
And our blue one that seems to say, Sir,
If your intintions lie in that way, Sir,
His reverence lives hard by!

But the thing of which now I'm afraid, is
That my song of Dan and the ladies
Is getting remarkably taydious,
And myself most confoundedly dry!

"Parole d'honneur! my dear Doctor," said the King, when I had finished my recitation, and handed his Majesty a presentation copy; "it is a wonderful performance—does you credit—upon my soul, it does you credit, Sir."

"Please your Majesty," I replied, making an humble reverence, "I am felicitated to perceive that you like it."

"*Like* it!" ejaculated his Majesty, emphatically, "I should think I *do* like it. They should call you the Irish Tyrtæus, and enable you to write more such ballads, as public occasion may require, by giving you a state pension till the end of your mortal life, and making you at once loyal and comfortable."

"Do you really think so, please your Majesty?" said I.

"*Think!* I don't think, but I'm certain of it," replied the King; "and I shall deem it a duty I owe to friendship and the Muses to mention the matter this evening, after dinner, to your good-natured little Queen, when nobody is listening to our conversation, and I get her all to myself on the sofa. That will be the time, Doctor, my boy," says Louis Philippe, winking at myself quite familiarly, "just when they're handing round the tea, and bread and butter, to the ladies," says he, "to put in a good word for you."

"A thousand thanks, most mighty and magnanimous!" I replied, "and as you have alluded to Tyrtæus, just tell her Majesty to give me the making of the songs of 'The Nation,' and Tom Smith may make the laws for Ireland."

"Tom's jurisprudence and the Irish Tutor's poetry are of the same high school," said the King, "and cannot fail of the happiest results, upon the miseries of the 'first flower of the earth and first gem of the sea.'"

After which I took my departure, and it was time for me; for a messenger had arrived with word from her Majesty that the mock-turtle soup was getting cold, and the beef-steak pudding wouldn't be worth eating.

"Very sorry, Doctor, I can't ask you to stay and take things as you find them; as I'm not exactly in my own house," said the King.

"Don't *mintion* it, your Majesty; when I go to Paris, Doctor O'Toole will call at the Tooleries to see yourself and Mrs. Bourbon, and try what your mutton is made of." At which the King laughed fit to stifle himself—he is so very fat—and we shook hands and bowed, and bowed away, till, as in duty bound in royal presence, I had entirely backed out of the building.

I did not tell my royal friend the accident which happened to me coming down with that unfortunate, erring daughter of Eve in the second class. I'd die first. What wouldn't he have said? Perhaps that I only came for all I could get, or something equally unsatisfactory.

"But how are you to get back to London, Doctor O'Toole, honey?" says I to myself, as I passed through the Castle gate, and whilst I thus soliloquised and thought of my being cast away like Robinson Crusoe on his *dissolute* island, I received a most vigorous and unexpected whack on my back, from what felt

like an open human hand. On turning round to inquire "at whose suit," a voice in native accents saluted me with "How's every six foot of you, you little ould vagabond; and what the divil are you intriguing about at coort?"

You may be sure that I did not want for a dinner and a bottle in that fellow's company; for who do you think it was but my old friend and pupil—that merry wag, THE IRISH WHISKEY DRINKER.

THE CONTRAST.

THE ABBEY.

It was a solemn place, for in it were
Entombed the mouldering ashes of the dead;
And silence in her solitude was there,
With all her emblems thick around her spread,
In scrolls, and other frail memorials,
That hung like trophies on the sculptured walls.

And there were pillars clustered in a band,
Light and elastic as e'en faries' wands,
And borne up by them, lofty arches spanned
The airy space, joining like clasping hands;
And from looped windows, dim with dust and time,
A misty light gleamed solemn and sublime.

And tombs there were on which carved effigies,
Recumbent, half in death reposing lay,
Of kings and queens of bye-gone centuries,
And others not less famous in their day,
Who had the world for worshippers! E'en yet
"Time has not seen their sun of glory set."

And poets and philosophers, and they
Who picked out knowledge from the burning stars;
And mitred monks, who over kings held sway,
And led their thousands to the holy wars,
Their one hand holding forth God's holy word,
The other in its grasp a bloody sword.

And what remains of the still populace,
Once animate with life and all its bloom?
The dust has mixed with dust, and none can trace
The noble from ignoble in the tomb—
Save where vain pride to mortals makes it known,
By its emblazoned shrine, and sculptured stone.

THE SOLDIER.

Over the scene a change has come, and where
Long aisles were tenantless, they're peopled now;
And like to waving corn, or clouds of air
Swept by the breath of summer, to and fro
Sways a vast crowd, expectant and intent,
Waiting the issue of some great event.

And it is near, for in that multitude,
A sound is heard like dry leaves in the wind,
And forms are forward bent, in listening mood,
And eager eyes are all one way inclined;
And flashing lights announce the time has come,
And hark! without there beats the muffled drum.

Lo! where the torches' light is seen to fall,
Emerging from the gloom in which 'twas hid,
With plume of swaying feathers, and a pall
Shaped to the fashion of its coffin lid,
Advancing slowly comes a funeral train,
Homage to pay to dust.—Alas! how vain!

Pageant and pomp and the parade of show,
The anthem and the booming of the gun,
With all the sad habiliments of woe,
Mark out this scene as not a common one—
For cap, and belt, and sword are on the bier,
Telling the world a warrior's sleeping here.

One on whose word the fate of thousands hung
In battles fierce and terrible array—
How silent now that arbitrating tongue,
Which they who feared it dared not disobey—
The vanquisher is vanquished in his turn—
And this the way a nation's seen to mourn.

And hark! what sound is that which smites the ear,
And pens the speech up in each throbbing head?
The herald's voice pronouncing o'er the bier
The titles and high honours of the dead—
The glowing rainbow of a transient cloud
To the still sleeper in his funeral shroud!

THE PEASANT.

Over the scene another change has come;
The lofty aisles have faded all away;
No more is heard the beating of the drum;
The darkness has subsided into day;
And pomp and pageant are no longer seen,
But in their place a church-yard bright and green.

And from the church's porch, where closely clings
An ivy mantle round its antique spire;
And where the robin sits at eve and sings
The sweetest notes in Nature's lovely choir,
A lowly peasant to his grave is borne,
Under the shelter of a blooming thorn.

And there, attended by a humble few,
  Preceded by the holy priest in prayer,
They who in life the lowly peasant knew,
  And out of pure regard attended there,
Come to perform their duty to the dead,
And drop a tear upon his narrow bed.

To honest worth this tribute due to pay,
  From a pure love alone of human-kind,
Unmixed with ostentation or display,
  Honours the heart in which that love's enshrined—
That love that's rarely found mid pomp and show
But ever where the grass and daisy grow.

This is the end of all things—this the dream
  From which man ne'er awakens, and can't shun
And be his life like lightning, or a gleam
  Exalted or debased, it is all one:
A mausoleum over him, or the sky—
A nation's woe, or but one tearful eye.

Envy not, then, ambition's wild career,
  Whose honours are as fading as a breath;
A name as bright may grace a humble sphere,
  Though leading not to fame through blood and death,
But linked to virtue, crowned with sweet content,
And good men's fond regrets its—monument.

G. B. K.

THE LAST LINES OF TASSO.

Tu che ne vai in Pindo,
Ivi pende mia cetra ad un cipresso,
Salutala in mio nome, e dillo poi
Che io son dagli anni a dafortuna oppresso.

Begirt by chilling dungeon walls,
  Meet dwelling for despair,
Where but one ray of sunshine falls
  Across the darkened air,
The bard whom listening nations owned
  The sire of deathless strains,
He of the "sword and pen"—bemoaned
  A captive's galling chains.

Through long sad years his pallid lips
  No sound of song have given,
Alas that madness should eclipse
  That glorious gift of Heaven.

But hark! the spell dissolves that long
  Hath bound his frantic brain,
O'er his wan cheeks the light of song
  Sheds sunshine once again.

"Ye who on wings of joyance borne,
  To flowery Pindus flee,
Greet there my harp, which hangs forlorn
  Against a cypress tree.
Say that by unrelenting fate,
  And years of woe oppressed,
The laurel wreath is twined too late,
  Ere Tasso sinks to rest!"

H. A.

Tasso died on the day preceding that appointed for his coronation.

LINES TO A SLEEPING INFANT.

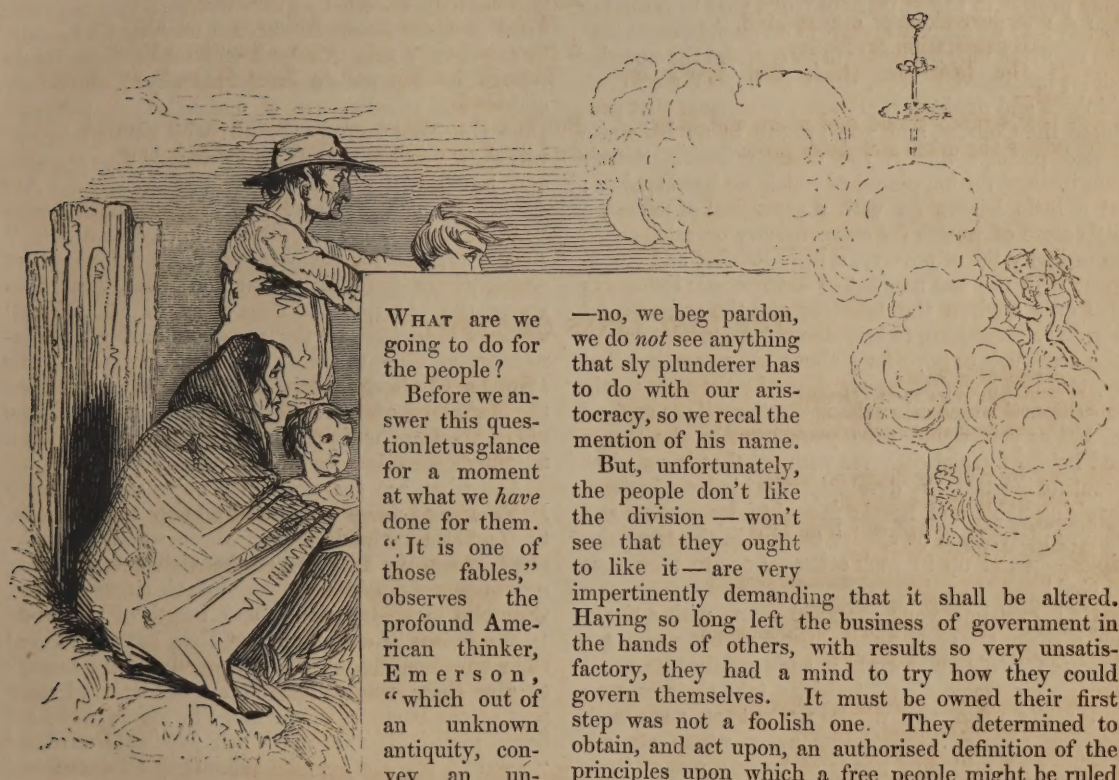
Oh! sleep ere the time
  Of thy childhood be past!
Ere the young rose of life
  Feels the world's dreary blast!
While the gloom of this earth
  Has not clouded thy day,
And thine eyes have not wept
  To see friendship's decay.
Oh! slumber, my child,
  Ere that dark hour is nigh,
When deceived and in sorrow
  Unheeded thou'lt sigh.

This hour is the purest
  That blesses our time—
'Tis the day-break of joy
  In its sunniest prime!
'Tis a wild flow'r, that seems
  In its blossom too fair
For a fruit full of bitter
  At last to be there!
Then slumber, my child,
  Ere that dark hour is nigh,
When deceived and in sorrow
  Unheeded thou'lt sigh.

W.

SOME "POINTS" FOR A NEW "PEOPLE'S CHARTER."

BY JOHN SAUNDERS.



WHAT are we going to do for the people?

Before we answer this question let us glance for a moment at what we *have* done for them. "It is one of those fables," observes the profound American thinker, Emerson, "which out of an unknown antiquity, convey an unlooked-for wisdom — that the gods in the beginning divided Man into men, that he might be more helpful to himself; just as the hand was divided into fingers the better to answer its end. The old fable covers a doctrine ever new and sublime." Now surely the purpose of the gods has been mistaken; for mark what the real character of the division has been. Here we have the common clay of humanity, there the finer porcelain—here the labours, there the leisure—here the poverty, there the wealth—here the countless host of bodily and mental troubles, privations, and miseries that will spring up in the world, there the enjoyments that no less abound in it. A pretty division, is it not? Well, that is the existing mode of dividing "man into men;" thus does society make men more "helpful to itself." Laud we Olympus for the instruction. And whilst we do so, let us ask some very pious and well-meaning people among those who approve of the principles of the division, why they look upon the peculiar condition of the poor as a special dispensation from the Author of all Good, instead of attributing it, according to the old fables, to the gods—to Jupiter, Mars, and Mercury, for instance, who remain types to this hour of the principles by which stability is given to the system? Do they not see how Jove still thunders through the voice of government, and "nods"? How Mars still fights for it in the multitudinous shape of a standing army? How Mercury —no, we beg pardon, we do *not* see anything that sly plunderer has to do with our aristocracy, so we recal the mention of his name.

But, unfortunately, the people don't like the division — won't see that they ought to like it — are very impertinently demanding that it shall be altered. Having so long left the business of government in the hands of others, with results so very unsatisfactory, they had a mind to try how they could govern themselves. It must be owned their first step was not a foolish one. They determined to obtain, and act upon, an authorised definition of the principles upon which a free people might be ruled with the greatest hope of permanent success. Strange as it may seem, they went not to Feargus O'Connor for guidance, but to Jeremy Bentham; to that "old man eloquent," whose hair had grown grey and silvery in the service of mankind, patiently analysing all that practical men called government, and all that theoretical men thought might be government, till he deduced from it a system, that if it could be once fairly put into practice, would be government in a somewhat better application of the phrase than the world had hitherto known. But to appreciate philosophy, one must be something of a philosopher: what then led the working classes (acquainted with only a single branch of the science—endurance) to Bentham? What but the instinct of happiness so deeply implanted in them, that neither a life of unhappiness as regards themselves in the past, nor a similar state of existence promised to their children in the future, could stifle. Bentham's own polar star through all his discursive voyages over the vast sea of undiscovered truth, had been, to use his technical but expressive words, the greatest happiness of the greatest number; these words flew far and sunk deep, carrying a sense of hopefulness to many a despairing bosom. The result was seen in the recent movement for political reformation—a movement unexampled in history, whether we regard its characteristics or its tendencies, which, embodying Bentham's philosophy in the magical "points," gathered

millions of supporters round the banner of the "People's Charter."

The powers that be, however, cannot see any particular good in universal suffrage—think it would be ungentlemanly to be paid for what they do, and desire to go on doing, and we quite agree with them; and in short, they see that the old division of "man into men," will have to be reconsidered whenever the People's Charter shall be a thing of legal standing; and they profess to think, perhaps truly, that in resolving society into its elements, there is no slight danger that the resolvers may be unable to reconstruct the superior edifice meditated. Well, there is hope for all such thinkers and doubters. Remove the causes that produced the Charter, and you remove to an indefinite period, perhaps finally, the Charter itself. Satisfy that instinct for happiness of which we have spoken; let a little leisure go with a great deal of labour, a little store of wealth for extraordinary occasions with an ordinary life of poverty, a little comfort and enjoyment with the sad amount of antagonistic influences that ever environ the labourer and the artisan; let him have something to rely upon for consolation, let him see much to hope for: above all, remember that he, too, has a soul to be saved, not by the mere "vain repetitions" which other than "heathens" are so fond of, but as you would save your own, by the power and habit of genial converse with all that is grand or beautiful in nature, by developing the kindly affections, inspiring noble and heroic thoughts, by earnest and sincere piety, such as Christ taught in the two principles—bound up in each other—Love to man, love to God!

Ha! exclaims your practical man, with a shrug and a yawn, all very fine—super-fine, but much too delicate for this rude world; such sentiments won't wear. We must e'en let things take their course; and really upon the whole we get on very well. Glorious country! Victorious every where abroad, flowing with milk and honey at home; money itself is a drug, won't fetch three per cent. in the funds. Glorious country! Overspread with parks, mansions, public buildings; and with such a capital police in every part, at your very door. Why, even robbery itself—of your neighbour—gets interesting, it reminds you of the exquisite beauty of the system that exists for its detection. The poor, of course, are poor! They won't understand the law of labour, and die off by the interruption of their natural progeny.

Stop, stop; why, my good friend, where have you been dozing for these few years? Malthus is dead in philosophy as well as in the flesh; and Young England is born a vigorous, right-hearted youngster, worth a dozen dead philosophers, even if they were all real ones. How he bustles and rattles about. What excellent things he does, though it must be acknowledged, not always aware of the ulterior consequences of his doing. How he brings forward a ten hours' bill, and revolutionises a whole system of legislation; rates a minister, and breaks to pieces a party; forms societies for the mental improvement of working men, and thus, by removing all fair objections, forwards might and main the advent of the people's government that he so abominates; abolishes distinctions of classes in the formal worship of God in our churches, and thus prepares the way for a similar abolition in that grander system of prayer and praise, which has the wide world for an altar, and which makes life itself an uninterrupted series of sabbaths and holydays. Young England has faith. Let this belief be a part of his faith—that what is begun in good, that is to say, with good motives for good objects, cannot end in evil. Let him, therefore, pursue, rejoicingly, his endeavours to promote the well-being of the people in his own way; the people will be grateful for it in theirs; and no doubt the "issues" will be just what they ought to be, whether in the form of a more or less popular regime—whether they exhibit a vast improvement or entire reconstruction of society. To be sure, in any case Young England will make these issues triumphs. It stands upon the old ways; and a very skilful but peculiar use it makes of its position. Does Universal Suffrage prevail? why Young England will show you how *old* was the principle that taxation and representation should be co-extensive. Are Annual Parliaments law? why Young England says "Of course, it was so in former times, was it not?" Very true; and for our parts we don't despair yet of seeing poems from Mr. Monckton Miles, written to revive the old spirit of democracy, or Mr. Disraeli taking a tour through the provinces during a parliamentary vacation to give a series of lectures on the People's Charter, expatiating in due succession on the antiquity of its different points with all the unction of an antiquarian who publicly unrolls a mummy.

And what are the particular objects that Young England, and many who hardly know that appellation, much less the designs of those who bear it, desire? What the meaning of the visible stir among men of peaceful habits and comfortable circumstances, through the whole breadth and length of the land? In few words we may answer, that, having refused the people one Charter, they are really setting to work to give them another. And not the least pleasant part of the business is, the mode in which they have begun to do it. Here are a few men putting forward one "point;" there, other men submitting another; and yet a third body asking support for a third;—and all this without any personal interest but that of a common conviction of solemn duties neglected, and a common desire to do something for the working classes, in return for all that they receive from them. It may not be altogether an unprofitable task to collect these "points," and thus furnish the answer to the question with which we started, "What are we going to do for the people?"

It was in the spirit of an accurate, as well as a thoughtful and kindly observer, that Charles Lamb objected to the saying, as applied to the poor man, "Home is home, though it be never so homely," and deemed it a "fallacy," to which "crowded places of elegant entertainment, and the benches of alehouses, if they could speak, would bear mournful testimony." The age of commissions had not then begun, and men would not believe on the testimony of a mere unauthorised writer, what can be no longer denied on the evidence of regularly appointed government emissaries. That rags, dirt, disease, indecency, and every kind of discomfort characterise an immense proportion of the habitations of the poorer population of Great Britain, is now an admitted fact. Indeed, in many cases it could not be otherwise, for these habitations were often thrust under our very noses, even in the most wealthy districts of our most wealthy towns. Well, we could remove the evil, of

course, by removing the houses; and so we turn our St. Giles's and our Saffron Hills into long-continued façades of the most satisfactory character; their moral and their architectural qualifications are equally unquestionable; the Ethiop has washed his skin—the localities have become respectable. But where are the poor now to go to? was a question often asked, but still left unanswered. And the consequences are coming upon us. We shall yet, perhaps, be punished for our selfishness, in a contagious fever that may leave in many a family permanent and terrible recollections of its visit. Dr. Aldis, in his recent evidence to the Commissioners for Inquiring into the State of the Populous Districts, observes:—

I am informed that the alterations, now making in St. Giles's, have contributed to the over-crowding a part of Westminster and Drury-lane; this, I was informed by a pupil who lives close to St. Giles's. The epidemics, continued fever, and even small-pox, are increasing, and I imagine no one will venture to deny that conditions of the atmosphere may occur which might produce in these districts a dreadful mortality.

Mr. Henry Austin, resident engineer of the Blackwall Railway, during its construction, speaks still more decisively:—

Although the railway cleared away some of the vilest property in London, I do not hesitate to say that it was an injury to the neighbourhood. I observe that the medical officer speaks of this increased overcrowding as a cause of ill health. It always must be so unless a proper provision be made for the disturbed inhabitants; the labouring classes cannot go great distances from their work.

How is this evil to be remedied? We must have a new home for the working classes. And here is one offered by an Association, the Metropolitan, which comprises among its patrons such men as Lord Ashley; among its working committee, such men as Southwood Smith—a name ever conspicuous in all active works of benevolence. Next to the having an excellent object to labour for, is the having an excellent principle to guide us in our labours: that the Association possesses. It is no charity. The wanderer may enjoy a night's repose in the dormitory; the unwedded labourer or artisan may take up his habitation in one of the single rooms of another class of buildings; the married may place his family in the comfortable suite of three apartments, provided in the scheme of a third class; and all, when they have done so, and are enjoying the unwonted peace and airiness afforded them, may proudly consider they are not only paying the full pecuniary value of all the advantages enjoyed (including interest for the money expended, four per cent.), but enabling the proprietors to reap a profit into the bargain, that may be used for the establishment of similar buildings, for their less fortunate brethren. And how much is to be paid to secure these objects? Why rather less, probably, certainly not more, than is paid at present for the sties—there is no other name for them—that disgrace our country. For a night's lodging 4d. is to be paid; for the rent of a single room, 2s.; for the rent of a set of rooms, namely, a sitting-room, and two bed-rooms, 4s. 6d. weekly. It may seem unreasonable to ask for more than is promised, under such circumstances; yet, if it were possible to give the fronts of the houses proposed a somewhat less naked aspect—if, only by the erection of balconies to each window, for the poor man's flower-pot garden, it would prevent an association of ideas very likely to injure the new homes, for a time at least, in the mind of those for whom they are intended; bare walls, and bare windows *will* suggest notions of workhouses and hospitals, and the Association would, we think, do well to avoid the danger, seeing it may be done at a very slight cost. Light and warmth, too, should be provided for, in all the three classes, instead of in the nightly dormitory alone; though not at the expense of the Association. It would be easy to make arrangements for charging upon each inhabitant the fractional cost, and the consequence would be a great additional comfort, at a material saving of expense. Conveniences for cooking, too, might be afforded, and so prevent the continual use of the poor man's only sitting-room, for such purposes. Water, we may add, is to be supplied on every floor. And one very valuable feature of the whole, will be the register that is proposed to be kept of the occupations and engagements of the inhabitants, so as to assist them when necessary in procuring employment. Need we say more to induce all persons who are at once able and willing to assist the poor, to lend some aid in the establishment, and peopling of these New Homes,* the "First Point" in our "Charter?"

One could hardly imagine a more interesting and valuable book than might be written upon the truths, the knowledge, and the variety of admirable institutions, habits, manners, and customs, that, once in possession of the world, have been allowed to slip away from it, to be revived at some distant age, upon precisely the same essential grounds that originally brought them into existence. And what a world would not this globe of ours have now been, could it but have prevented this tendency, and held fast by the good when it found it. Glancing over the details given by ancient writers of the state of the baths of Rome, such thoughts will occur to the mind, in connection with the endeavours making to establish public baths in Britain. What a contrast is presented, and how unfavourable to the nation that considers itself to have been raised so greatly above "all Greek, all Roman fame," especially in matters relating to social life, by the conduct of the governors of the Imperial City, and the conduct of our governors. In the one case, we see edifices of almost incredible magnitude and splendour, capable, in some instances, of accommodating in their warm baths, at the same time, no less than eighteen thousand persons; each situated in the midst of beautiful gardens, and containing halls where the bathers and others might practise every kind of sport and pastime; and for all which the payment required was of the most insignificant amount. Such were the facilities afforded by Rome to its plebeians in the days of its splendour. What have we done for the same class in the height of *our* prosperity? Why stuck up warnings wherever the unfortuuate bather could find natural conveniences; and if he heed not them, why he is marched off like a felon to a police-court, and formally reprimanded for desiring such unnatural bodily purgations. How often this solemn mockery is perpetrated, every reader of the newspapers must know; few but must have

* The shares are £25 each; deposit, £2 10s. per share. The promoters, we may observe, are sanguine as to the pecuniary success of the Association. The Secretary is Mr. C. Gatlaff, 19, Coleman-street, London.

also noticed the letters that every now and then appear in the latter, from some shocked "Decency" or indignant "Father of a Family;" neither of whom, nor the extensive classes they represent, seem to be aware that it is *they* who are indecent in thinking and talking of such qualities in connection with a custom which appears equally innocent, beautiful, and necessary, whether we consider the circumstances under which it is pursued, or the mental as well as bodily purity that it fosters. Among the sayings that pass current about the world, the property of every one, yet not the less practically valued by all, from their applicability and depth of meaning, there are few hailed as a more profound truth than that which stamps so emphatically the honesty of a man in the words—His hands are clean. Public baths, then, we apprehend, must form the second "Point;" and assuredly they have already found hosts of supporters. Young Scotland has here taken the lead. In Edinburgh, Glasgow, Greenock, and Dundee, public meetings have been held, and a great deal of worthy enthusiasm exhibited; and the result, we believe, will be, that in all these great towns, the working classes will be placed in possession of an enjoyment that shall be at the same time so much more than an enjoyment, that they will only wonder how they have gone on so many ages without it. In London, a movement is at this moment making of a character suitable to the metropolis of the empire. It is proposed to raise four establishments on the Thames; three on the Middlesex, and one on the Surrey side, which will provide cold and warm baths, at the charges respectively of a penny and twopence. A peculiar feature of these proposed establishments (borrowed from a successful experiment in Liverpool) will be the convenience afforded to the poor for washing their clothes; all appliances requisite for the mysteries of washing, drying, and ironing, being furnished through a period of six hours, for twopence. We do not know what the female part of the population may think of this proposal, but there can be no mistake as to the opinions of their partners: they must look upon the scheme as only too good to be realised.

Systematic recreations must occupy no inconsiderable portion of the thoughts of the founders of our new Charter. A fine old writer, whose oddities of style have, to a certain extent, lessened the reputation he should enjoy for his lofty thoughts and pregnant wit, observes—

> Recreation is a second creation, when weariness hath annihilated one's spirit. It is the breathing of the soul which otherwise would be stifled with continual business.—FULLER.

What opportunities have been afforded to our English poor for this "breathing of the soul"? Answer, ye stoppers up of ancient foot-paths, ye enclosers of every open space where God's air blew freshly and freely, and invited the weary artisan to forget his other manifold sorrows—answer, ye gentlemen of England, who too often love to surround yourselves with untrodden solitudes, extending miles together in every direction, around your country homes, and yet cannot leave the poor such few possessions as they have, but must filch away corner after corner from their parks for the erection of villas; must enclose and destroy for ever their loved commons, on the plea of the waste involved in their non-cultivation; a plea to which there should be but one answer—If there be really more public land than is needed for public recreation, and for those other purposes so valuable to those who enjoy them—such, for instance, as the feeding of the labourer's cow—why, then, lords of manors, show the people how they may, with your hearty consent, turn it to the best permanent advantage for—themselves. The poor would have no objection, we are sure, to see their property so increased. It will be a fortunate revelation to the wealthy and influential classes of this country, should such ever be vouchsafed to them, that the reason why the poor are not attached and grateful to them, is precisely because they do nothing to excite such manifestations. Of yore it was not thus in England—it is not so now in Germany. Take a single instance.

> The country houses (says William Howitt), of the nobility and gentry are surrounded on all sides with public and private walks. They have seldom any fence about anything but their private gardens. The people go and walk everywhere, and never dream of trespassing, nor are they ever told of such a thing. This is one of the great charms of the country. All woods, with the rare exception of a deer-park, are there entirely open and unfenced. You wander where you will, with the most perfect feeling of giving no offence. There are no warning boards, no threats of steel traps or spring guns.

Shall we ever hear the foreigner say this of England—free England—merry England? Well, we are not without hope. Much has been done of late years in a better spirit. The feelings that gave rise to the spring-guns seem about to share their fate. It was something when a British Legislature determined on the adoption of Mr. Hume's excellent bill for the reservation of open spaces in all future Enclosure Bills. It was still better when individuals stepped nobly forward to give, from their own ample estates, lands to those thickly-crowded places which, as usual, were deficient of means for recreation in something like the exact proportion in which they needed them. Such was Derby before the late Mr. Strutt made it the magnificent present of the Arboretum; such is Sheffield, to which the Duke of Norfolk has promised to give fifty acres of land at the expiration of certain leases. But it was Lord Holland that set the example of these patriotic deeds; and it only shows the more strongly how far his ideas went of the necessity for such public spaces, that, having no more fitting opportunity afforded in connection with his own property, he should have conferred such a gift on the small town of Ampthill, in Bedfordshire. With these encouragements, Government itself seems to have grown bold and liberal at last; and, so,—not, we should fear, without many qualms, lest they were once more upsetting the constitution—they rose to the high argument that a park might even be purchased for the people in very particular cases, and Victoria Park, or, rather, what is to be so called, whenever it shall be completed, was purchased; and may be considered a fact accomplished as regards the future recreations of the inhabitants of the dense eastern parts of London. Since that event there appears to be no limits to the audacity of the people's friends. Liverpool must have its park at Toxteth; and as Birkenhead, of late years, has sprung up like a second Liverpool on the other side of the Mersey, why that must have a park too. So must Manchester, where such pleasant words accompanying so many particularly pleasant deeds, have been flying about between the rich and

the poor's representatives, that unless the former go on in the spirit they have commenced, they will be assuredly haunted with the troubled spectre of baffled hopes that they have helped to raise, but will find it difficult, if not impossible, to lay. Lord Francis Egerton with his £1000, gracefully said he considered himself "in arrears to the inhabitants of the town, and he was only happy in paying an instalment;" whilst Sir Robert Peel, with even greater liberality, as being less personally connected with Manchester, said he considered it to be the metropolis of a district, to the industry of which he and his family were under very deep obligations: and thus he sent his gift of the same amount as Lord Francis Egerton. The subscription proposed to be raised is £50,000, and there is little doubt but that sum will be obtained. Manchester, indeed, promises to take the lead in the promotion of the welfare of the working classes, if other places do not widen the sphere and redouble the amount of their exertions, A most cheering indication of the sentiments of its influential classes, has been lately furnished by the proceedings of the Common Council, who have agreed to purchase and pull down buildings that obstruct the ventilation of some of the smaller courts and alleys, where the poorest of the people of Manchester reside, and with the single object of promoting their comfort and welfare. As to other proposed parks, even whilst we write, schemes for new ones are almost daily starting into existence. Sunderland, we hear, has just been visited by a Government agent who has viewed and approved of the site chosen by the Public Walks' Committee; Birmingham has discussed the question in its municipal hall, and in a manner that responds to and increases the universal sympathy for the undertaking felt by the inhabitants; Leeds is thinking about it; and, lastly, London, growing bolder, asks that another may be added to those it possesses, and so is about to have one, containing some 200 acres, in Battersea-fields. Kennington, Stepney, Islington, we presume will next be growing discontented, and want their parks. Let them ask in time, and while the full tide of public opinion is rolling on. There may be a reaction, not in the enjoyment of those things—that is impossible when once they have been enjoyed—but in the feelings and thoughts of those on whom all parties must depend so much for aid at the outset.

Well, having got our parks, what shall we do with them? They will of course be made as ornamental as the skill of the landscape gardener can make them, refreshing the eye by their continual change of scenery, by their beautiful and stately trees, by their harmonious variety of flowering shrubs and herbaceous plants. We will not say it would be desirable to adopt the system of the Derby ground, and form in every case a complete arboretum; but certainly all such places should furnish examples of the finest hardy plants of every kind now cultivated in Britain, so that they may become not only a source of constant pleasure to the spectators, but a means of constant instruction to those who would furnish their own little plots of garden-ground with something better than the same eternal half-dozen things that they have alone been familiar with before. There is, perhaps, no other taste or pursuit that could be extended with so much advantage among the poor of England, as that of floriculture. Make a man in love with flowers, and assuredly you will make him in love with the cottage they adorn; and do no little to increase his love for the wife and family whose pleasant care it is to tend his favourites when he is absent, and sympathise with him in all his admiration when present. Public parks may become most important instruments for the creation of such tastes, by constantly challenging attention to the unsating loveliness of the floral world; but may they not help even still more potently to advance such tastes when formed? as, for instance, by their affording free opportunities for the establishment of public horticultural *fêtes*. Many of our readers may not have the opportunity of reading the *Gardener's Chronicle*, the most influential of the newspapers devoted to this subject, and which—measured by the proper standard, its object—is certainly one of the very best of our English periodicals; we shall not therefore deny ourselves the pleasure of transcribing from its pages an account of a village festival of this kind; reminding us, as it does, of some of the simple and beautiful scenes we read of in connection with the peasantry of Switzerland, or of some equally favoured countries, where if there be poverty, there is none of the attendant squalor and despair that makes English poverty so appalling. The whole indeed reads like a prose pastoral. The village in question is Pytchley, in Northamptonshire, and the narrator is the Rev. Abner Brown, the vicar; who, we fear, will make short work with dissent in his district, if the interest he feels in this subject be but a sign of the general relations betwixt him and his flock:—

On Tuesday, after school was over, two or three who managed the show began to prepare the school-room, which is about twenty feet square. They set up the stages, which consist of green-painted shelves and benches, long but light; some meant to be fitted above each other round the room, and some to be piled into a little scaffolding in the middle, leaving a wide passage all round for the company. They ornamented the walls with green asparagus-tops and small boughs, mixed with dahlias and other large flowers; adding an archway of the same outside the door, and a crown, with V. R. made of dahlias inside. The Society's name, made by fixing small flowers in the shape of the letters upon green-painted boards, were hung against the wall inside. According to the season, this is made of dahlias, primroses, blue cornflowers, damsons, chesnuts, &c. Some of the members had been at work by daybreak in their own gardens, gathering their fruits and vegetables, washing their roots, and tying their nosegays. The managers, also, were very early in the show-room, and at length the specimens began to be brought to them. The first who brought his basket was, perhaps, a cottager. His name was entered in the show-book, with a list of everything he had brought; his potatoes, kidney-beans, onions, bunch of pot-herbs and currants were put upon separate plates. The next was, perhaps, a child, with a large tastefully-made wild nosegay of field and hedge flowers, gathered the day before and kept fresh in water all night. In this way about 150 specimens were brought by 23 cottagers and children, to each of which was fixed a red ticket with a number on it, which referred to the order in which its owner's name had been entered in the show-book. It is surprising how many plates there were of beautiful potatoes, peas, beans, kidney-beans, currants, gooseberries, plums, apples, radishes; how many nosegays, both of garden and wild flowers; and how many flower-pots, with fuchsias, geraniums, carnations, calceolarias, balsams, &c. There were cauliflowers and cabbages, parsnips and carrots, rhubarb and celery, filberts, mushrooms, &c. Some cottagers brought a dozen or more specimens, all different; some had but a single nosegay or a balsam from their cottage window. At three o'clock the room was opened to visitors, and a person stood at the door to receive the admission money. All members (and their wives also, if married) are admitted free. A half-penny is charged for the admission of children, if they are

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not members, one penny for cottagers, and sixpence for other visitors, but kind friends have often paid a shilling, in order to help the fund. Six shillings and five-pence was received at the door that day; but, on a fine day, four or five times as much is found in the box at night. When visitors came in, there was many an anxious search made, many an eager look cast round to see which numbers had the prizes; and many a busy knot of members, young and old, gathered together to talk over the matter.

If incendiary fires should ever reach Pytchley, does any one believe that among the members of such a society will be found those who apply the torch?

One of the most ludicrous evidences of the rage that has prevailed in England during the last and existing centuries for every thing foreign, without reference to any actual standard of value, is the notion, not yet extinct among us, that we are not a musical people. Our old ecclesiastical music is of the very first order, yet we are not a musical people! The glee we altogether invented, and the beautiful madrigal we carried to a higher pitch than any other country, yet we are not a musical people! Scarcely two centuries ago, part singing was held an indispensable accomplishment in every liberal scheme of English education; and "at a social meeting, when the madrigal books were laid upon the table, everybody was expected to take a share in the harmony; and any one who declined, on the score of inability, was looked upon with some contempt, as rude and low bred;"* but for all that we are not a musical people! Music, of old, marked every step in our devotional worship, accompanied every kind of sport and festival, was carried round to the humblest door by the itinerant minstrels, and floated from the very watch-towers of our baronial and civic castles, where the waits or watchmen made the long night musical with their pipings—and yet, sapient Englishmen will have it, we are not a musical people. It is true, the unhappy decadence so visible in all that relates to the welfare and happiness of the poor, prevails also, or rather till recently did prevail, in regard to our national music. But the exceptions might have told us that it was not owing to any unfitness of the English mind. Thus—

In the densely peopled manufacturing districts of Yorkshire, Lancashire, and Derbyshire, music is cultivated among the working classes to an extent unparalleled in any other part of the kingdom. Every town has its choral society, supported by the amateurs of the place, and its neighbourhood, where the sacred works of Handel, and the more modern masters, are performed with precision and effect, by a vocal and instrumental orchestra, consisting of mechanics and work people; and every village church has its occasional oratorios, where a well chosen and well performed selection of sacred music is listened to by a decent and attentive audience, of the same class as the performers, mingled with their employers and their families.*

The weavers of Norwich, again—who has not heard of their fine taste and admirable executive skill? Who does not know that the musical festivals of that town form almost so many eras in the history of the art, from the frequency and the character of the novelties there brought forward. It was at one of these festivals that poor Malibran was heard by those near her singing away like some happy angel, among the vast mass of choristers, quite heedless of the dignity that bids a *prima donna* stop and look around her in the intervals of her part. It is easy to see one mode, at least, by which our parks may be made serviceable for the cultivation and restoration of that which, according to Montesquieu, is the only one of all the arts that does not corrupt the mind. The Duke of Baden, tyrant as he was, affords us our first lesson. All through the summer did he use to keep an excellent band perambulating the park and gardens at Carlsruhe, from two o'clock till dusk, for the enjoyment of the public, to whom both park and gardens were always open; and the effect of the music bursting out now in this direction, and then in a short time in one precisely opposite, is described as peculiarly charming. This surely can be accomplished without much difficulty; nay, if permitted, we have no doubt the people will accomplish it for themselves, that is to say form their own bands, and undertake the labour of love, of extending their own knowledge of the best masters to their less instructed brethren. If, by such and kindred measures, a state of things may be produced in this country to rival that existing on the Continent, and more especially in Germany, where the enjoyment of music in the open air is an universal passion, extending from the highest to the lowest, from the largest capital to the smallest and remotest village,—if this ever find a parallel here, it will indeed be a happy time for our country.

"It were impossible," says Shakspeare, "to make the people sleep on May-day morning;" we fear it would puzzle a large portion of them now to know why they should wake. The customs that made a May-day in the sixteenth century one of the most beautiful practical poems in the world, have one by one all disappeared, till the poor sweep, caring nothing but for the half-pence the festival may bring him, alone remains, at once a type and a mockery of all the former glory. No more going forth at midnight into the green woods to return laden with boughs and flowers for the adornment of our dwellings, thus, as Herrick sings, making

Each field turn a street, each street a park,

No more dancing round the Maypole; no more May Queens dazzling our eyes all day as she exposes her beauty to the common gaze in her bower, and then sends us home at night, each with his little present, a garland, carved hook, or, sweetest of all, a kiss from her cherry lip; as Browne speaks of in his Pastorals.

Then, again, Easter, so rich in itself, so rich in all its accessories—here again is a field for the revivification Young England so much desires. What says he to washing the feet of the poor, by way of beginning, to show the humility that is in his heart, notwithstanding the rank to which fortune has elevated him? We need not tell him that kings, queens, and archbishops have done such things in England before now. And what says he to the liberal donation to the poor made on such occasions; the magnificent plays got up in our great churches; the freedom of servants for a time from their labours; all circumstances characteristic of our ancient Easter? Whitsuntide, too, calls him to action, with its ale brewed for the benefit of the poor; its congregation of young and old by the church-house; its Robin Hood's bower in the church-yard; and its ropes across the road to enforce a tax for the poor from all travellers, enforced and submitted to with equal good humour. Lastly, how rich and picturesque was Christmas, with its multitudinous hospitalities; its churches and dwellings all decorated with the bright green leaves and red berries of the holly; its band of Christmas carollers, its mummery, and its long

* Hogarth's Musical History.

period of carnival. Why, how can the heart of England be otherwise than sad, deprived as it has been of all this food for continual mirth? Wakes exist, it is true, but mere shadows of what they were. William Howitt says, "they arrest your attention in every part of the country. As you approach a village you see a tall pole, like our Maypole, erected in the centre of the village, hung with garlands, and hear a hum of mirth and the bustle of waltzing feet;" but, alas! it is of dull and ponderous Germany he speaks, not merry England. And as to fairs, why Chaucer's "Lovedays" (never more needed for the reconcilement of differences than now), have hardly disappeared more completely than these now promise to do. Can none of these customs be revived in connection with our public grounds? or if that be answered in the negative, can no equivalents be found? What, if, like the Eastern monarch, but for a very different reason, we proclaim aloud our desire for a new people's pleasure. Suppose, however, we try some of the things that have succeeded before. Hyde Park Fair and its enormous congregation of visitors can hardly yet have slipped away from recollection. No provision whatever was made for rational enjoyment; the miserable shows formed as usual the chief feature, with arrays of booths for eating and drinking; and yet with so little to excite a pure spirit of enjoyment, what was the conduct of the people? All recorders alike agree it was most exemplary. By all means then let us have more of such fairs; but, at the same time, do let us have them under the conduct of persons who will not think their duty ended by opening gates, letting the people walk in, and then sending in a number of policemen after them. A word upon rural fairs. Suppose some one of the private gentlemen in every large parish or district, who has extensive grounds, and who really desires to encourage innocent recreations, were, at the usual fair-days, to throw open his grounds, engage a band of musicians, set apart some convenient place for sports, have his servants, with, if need be, a few extra for the occasion, to keep watch over the one or two mischievous persons who may else injure the character of thousands, and at the same time direct those servants to behave with the greatest possible civility, and afford all possible attention where attention would be needed.—What in such case, we ask, would be the fate of the neighbouring fair? How much longer should we hear the libel on our countrymen, that they are only capable of brute enjoyment? To English gentlemen all this may seem very ridiculous; yet there may be many among them who have at some time or other visited the gardens of Prince Schwartzenberg's private residence at Vienna, and wondered at the number of persons walking about and pausing to admire the beauties of the rich parterres; he, it appears, permits all decently dressed persons to enter them, at all convenient times. Prince Coburg also allows every body access to his beautiful gardens, which immediately adjoin the town of Toplitz, and so little, if any, injury is done, that no peculiar precautions are ever found necessary to guard against abuse. And what these noblemen do is the universal practice of the German nobility. Are we for ever to endure the humiliation arising from these contrasts between our own and foreign countries in all that relates to the comforts of the people?

But what of all the manly sports for which England was once so famous? What of leaping, running, throwing the quoit, archery? What of such games as prisoner's base? What of foot-ball? What of cricket? These surely may be provided for in all our public parks. Perhaps no other agency could be mentioned so certain to break down that barrier that exists between the different classes of society as the mingling in common sports. Would that all judges were like Baron Alderson, who told a grand jury the other day that he had seen persons of the highest rank in the county playing at cricket with some who belonged to the humblest (we speak from memory, and therefore in our own words); and how much he was gratified by the sight.

We have thus run through the more important of the "Points" to which the attention of benevolent and sagacious men are turning, and, we trust, with results of greater importance than any among us can at present anticipate. There are other matters naturally growing out of these, which must not be overlooked. Our public buildings, and especially our cathedrals, must be opened freely. Railway directories must carry out the admirable work they have begun in their cheap excursions, by making these so much cheaper, that the poor may have their trip occasionally, as well as the other classes of society. They have gained, so far, by lowering their fares to meet the desire for "fresh woods and pastures new;" they may then go on without danger, till they have discovered the furthest limits to which the principles can be carried. Above all, and to this we trust every one will lend his exertions, the periods of labour must be shortened before it will be possible to accomplish any real good in any of the other directions. Gratifying is it to perceive that the movement is as active for this as for all other points. Already the chief shopkeepers of London have decreased their hours of labour. The vast bodies of artisans in our manufacturing districts, baffled in the very hour of triumph of their ten hours bill, are very wisely striving to arrange the matter with their employers, who, it is to be hoped, will cheerfully and peacefully concede what cannot be much longer withheld. Still we want one thing more. Recreations for the day being cared for, let us have national holidays for the year. Young England, by the lips of Lord John Manners, has promised us this boon. Who shall say, but that if he keeps his word, and aids and assists in all the other "Points of the New People's Charter," he may wake one fine morning—a Prime Minister. Well, we shall see. More unlikely things have come to pass.

WIDOW ALLEN.

BY JAMES SMITH.

But for the thin blue wreath of wavering smoke winding upwards from between the broad branches of the stately sycamores which shade it from the summer sunshine, and screen it from the winter winds, you never would discern the whereabouts of Mrs. Allen's cottage. Scarcely, indeed, can you distinguish it—when threading the flowery path which leads you to its very porch—from the mass of vari-coloured vegetation which surrounds it; so overrun, masked, nay, completely hidden is it by the rank abundance of a monstrous vine, which thrusts its delicate tendrils into every chink and cranny of the casements, festoons the porch with its green tracery, wanders erratically from the eaves to the very ridge of the reed-thatched roof, and clambers almost to the summit of the massive chimney, which it embraces with a loving clasp, as though that swallow-haunted chimney were endeared to it by the mere force of old companionship.

It is of a most rare antiquity, that cottage; and tradition does affirm that when the abbey of St. Bene't's was dismantled, and its idle denizens thrust violently on the world, a shrewd and thrifty manciple abjured his creed, wedded the willing widow of a pursy purveyor, and, transporting to his new abode all the culinary appurtenances of the abbey kitchen—even to the sculptured stonework of the ample fire-place—which he could either buy or beg, here set up his rest, and prematurely waddled into his grave from absolute plethora. And to confirm the tale, tradition points to the unseemly hugeness of the fire-place just alluded to, and to the heraldic shields by which it is enriched, and to the elaborate and conventual character of the carvings in the porch as constituting proofs irrefragable of the legend's authenticity.

Behind the cottage, rises an uneven and precipitous acclivity, indented with a thousand hollows, and carpeted with moss of velvet softness, and flowering heaths in all their multitudinous varieties. A frowning cluster of gigantic firs fringes the summit, and breaks the force and tempers the severity of the sea breezes from the east. From May till August wood-doves keep up a perpetual cooing in a neighbouring copse, and restless bees, hovering

among the honey-teeming garden flowers, fill its precincts with a happy languid murmur.

Before it, a devious path winds downward to the village through a green pasture field, dappled with here and there the graceful shadow of a silvery larch. Almost from the first peep of day until the last glimpse of sunshine, if curiosity had led you thither in the summer months, you would have seen a matron far advanced in years, seated within that cottage porch, plying her needle with such industrious rapidity, as was scarcely compatible with her apparent age, and almost realized your idea of perpetual motion. Upon a closer view, you would have discerned that trouble had wrought worse havoc on her face than age,—that the mild light of eyes which once shone with the placid expression of a Madonna's, had been dimmed far more by tears, than by the slow alternations of successively revolving days and nights, and that care had forestalled age in furrowing her shrunken features and in silvering her once glossy hair. Yet, to confess the truth, abating these few evidences of an unwilling alliance with the grim goblin—man's yoke-fellow from before the flood—there is as little to suggest romantic fancies in the person, habiliments, and abode of Mistress Allen, as the most stolid lover of matter-of-fact could willingly desire.

But every cottage has its history, simple, often, as the uncultured minds of those who, generation after generation, are born, nurtured, and die within its walls; and sometimes touching as the melody of a remembered ballad, haunting the mind with dim suggestions of a period far remote, voices now silent, and happy faces long mingled with the dust. And has not every inmate, too, his or her separate chronicle,—an unwritten but enduring record, matter full and teeming often with strangely coloured incidents,—a narrative of mingled cheerfulness and pathos, of cheerfulness and pathos mingled indivisibly,—a motley tale replete with such incongruous diversities as almost simultaneously move to laughter and to tears? In the humble annals of our widowed neighbour, there is a sad preponderance of evil and untoward accident, yet borne with such serene and passive magnanimity as adds no trifling testimony to the comfortable belief that

> There is a divinity doth shape our ends
> Rough-hew them how we will.

At the very hour of birth, Janet Randall, (such was her maiden name) became a dowerless orphan;

> Her mother dying of the gift she gave.

Her father,—but let the failings of the dead rest with them. Suffice it that the orphan child was tenderly and delicately reared by a maiden relative, whose affection she exclusively engrossed, and whose moderate fortune it was commonly reputed she would ultimately inherit. When ripening into womanhood, the fascination of a handsome face and fluent tongue effected an easy conquest of her simple heart: the offer of a stolen match was too romantic to be rejected, and so Janet became a wife. The indiscretion of an unsanctioned bridal was soon forgiven and as soon forgotten. Wife and mother, for two years Janet was happy. At the expiration of that period, the aunt died, and with the possession of the property of the deceased, came the revelation of the husband's true character—profligacy, cold neglect, reckless brutality, and finally abandonment, followed each other in rapid succession. The placid nature and forgiving spirit of the woman had borne up against all except the latter; but when beggared, deserted, and even deprived of the infant son, over whom she had kept so many and many a sleepless vigil,—pillowing the child upon her aching heart with a feeling of deep thankfulness that *he*, at least, was spared the agony which she suffered;—when, by this unfeeling act, the mother's misery was consummated, health and intellect alike gave way, and for weeks she suffered all the paroxysms of violent insanity. Recovery—gradual and wavering—often despaired of, but finally assured, restored her only to the consciousness of her worse than widowed and childless lot.

In the interim, a career of dissipation, followed by the commission of some unlawful act, had rendered a precipitate flight from England, imperative on the part of her husband. A wretched paramour, and his young child (strange companionship of vice and innocence!) were the sharers of his flight. For years little or no tidings could be gained of the fugitive: his destination, nay, his very existence, was problematical, and poor Janet, whose small inheritance had been utterly expended—with the alternative of destitution before her eyes—was compelled to a life of daily toil, sometimes seeking employment in the humble capacity of a nurse, and at others engaging in the occupation of a sempstress, in order to furnish herself with the bare means of a scanty subsistence.

The sympathy of her wealthier neighbours, however, fittingly expressed by acts of liberal and delicate benevolence, tended eventually to the removal of many asperities from her otherwise rugged path; so that, in course of time, the villagers would sagaciously aver that Mistress Allen was "well to do!"—"a comfortable body,"—with many other remarks, indicating a similar profundity of observation.

Thus years went by, unmarked by the occurrence of any stirring incidents to vary their tedious uniformity. Occasionally, by some chance channel, she would learn that her hus-

band was still in existence, and that a second family was growing up around him. Repeatedly she sought to commence a correspondence with her son, but the letters were either intercepted by the father, or, if received, his influence was exercised in interdicting a reply. Notwithstanding these rebuffs, our poor neighbour's vehement desire to open up some intercourse with her expatriated offspring sustained no check; nay, rather seemed to gather force from the impediments besetting her. Her waking thoughts, her very dreams, were coloured by one absorbing hope. It solaced her in many a solitary hour to sit and conjure up the lineaments of the child,—to image forth the change which each succeeding year had probably worked upon his features,—to trace by such imaginative aids as active fancy lent, his gradual growth and slow development, to compare her recollections of the father with her suppositious picture of the son; hoping against, yet fearful of, a more than personal similitude between the two, and shaping endlessly a host of varying conjectures—conjectures that were alternately hopeful or desponding, as gloom or cheerfulness prevailed, but referring always to the hoped-for restoration of her child.

At length some vague, uncertain rumours reached her of her husband's death, and these were presently confirmed by information of a positive and circumstantial character. His turbulent passions had plunged him in a conflict with the bushmen of the colony, which terminated in a tragedy fatal to himself, and to the other aggressors in the fray.

To assume that she was unmoved by the intelligence of the event, would be to imply on her part, the possession of a degree of stoicism foreign to the widow's character—

> Some natural tears she dropp'd, but wiped them soon.

Their separation had been of too old a date, and his villany had been of too deep a dye, to render his decease productive of a more than transient feeling of regret. One circumstance, moreover, was coupled with the tragical intelligence, calculated to modify even this fugitive sentiment of sorrow. Occupying, as the narrative of the occurrence did, a prominent place in the public papers of the day, the details given of the residences and colonial connection of the victims, put her in possession of the actual address of her son. Up to this time, acting upon the indefinite information afforded by the underlings of a commercial house in London, having Australian agencies, the letters she had forwarded had been directed to the port to which the vessels chartered by the house in question chiefly traded. Now, however, there was a clear and unimpeded channel of communication open to her wish, and the widow hastened to assure her son that he had a mother in existence, and to possess him with such details of his own and of his father's early history, as (presuming upon his ignorance of the fact) might suffice to establish her claims to his maternity.

Eighteen months wore by, and never did eighteen months appear so long, so tedious, so interminable as these. Sometimes buoyed up with sanguine hopes, sometimes dejected by a multitude of dark perplexities and melancholy misgivings, the widow's feelings were as variable as an April sky. Still time went past, and still no answer came; and when, at length, expectation began to fail, and the widow's heart was heavy with the fear of going down into the grave, without the gratification of the wish which had been dearest to her heart, her son himself appeared.

It must have been strange to have witnessed the meeting of two so widely severed, and so long apart; to whose minds memory could present no salient points on which the imaginations of both might dwell, nothing capable of eliciting a train of similar and simultaneous sympathies; for one of whom, indeed, there was *no* past—no distinctly remembered and tangible links of union between his mother and himself—no rallying place for scattered and dispersed affections—no cherished associations, surviving lapse of time and changing circumstances; while in the bosom of the other, a mother's love was yearning inextinguishably. And though the features of the infant were no longer to be recognized in the settled aspect of the man, yet the father's face seemed looking on her once again, in the countenance of the son; and in his voice she heard the well-remembered accents of another voice, which, years before, had been her blessing first, and then her bane; accents heard

> With a memory-mingled joy
> Which made his father live before her sight.

With her son's return the widow appeared to have regained some portion of her youth and active spirits. Her whole care and her exclusive happiness seemed thenceforth to centre in ministering to the comforts of her son, who, on his part, pleased with the novelty of the scene, enamoured of the idle life he led, and gratified to find himself the object of attentions as unremitting as they were affectionate, luxuriated, for a time, in a *dolce far niente*. But this was not to last for ever. Habits of lawless and wild indulgence, fostered in early years by those whose influence should have been directed to censure and repress them, might be temporarily concealed, but were not therefore permanently forgotten. When the novelty wore off, and idleness became monotonous, and kind attentions, from their consistent uniformity, begat a weariness and absolute distaste, the hereditary and ineradicable taint of evil gradually peeped out. Its earliest manifestations were confined to tri-

fling lapses and inconsiderable aberrations, which the doting fondness of a mother easily excuses, and willingly palliates.

Then followed dissolute revels, nightly recurring orgies, midnight excess, and morning penitence. Counsel and exhortation availed nothing. If the means were withheld, threats and imprecations speedily extorted them. The widow might remonstrate, but her remonstrances were ridiculed; she might entreat, but her entreaties were responded to by scoffs. It was a wild life, but its lax depravity was perfectly in accordance, if not with paternal precept, yet at least with paternal practice: and the poison-plant which had germinated in the colonies, lost nothing of its pestiferous qualities by transplantation.

Meantime the widow's funds were wasting rapidly away: the slow and thriftily-hoarded accumulations of many a laborious year were rigorously exacted and recklessly expended. Her moderate earnings were totally inadequate to cope with his incessant and unreasonable demands upon them, and beggary must, as an inevitable consequence, presently ensue. Again and again she urgently implored the prodigal to renounce his desperate courses, and embark in some career of honest industry. Her words might just as effectively have been spent upon the idle wind. If the accustomed source of his pecuniary supplies began to fail, another must be found.

Woods and preserves, teeming with game, lay thickly scattered round the village: associates were not wanting: the hazardous and illegal nature of the pursuit harmonized in all respects with his daring and adventurous character, and, to the reputation of a debauchee, John Allen presently added the unenviable notoriety of a fearless poacher. Success begat blind confidence, and this blind confidence eventuated in his own destruction.

One scowling night, towards the close of Autumn, 18—, the dusky outlines of two figures were discernible, ascending the meadow path which terminated at the widow's gate. Between them, stretched upon a hurdle, and muffled in the voluminous folds of a thread-bare cloak, they bore a dark recumbent burden—as thus disguised, a motionless and shapeless bulk. A light was still gleaming from the crevices of the cottage shutters, and at the sound of approaching footsteps, there was a slight movement audible within. The door opened, and the flickering fire-light streamed full upon the faces of the bearers.

"In God's name, what have ye here?" exclaimed the widow, as she met the intruders on the threshold.

They muttered an inaudible reply, and, entering the cottage, laid their burden on the floor. When the covering was withdrawn, the dabbled and distorted features of a yet warm corpse glared upon her aching sight.

"A bloody deed!" grimly observed the companions of the slaughtered man—"a foul and bloody deed!"

"My boy—my wilful, erring boy!" was all the mother could articulate, and she fell upon the corpse with the sharp and thrilling cry of delirious agony. How long this sudden swoon endured, she could not tell. When she arose, she was alone—alone, save that the stiffening corpse lay prone beside her.

That night she spent in prayer, and when the morning dawned, it found her with the cold, calm, passionless, and settled aspect of one, who had been taught by suffering to believe that, come what might, evils so huge as those already passed could never chance again. The wish she had so perseveringly and blindly cherished had been gratified, and what was now the sequel? Alas!

> We, ignorant of ourselves,
> Beg, often, our own harms.

Evidence, upon the inquest, was adduced to prove, that after a mortal struggle, the poacher had been shot by a gamekeeper in self-defence. The two associates of the victim had absconded from the moment of their quitting Mistress Allen's cottage; and, with the funeral of the corpse, the excitement occasioned by the event died gradually away. But, from that dark history, the widow has deduced a stern but valuable moral. A more implicit trust in Providence, a keener perception and heartier appreciation of the futile vanity of human will and forecast, and of the wisdom manifested by that "Divinity which shapes our ends," have resulted from the experience of the past. In fine, the widow is, in all respects, a better and happier woman than of old, and in the serene and even flow of her declining years we recognize another illustration of that beautiful apophthegm,

> There is a soul of goodness in things evil
> Did men observingly distil it out.

"THE OLDEST INHABITANT."

BY ANGUS B. REACH.

Amongst the fabulous, or semi-fabulous, creatures of the world, those things which, like ghosts, salamanders, and sea-serpents, are often heard of, but very seldom seen; those creations with which we are familiar in print, which seem to live but to turn a sentence, or lend a doubtful evidence to the assertion of a paragraph; among this class of ambiguous beings—shadow, not substance—neither fish, flesh, nor fowl—is to be found that dim mysterious personage, the "*Oldest Inhabitant.*"

The "Oldest Inhabitant" seems to live, move, and have his being in the newspapers. He is exclusively their property. His appearance is inseparably connected with the disasters or moving accidents which they chronicle; hail-storms, high winds, high tides, wet seasons, dry seasons, are all duly recorded in their columns, and the experience of the "Oldest Inhabitant," as uniformly appealed to in support of each separate event being the most tremendous and terrific and astounding that has occurred since heaven knows when. The "Oldest Inhabitant" is, therefore, an exclusively newspaper personage. Griffins and unicorns live in heraldry. Lady Bountifuls are to be sought for in moral stories for moral children. Generous thieves and heroic foot-pads are the heroes of modern novels: each class of fiction creates its own proper fictitious personages. Mrs. Gamp created Mrs. Harris; but penny-a-liners, it is, who create "Oldest Inhabitants." No elixir of life preserves their vitality; no miraculous pills have kept them hale and sturdy while ages waned, and friends and neighbours and acquaintances waned with them. We know not how they became what they are; we know not what they are: we know not how one succeeds the other, or when the stroke of death smote, and promoted to the title the now current "Oldest Inhabitant." We merely see them in black and white; we must take them upon credit, and take the surpassing violence of such a storm, or the abundance of such a harvest, upon their credit too.

The authority of most people is cited for what they know or remember. The "Oldest Inhabitant," however, is only cited as an authority when he does not remember. We only hear of him when his memory can bring no parallel to the matter in hand: he is remarkable for remembering nothing. If he remembered, he would be of no use—he would never be cited. He might as well not be the "Oldest Inhabitant." The paragraph concoctor works away lustily at an inundation, or storm of thunder and lightning. He soon exhausts all the common-places of his craft. He duly makes the storm "visit" the devoted city; he chronicles in good set phrase the "ravages of the destructive element;" but he wants a climax, a peppery wind-up for his lucubrations; he has made the waves roll, and the "electric fluid" flash; he wants something more forcible and pointed still, to bring before his reader in a word the violence and the fury of the tempest; so, summoning up with a scratch of his pen, an "Oldest Inhabitant" manufactured expressly for the occasion, he bids him dive back into the recesses of past times, grope into the inmost cavities of his memory, and resting fruitlessly from the search, declare upon his honour that no similar visitation has occurred within his recollection.

After this, who can doubt the overwhelming size of the hailstones, or presume to question the vividness of the lightning? Hath not the "Oldest Inhabitant" vouched for it? Hath he not bethought him of his sunny childhood, of his "hot youth when the third George was King," of his strong-minded manhood, of the calm times of his declining years? and in all that long space of worn-out time, whilst dynasties were changing, new nations being born, and old nations dying away—there was no such storm, no such big hailstones, no such vivid lightning, no such loud thunder. One almost feels proud of his own age as he reads the fact, or the record of the fact. What were our ancestors, that they should speak? They had no such grand things as their descendants. Their storms must have been mere child's play. The elements are only growing up; they are getting stronger and stronger every day. Fifty years hence, no doubt the then "Oldest Inhabitant" will bear testimony to a storm, the extent of a crop of gooseberries, or the productiveness of a field of cabbages, as being each or all of them greater than any within his remembrance. The "Oldest Inhabitant" of the present day was the young man of half a century ago; the young man of the present will be the "Oldest Inhabitant" in half a century to come. Every natural event is more remarkable now, so says the "Oldest Inhabitant," than any he can remember. The next "Oldest Inhabitant" will say the same; and so on; from which it is to be logically deduced, that in every successive year natural phenomena are increasing in the splendour and vastness of all their attributes; that floods are getting deeper, hailstones bigger, lightning brighter, thunder louder, and summers and winters warmer or colder, as the case may be.

"Oldest Inhabitants" are not altogether of modern invention; we have said that they are newspaper characters; the pointers of a paragraph and the adorners of a puff. Such is the rule, but there is at least one exception. The great forte of the "Oldest Inhabitant," as we have hinted, is not remembering any storm equal to the last storm. He is called forth by a storm as naturally as an umbrella by a shower of rain, or a mouse by toasted cheese. Shakspeare knew this propensity of the "Oldest Inhabitant." The night in which Duncan was murdered, the elements were tumultuous. Forthwith appears on the stage an "old man," evidently the then "Oldest Inhabitant" of Inverness, who declares—

> Three score and ten I can remember well,
> Within the volume of which time, I have seen [night
> Hours dreadful and and things strange; but this sore
> Hath trifled former knowings.

The "Oldest Inhabitant" is thus always labouring in his vocation; always not remembering—that is to say, remembering a great deal, but never remembering anything equal to the last catastrophe to which he is requested to remember a parallel.

We have said that we have never seen an "Oldest Inhabitant," nor know we any person who has; yet after all there must be some "Oldest Inhabitant" of the parish, of the city, of the world. Methuselah must have been a very respectable "Oldest Inhabitant," but the phrase was not in use in his days, as there were no newspapers. Of course, if there were, he would have come down to us with as great a character for not remembering as he has for longevity—not that there would be any particular connection between the newspaper "Oldest Inhabitant" of the time and Methuselah, newspapers always having "Oldest Inhabitants," like correspondents, "of their own;" but that we should be apt to associate one with another, and account poor Methuselah a perfect blessing to the journalists of his day.

No; the newspaper "Oldest Inhabitant," the fictitious veteran, the hero of a hundred paragraphs, is unsubstantial as John Doe or Richard Roe—impalpable as Mr. Ferguson who never "lodges here;" invisible and unapproachable as the oft-quoted Jack Robinson—ideal and airy as the famous, known and yet unknown, "Walker." In the navy there is a mysterious "Cheeks, the marine," who always watches over the weather. The greenhorn is recommended to apply for any information he may want to that hitherto unbeheld personage. "Cheeks, the marine," and the "Oldest Inhabitant" must be cousins—the one living on the land, the other on the sea; but the authority of both equally quoted—the identity of both equally well made out.

Yet far be it from us to say that there exist not real actual flesh and blood "Oldest Inhabitants." They claim not the title, but nevertheless they are entitled to it. It is the newspaper variety which is mysterious, fabulous. It is the vouchers for phenomena of hitherto unknown vastness that we mistrust. There are—there must be, oldest as well as youngest inhabitants; and it is not difficult to conjure up an individual of the species; to place him before our readers as he lives and moves; to note his habits of thought and of speech, and to exclaim triumphantly, *Ecce Homo!*

There are two great varieties of the veritable "Oldest Inhabitant"—he of the country, and he of the town. He whose long range of years has flown over in quiet rural sports—in nooks apart from the world; and he who has always dwelt surrounded by men: whirled along through life by the bustle and hurry-scurry of a great swarming, restless society.

We shall take a glimpse at both and each. The country "Oldest Inhabitant," of the veritable flesh and blood species, lives in a distant unvisited place, hemmed in by miles and miles of solitary fields and meadows. Only country cross-roads, unfrequented and full of ruts, not from traffic, but from neglect, traverse the neighbourhood of his dwelling. No stream of busy travelling flows past. No modern innovations and changes alter from day to day, and from year to year, the well-known aspect of surrounding objects. They have never been but as they are in the recollection of the "Oldest Inhabitant." He has lived there from boyhood. Several times, indeed, he has been to the nearest large town, and once, very long ago, he saw London—the King, the Queen, and the lions in the Tower. That was, perhaps, the event of his life: happy, quiet life which can reckon such an event. He is a great authority in the parish, for, be it known, even in the most sequestered of pastoral spots, there is a little world in the parish. He is, we say, a great authority there, perhaps even greater than the parson—undoubtedly greater than the clerk. His words are listened to very reverently; and when a doting sentence, a wandering expression escapes, it is still heard respectfully and pitifully; for the hearers know that mind totters under the load of years. He is fond of surrounding himself with the neighbouring children, who look upon him with almost superstitious awe, and suspend their play, and assemble joyfully round the door of his cottage, where he sits enjoying the afternoon sun. He tells them stories of people whose memory has lingered long in parish annals, local heroes, remembered for what they have done or suffered; or he tells them tales of their own fathers, or mayhap their grandfathers' childhood; of rustic feats achieved, of rustic skill attained—always winding up the narration with, "Ay, ay, that was when I was a boy."

When he was a boy! His little auditors look wistfully into his face—into that old wrinkled furrowed face—upon the few locks of straggling hair, fine and silky, and white as a new-coined shilling—upon the eye which has lost its light—the limbs all bent and shrunken, and strengthless as the summer reed—and the long skinny brown hands, which shake with a strange ceaseless motion. When he was a boy! They cannot realise the thought. When he was little and plump and ruddy; when he shouted and screamed, and ran and leaped, and climbed trees, and robbed orchards, and swam the first across the river. Strange! Could he ever have been a boy? Was he not always thus? And would they one day, if they lived, be so too? Away! childhood cannot grapple with such thoughts—in the next moment they are forgotten. Had the old man dated his story in the year one, the children would have thought dimly of some time long, long ago; but "when I was a boy," the time is harder to be seized—more indefinite, more uncertain to their minds than would be the year one.

The country "Oldest Inhabitant" is often to be found wandering among the grave-stones of the churchyard. He looks upon old stones, almost covered with green-clinging moss. No need for him to attempt to decipher the inscription. He knows well who lies beneath; he knew him in life, and he remembers him in death. No need for the stone to set forth his virtues; he knows them, and he knows, moreover, what the stone does not set forth—his faults. On a Sunday, after service, he loves to sit near the church-porch: he is the centre of a little group: he talks of old things, extols old customs, points out where old boundaries stood, now unknown, and the true sites of old parish legends. He always elevates the past at the expense of the present. The young men, he says, were stronger in his days, more manly, more open; the maidens more fair and more

true; and the young men and the young maidens around listen without gesture of dissent, or word of murmur, but in their hearts they believe it not.

The country "Oldest Inhabitant" thinks little of modern improvement; in fact, he does not deem it so much improvement as innovation. He is even slow to believe all the wonderful tales retailed by parish travellers, and vouched for by half-year old newspapers which occasionally find their way to his cottage. He long shook his head at what he heard of steam: carriages moving without horses, ships without sails; at any rate, there were no such things in his day. At length a railroad is projected; it passes through his neighbourhood. He receives, half doubtingly, from day to day, the accounts of its progress; of iron belts stretching from field to field, from east to west; of the squire's pheasant preserve, which he has always deemed ground almost as sacred, as hallowed as the church-yard itself, being sacrilegiously broken into, the old trees cut down, the old land-marks effaced. He knows not what to say; he wishes it may all be for good. At length the railroad is complete. Down through the rich country flies the hissing, shrieking train, with a demon's might, and a demon's speed; the seething, panting engine—gorgeous with polished brass and glittering steel, sweeps merry, hopeful hundreds after it in its flight. The "Oldest Inhabitant" comes and sees; he confesses that he will believe anything now; he does not know what the world is coming to; it was a different place once. But his day is past; these things belong to his children and his children's children. He wishes but for peace and quiet to think over old times—to hold mental communion with old friends, long, long buried. Still he is cheerful and tranquil, and patiently waits the day (he knows it is not far off) when he, too, will be borne to that well-known, long-known churchyard, and where most of the parish will assemble round the grave of the "Oldest Inhabitant."

But very widely different from this is the "Oldest Inhabitant" of the city. He never gets, so to speak, so old, that is, so mentally old, as his compeer of green fields and lone villages. He is borne on with the busy world around him; he continues to think himself of it so long as he is on it. He rejoices in its progress, sympathises with its discoveries, exults over what it has done, and hopes still greater things for it yet. He is fond of contrasting old times and new, to the advantage of the latter, and has wonderful stories of robberies and murders committed in places once lone and dreary, but now bustling thoroughfares or modish squares. He loves to retail his personal recollections of great historic events; he will dilate by the hour on what he remembers of Warren Hastings' impeachment, and tell you how distinctly he recollects where he was, and what he was doing at the moment when news was received of the death of the Earl of Chatham. He is by no means so serious or grave a personage as the "Oldest Inhabitant" of the country. He can even stand good humouredly some quizzing about his age. Latterly he has got proud of it; and although he replies, "Sad dog, sad dog!" when one of his young friends asks him how Charles II. walked up the Mall; or if Pope was really such a little crooked fellow as he is represented to have been, he is not a bit angry in his heart. The probability is, that he is a great parish antiquary; deeply read in the history of old houses; perfectly able and willing to point out the forgotten tracts of long-demolished streets; and should there be a dispute between the churchwardens of two neighbouring parishes about the geography of their boundaries, he is always called in, upon one side or the other, as a witness to some old use and wont.

If he be a London "Oldest Inhabitant," he is sure to be very great upon its increase; upon the astounding strides which it has made since he can recollect. He tells how he was once three days going to Gravesend by water, and of the time when there was only one daily conveyance between Paddington and the Bank. Nevertheless, he has a kindness for the olden times, and concludes such narrations with "But, after all, there was a great deal of fun in those days."

Sometimes, looking over the papers in the coffee-room, which he has frequented for half a century, he makes acquaintance with his own newspaper-double, some other unknown "Oldest Inhabitant." Who can this be? he thinks at first in the innocence of his heart. Ay, who, indeed! Ask the writer of the paragraph; he knows as much as you do. His "Oldest Inhabitant" consists but of so much black printer's ink stamped in certain forms upon white paper. And so the real "Oldest Inhabitant" learns to laugh at his oft-quoted shadow, but mystifies his friends by telling them that the newspapers always send to ask him, after a smart gale of wind, whether he can point to any other such tempest within his recollection.

We have thus, then, good reader, lightly traced the veritable and the fabulous "Oldest Inhabitant." The first you may not often see; the second is continually before your eyes. He of flesh and blood is but one; but he of ink and paper is legion—and a legion fleeting and unreal. May, however, the shadow and the substance equally find favour in your eyes; and so may you live pleasantly and easily on until you yourself absolutely become the theme of this paper—no more nor less than the real *bonâ fide*, unmistakeable "Oldest Inhabitant."

A SKETCH.

The Curate nibbled the end of his pipe for a few seconds, then gave half a dozen mighty whiffs, sighed, laid down his pipe, and exclaimed,

"Dead? Well! God forgive him!"

"I believe," said I, "few men have left the world with better prospects of forgiveness. If the prayers and regrets of the living may be considered as draughts upon Omnipotence, he bears with him ample assurance."

"Bah!" cried the Curate.

"He has known affliction, too; the heaviest that can fall to the lot of man. A wife who broke her faith, dishonoured him, and stamped his offspring as the children of"——

The Curate's pipe fell, shivered into a thousand pieces. He stretched his hand across to where I sat, and placed it gently, delicately on my shoulder. I felt it tremble as he mildly uttered,

"Spare her!"

An arm of steel and lungs of brass would have wanted the force of this simple appeal.

"If I have wronged her"—— I cried.

"No," interrupted the Curate, abruptly.

I paused, somewhat disconcerted, but resumed, "I have, perhaps, been too severe in censuring—"

"No," cried the Curate, with greater vehemence.

The old man rose as if to avoid further discussion, and paced the room with knit brows. It was full five minutes before he lighted a fresh pipe and reseated himself; about the same period elapsed in the crossing and uncrossing of his legs, and other symptoms of uneasiness, ere he was thoroughly adjusted; after which he resumed,

"I knew her."

I uttered an exclamation of surprise, and the Curate repeated,

"I knew her!" and smoked vehemently.

It is one of the characteristics of my venerable friend, that when under the influence of any strong excitement, instead of pouring forth at once the full stream of his eloquence, his brain seems to labour in contention with his feelings, and monosyllables and brief affirmations are the abortions it brings forth. Accordingly, when he had made another pause, and again broke forth, his sentences, as will be shown, were at first disjointed and broken, and gradually smoothed down into the ordinary level of his discourse.

"Twenty years since—more—five-and-twenty; I was then at ——; she was one of my parishioners. I remember her well: young, beautiful, good—at least I thought so; so did all the world. She was certainly the belle of the place: it was not a little in her favour that the women loved her, notwithstanding. I may be thought credulous, but I do not believe that a lovely woman, esteemed by her own sex, can be innately vicious: be that as it may, she was the idol of the place; not a heart but owned her gentle influence, not a tongue that withheld its grateful tribute. Her parents were rich and influential: she was an only child, and absorbed all their care and affection.

"I have said that she was beautiful in person; her mind I cannot easily describe, it was not of the highest order; she was easily excited to laughter, and easily moved to tears—in fact, the prevailing feature of her disposition was extreme sensibility, and this, I believe, invested her with that gentle grace that won upon all who approached her. The admiration she excited did not teach her arrogance, she exacted nothing; she was content to win it in the fair interchange of affection and civility. Her heart prompted her to please, and nature had furnished her with an ample store from which to select and distribute her gifts. Her acquirements were good, but so moderate as to disarm all censure; that of the illiterate, because they were not brilliant enough to make them feel contemptible; and of the well-informed, because they were sufficient to relieve her conversation from silliness and vacuity. Her passions were powerful, lively, and warm, and her temper as easily appeased as excited.

"What is woman's love?" said the Curate; "and by what is it impelled? It baffles the art of man; the man of the world and the shallow boy are on a level in the contest; for who can tell with what arms, or by what stratagem to gain his end? Will mind or manners, strength, beauty, or agility, effect it? I believe each or all of them—anything that can arrest a woman's attention, or fix her admiration: be it mind, or person, a graceful bearing, or a well-made boot, that brings him into notice, his chance is equal: he has caught her eye, and the commonest forms of gallantry, a little pointed, and embellished with an expressive glance, will tell his tale, and spread the sympathetic flame. Alas! woman is improvident; she casts the seed with a thoughtless hand, and, whether the soil be rich or barren, the flower is of the same fair growth. A villain or a fool may win her love, and, if he be not both, may keep it.

"There was certainly a fascination in ——'s manners. God knows he had little else in common with that girl. His early life had been debauched and profligate, but so fashioned as to preserve his reputation free from the grosser stains which exclude men from society. I believe, indeed, that he was not naturally vicious, but licentiousness had corrupted his heart, and turned its smooth surface to a coarse and undiscriminating level. A woman does not love by rule; she grew insensibly to admire him; she loved to listen to his conversation, and when, in time, he led it to the theme of his passion, she believed him to be sincere;—he may have been so, but what right had he to trust in the security of that which he had so often found defective?

"He won her, notwithstanding—married her. For a time it seemed that his heart was opened to purer impulses, and that his hovering wishes had found a secure and lasting rest. It was not so. The tide of evil soon set in. Love lost its novelty, and the libertine's soul was too weak and superficial to retain an old impression. His affection ebbed; indifference supplied its place, and neglect succeeded indifference. His wife (she who had inhaled praise and admiration

with the breath she drew) was left in contemptuous solitude to stifle or to discard, as best she might, a love that was rejected by the only lawful object of its approach. Nor was this all: it was soon apparent that his home was neglected for the old haunts of his indulgence, and it could no longer be concealed from his shrinking wife that her charms had less attraction for him than the heartless intrigues of his early life. Was her love to endure through this, or to be cast off? To endure! Do we plant roses on the iceberg? To be cast aside! When the root is severed, the branches lie withered and sapless; and how could she, to whose nature love was essential, willingly reject the food of her existence?

"That stern discipline of the mind that in every joy detects a lurking danger; that holds iron rule over the passions, and starts suspicious at each soft whisper of the feelings; that marks the limits of affection, and, when the heart's swift current meets a check, dams up the source for ever; that rigid principle would have saved her at least from shame; but, wanting this, she lacked all support, and sunk. A profligate commonly adopts a villain for his bosom friend, and such an one now stole, like the first tempter, upon her unguarded moments. It was an hour of confusion, tears, and rage; a passion little short of frenzy first tossed her soul; from thence it sunk into the sullenness of indignant pride; and, at last, as if exhausted, subsided into the mute and tearful sense of unmerited injury, when the soul melts at the first tone or look of sympathy. This was the time for action; the villain seized it, and with artful windings, so refined as to disarm suspicion of his purpose, stole into the confidence of the feeble woman: she listened, wept, and disclosed the sorrow which was not a secret to him; he changed the soft tone of sympathy to a warmer strain; implored, taunted, knelt, vowed, and—triumphed: she fled with him. Thus fell she, beneath the injuries of an imbecile rake, who should have been her natural protector, and the schemes of a designing villain!

"Ten years ago," said the Curate with a sigh, "she resigned a life made grievous by shame and oppression, but the memory of her guilt has not passed away. None care to learn what was the unnatural contest under which she sunk, but all combine to link the damning judgment with her memory—a judgment, passed without trial and without appeal upon the weakest of three criminals, loading her with the guilt of all, and leaving her two accomplices—the one an object of compassion, the other of indifference."

"It was, doubtless, an unequal struggle," I remarked.

"Consider, Sir!" said the Curate, with energy; "consider her danger, and her resources. It is no idle or poetic fancy that ascribes to woman's love a strength and fervour that raise it above the love of man, and above comparison with other passions. The business of life must engross much of man's attention, and create frequent intervals in the great chain of his ideas: but woman's avocations are too insignificant to divert her thoughts from a cherished object—in that passion all her hopes and wishes centre. It exalts her to heroism, or plunges her into madness; distempers the fairest scenes of worldly enjoyment, or invests poverty with robes of purple. What then must be the bitter revulsion, when coldness, contempt, and insult are in league to tear it from her heart! It is not rage nor hatred, it is distraction—a passion that despises the cold form of prudence; a pride that disdains to stoop at the slow arraignment of reason or of judgment!"

The old man paused for a moment. When he resumed, it was in a softer tone, and with a tear of pity twinkling in either eye.

"I do not," said he, "I do not question the justice of the world's sentence upon *her*, and few will doubt its policy; but, behold the distribution of man's justice! Ten years since, the woman, borne down by curses, penury, and shame, sunk into an alien's grave. But yesterday, the *injured* husband, relapsed from the caresses of society, surrounded by pitying friends, by 'honour, love, obedience—all that should accompany old age;' and to-morrow the virgin marble shall perpetuate the glittering lies that society has published on his name!"

He rose, drew his sleeve hastily across his face, and retired. I saw with clearer vision. Justice had torn the veil from one portrait in his sketch, nor did she frown when Mercy, weeping, cast it on the other.

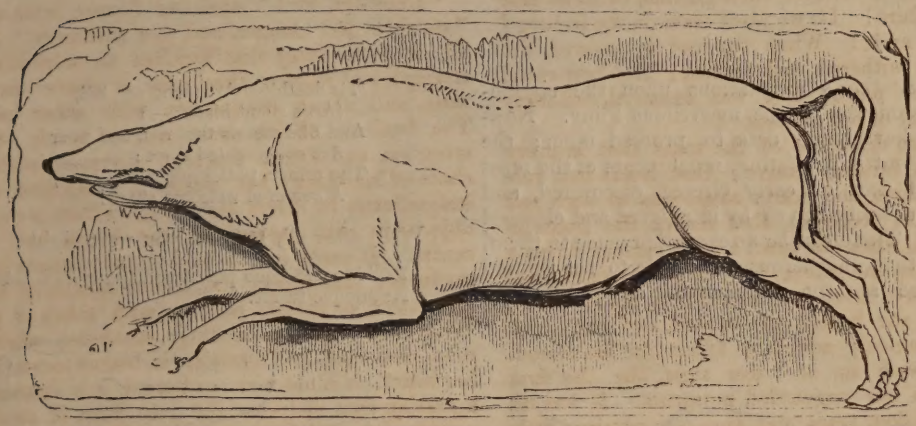
MUSINGS OF A WANDERER.—No. IV.

All Nature's beautiful—from stars above
To ev'n the darkest waters down below,
The surface of the breathing earth;—but still
Peculiar charms she sheds on favourite scenes
Like a bird-mother who carresses *one*
Above the rest of all her infant brood
And lavishes her love on it alone!
'Tis a great joy amidst the wilderness
To find sweet fruits and fountains where all seem'd
The home of barrenness! But not such joy
As in the desert of society,
To find warm heart-springs gushing forth their streams
Of gentle tenderness! Oft 'mid the Alpine snows
I've found a valley of meek beauty, which
Reminded me of this—and then I said,
Thus Pity sleeps between the frozen hills
Of cold Indifference—unknown or seldom seen!

W.

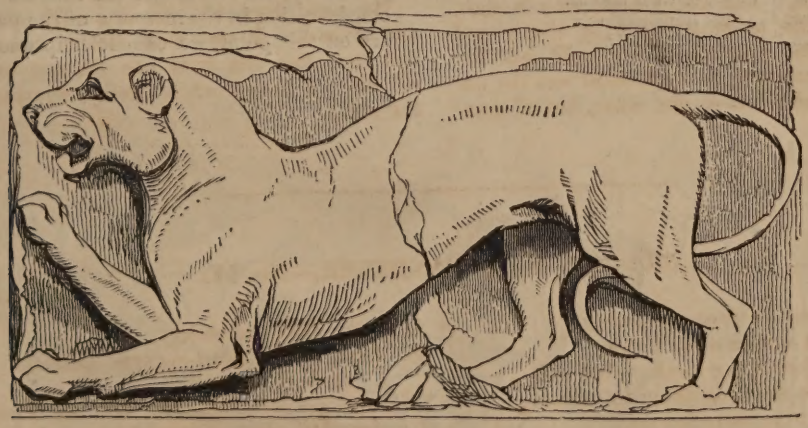
FINE ARTS.

THE XANTHIAN MARBLES.

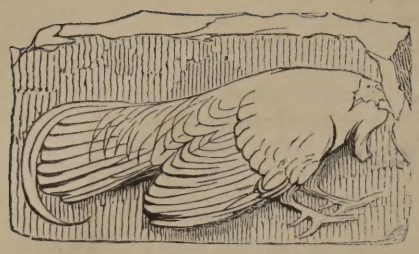


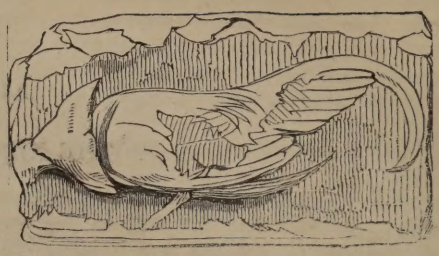
Mysterious relics of dark ages gone,
Tombs of the mighty dead, could ye unfold
Your silent sculptured monumental jaws,
And let the tongue of Time reveal the past:
When ye in Lycia first uprose, and gave
The welcome of Death's sleep to some who now
Are found not; 'twere a marvel then to hear
What kings, philosophers, and poets, once
Slept in your classic walls, or rocks excaved;
To know whose hand and chisel, too, performed
The artist epitaphs—once understood,
But now, wrapt in the veil of everything
Save beauty, which seems borrowing new charms
From age! Alas! 'tis vain to further know
Than this—that in some cycles, long ago,
Ye were constructed with such magic skill,
That ye 're a wonder and a model still!

Thus might we exclaim on entering that part of the British Museum devoted to the reception of those extraordinary relics of ancient art; but how much more delicious to the soul of the antiquarian to see them before their removal from their own classic hills and valleys, "thick set and polished all around;" the ruins of those ruins that Pliny describes to be seen in his day of as many as thirty-six noble cities! No parts or portions of Ancient Greece were more conspicuous for their excellence in the Arts than Lydia, and the adjacent countries on the west. "In this, now almost unknown, part of ancient Greece," says the classic tourist, Fellows, "three of the seven wise men, in the early history of the world, had their birth (Thales, Bias, and Pittacus). Poetry, History, Fable, and Philosophy, had each their fathers in this country (Homer, Herodotus, Æsop, and Pythagoras).



Among the wonders of the world, it boasted its Temple at Ephesus, its Mausoleum in Caria, and its Colossus at Rhodes. The finest work of art, the celebrated Venus, is attributed to this people. The most wealthy of kings (Crœsus), and the greatest of armies (Xerxes' expedition) arose in this region, and their tumuli remain still undisturbed. The sites of its cities are unknown to us; and even the language of a considerable portion, abounding with inscriptions, has hitherto escaped the observation of the philologists of Europe." But the thread between the secrets and mysteries of those by-gone ages and our times is not yet cut, although attenuated; there is still a clue to much of the learning and manners of the ancients. Every day research makes some useful discovery, and snatches a light even from the tombs of the past to illumine the present. Hitherto, philologists and antiquarians had enough to do to com-



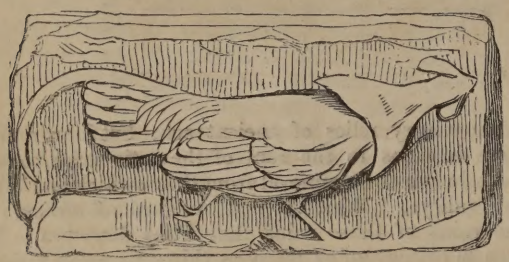


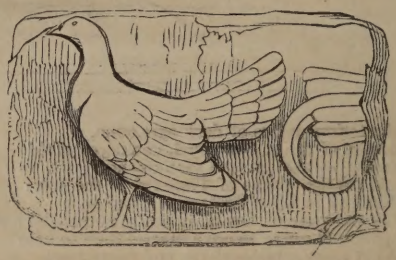
pare one another's annotations upon the circumstantial Herodotus, or the marvellous Pliny. Now-a-days we have better data to proceed upon; the perishable, but still existing, monuments of the most enlightened part of early Greece, discovered, and accurately described to us by intelligent and classical travellers. There can be no exception made to them, similar to that ungenerous one made to the injured Bruce—here are the remains of antiquity—they

'Tis deathless Art alone can tell,
(Art's silent history—)
And She asserts that rich and poor
Are congregated there;
The prince, philosopher, and boor,
A common welcome share!

Well, after all, Horace, you were right:

Pallida mors æquo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas,
Regumque turres.





speak for themselves, and we have nothing to do but gaze, admire, and believe.

In Lycia's ancient classic land,
So many ages fled;
The muses guided both the hand
And favoured artist's head,
To sculpture out such classic things,'
Though ornaments for tombs,—
'Tis plain they thought not of the Kings
Who slept there, or their dooms.
But whose the dust impalpable
That in these cells doth lie?

The ancient inhabitants of Lycia must have been of a melancholy turn of mind, from the romantic style of their tombs, and the devotion which they paid to the remains of their deceased relatives. In no country in the world are there to be found so many tributary structures to the dead; it is a churchyard *partout*, but far from an unpleasant one; for every scene is so associated with some stirring circumstance of history, that we forget the sadness of the present consideration in the memory of the past. Whilst we are on this point, we cannot help quoting the follow-

ing beautiful description of the city "of the livid waters,"* by the afore-mentioned classical tourist. "This is my fourth day among the ruins of Xanthus, and how little do I know of this ancient city! its date still puzzles me. It certainly possesses some of the earliest Archaic sculpture in Asia Minor, and this connected with the most beautiful of its monuments, and illustrated by the language of Lycia. These sculptures to which I refer, must be the work of the sixth or seventh centuries before the Christian era, but I have not seen an instance of these remains having been deposited for the rebuilding of walls; and yet the decidedly more modern works of a later people are used as materials in repairing the walls around the back of the city, and upon the Acropolis; many of these have Greek inscriptions, with names common among the Romans. The whole of the sculpture is Greek; fine, bold, and simple, bespeaking an early age of that people. *No sign, whatever, is seen of the works of the Byzantines or Christians.*"

City embosomed deep in trees,*

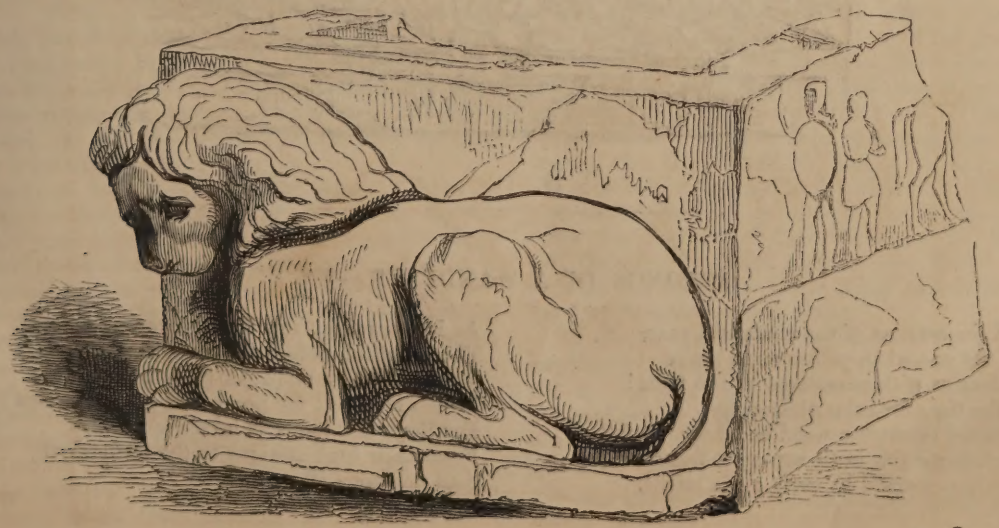
As well as ancient mysteries,
Thy monumental stones reveal
What envious Time would all conceal.
The spirits of thy dead still live
In thy marmorials which give
A breathing picture of the past,
Through Immortality to last,
Unless polite and learned Goths,
Having no more respect than moths
For muffs, at length will steal away
The beauties of thy grand decay!†

The engravings which accompany this article, pre-

* The river here alluded to must not be confounded with that mentioned by Homer, called Xanthus by the gods, but Scamander by men. It was in this stream that the three rival goddesses bathed, previous to appearing before Paris.

* "To lay down a plan of the town is impossible, the whole being concealed by trees."—*Fellows' Journal through Asia Minor.*

† This may probably put the reader in mind of "*Quod non Goti, fecerunt Scoti.*



sent us, not only with a good general representation of the arts of sculpture, practised by the refined inhabitants of Lycia, but they also afford no small insight of their amusements, their prowess and their religion. As objects of art, they possess the highest interest. Less cold and formal than the works of the early Greek sculptors, but more pure and elevated than the best of the Roman works, they approach the ideal perfection of the age of Pericles. In the crouching lion, we trace the descent of the national arts from Persepolis; in the heroic conflicts, the gallant charges, the patriotic incidents of the battle pieces, we seem to approximate to the martial spirit which distinguished the Hellenic compositions; and in the hunted leopard, the flying boar, the fighting cocks, we unquestionably make acquaintance with a people who inherited the luxurious habits, as well as the ambitious spirit of old Italy. Over all these works there is a spirit of broad generalization, a disregard of unnecessary minutiæ, which is indicative of a very high state of art, and, as such, we commend them to public consideration.

Altogether, these wonderful remains of the ancients cannot fail to excite the utmost awe and veneration in every artistical mind, and make it reflect that although the present be the age of scientific acquirement, the authors of the Xanthian marbles lived in a time when almost everybody's thought was poetry, and imagination of mere utilities was never dreamt of. Ours is the age for balloons, steam-engines, and railroads —theirs was the time for the day-spring of poetry, music, and philosophy.

MUSINGS OF A WANDERER.—No. V.

Of all the seasons of the changeful year,
I like the one when yellow tints begin
To colour as with moonlight all the trees!
It is the time for calm philosophy,
To wander through a wood and hear the fall
Of each particular leaf—some yet full green,
And others mark'd by early age's blight,
And then reflect how like the young, the old,
The beautiful, deformed, the rich, the poor,
Meet with a common fate! It is a thought
Which levels all the pomp and pride of kings;
For they, deciduous as leaves must drop
From their high stations to the lowly earth,
And mix with all mortality!

W.

BY JOHN TIMBS.

In one of our eastern counties lies a picturesque nook, which has been, upwards of three centuries, directly associated with the commercial greatness of this kingdom. Such is the village of Gresham, which originally gave name to the old Norfolk family, whence sprang the illustrious merchant-prince who founded the Royal Exchange of London, in good Eliza's golden reign.

Tradition, with her busy finger, points to the ruins of a fortified mansion near Gresham, as the former residence of this celebrated family; and the heralds speak of one John Gresham, who resided at Gresham, late in the fourteenth century. The first of these statements is unsupported by historical evidence. With respect to the second, "Heralds make their books at adventure, and not by the records." In vain do we search the curious little round-towered church at Gresham for any memorials of the family; and the earliest authenticated mention of them we believe to be in the letters of the Paston family, wherein are eleven letters of one James Gresham, dated from London, and *sealed with a grasshopper*—"a sufficient refutation, by the way, of an idle tradition accounting for the adoption of that heraldic symbol by Sir Thomas Gresham."*

Liberality and benevolence appear to have been qualities inherent in this family; and to have given them a much higher claim to the respect of mankind than any other consideration. Two of the grandsons of James Gresham, mentioned in the "Paston Letters," served the office of Lord Mayor, and were knighted by King Henry VIII.: one of them, Sir John Gresham, succeeded in obtaining from his Sovereign the Hospital of St. Mary, Bethlem, which has continued ever since in the hands of the Corporation of London, as an asylum for lunatics. The other grandson, Sir Richard Gresham, the father of Sir Thomas Gresham, pleaded the cause of the afflicted and friendless to the King, and obtained for the City hospitals a large grant.

To Sir Richard Gresham is due the project of erecting an Exchange, which was so nobly carried out by his son. Such, however, is the tendency of mankind to adhere to ancient usage, and resist innovation, that when, in the year 1534 or 5, the King proposed to the citizens that they should

* "The Life and Times of Sir Thomas Gresham." By J. W. Burgon. Vol. I, p. 7.

remove their place of meeting from Lombard-street to Leadenhall—a building admirably adapted for their accommodation, to judge from Stowe's description—the proposal was negatived at a meeting of the Common Council, by a show of hands."*

Sir Richard Gresham had, however, laid the project to heart, and was not to be baffled by the obstinacy of the civic parliament. He had visited Antwerp, where a Bourse had newly been erected; and in 1537, whilst Lord Mayor, he submitted to Cromwell (then Lord Privy Seal) a design for a similar edifice, which he was bent on seeing constructed at home. Before retiring from his mayoralty, he made another effort in furtherance of his favourite project for "a goodely Bursse in Lombert-streete, for marchaimts to repayer unto." Sir Richard's second application, however, proved unsuccessful; and it was not until thirty years later, that his son, happily possessed of the means as well as the inclination, succeeded in the great work.

Although the earlier members of the Gresham family may be said to have laid the foundation of the descendant's celebrity, Sir Thomas seems to have inherited all the better qualities of his ancestors, while in personal merit he far surpassed them all. He was the younger of two sons, and was, probably, born in London in 1519. It is strange that neither the place nor date of the birth of so great a benefactor to his species can be settled. At the proper age, he was sent to Gonville Hall, Cambridge, as a fitting preparation for the mercantile life of that period, when the nobles appear among the most enterprising speculators. His father evidently destined him for commercial pursuits, by binding him in his youth apprentice to his uncle, Sir John Gresham; he was, in 1543, admitted a member of the Mercers' Company, being then in the 25th year of his age; and prior to the expiration of the twelvemonth, we find "young Thomas Gresham" engaged as a merchant, in furnishing supplies for the siege of Boulogne. Soon after, he married Anne, widow of a gentleman of Suffolk, and sister to the lady of Sir Nicholas Bacon, Lord-keeper; and his supposed wedding-ring is preserved to this day.

We must pass rapidly over the remainder of Gresham's history—as his appointment to be Royal Agent to manage, or rather to adjust, the financial affairs of Henry VIII. and Edward VI., at Antwerp; his removal by Queen Mary, attributed to his friendship with the ill-fated Duke of Northumberland; Gresham's favourable reception by Elizabeth, at her first council, and his long and valuable services to the Virgin Queen.

Nor can we do more than glance at the most prominent features of Gresham's prosperity; how he was knighted on becoming Ambassador at the Court of the Duchess of Parma; how he lived magnificently at Mayfield and Osterley palaces, in both of which he had the honour of a visit from his royal mistress; how he set up in the fair ponds of Osterley, one of the earliest, if not the first, paper-mill established in this country; how he engaged Thomas Churchyard to write a play and a pageant for one of the royal visits; and how Gresham caused a wall to be built up in one night to divide a court-yard according to a suggestion from the Queen herself. Amidst this courtly chronicle, however, we are forgetting the Exchange itself.

We have already shown how Gresham's father desired to see the merchants of England as well lodged as those of Antwerp: and the necessity for the proposed building may be gathered from Stowe's picture of Lombard-street, at this period. "The merchants and tradesmen, as well English as strangers, for their general making of bargains, contracts, and commerce, did usually meet twice every day, at noon and in the evening. But these meetings were unpleasant and troublesome, by reason of walking and talking in an open, narrow street, being there constrained to endure all extremes of weather, viz., heat and cold, snow and rain; or else to shelter themselves in shops." Sir Thomas daily witnessed this inconvenient state of things: for, like all other bankers and merchants living in Lombard-street, he kept a shop; it stood upon the site now occupied by the banking-house (No. 68,) of Messrs. Stone, Martin and Co.; and over his door was his crest, a grasshopper, by way of sign. This identical sign of Gresham's shop was seen by Pennant, and is believed to have continued in existence till 1795, when, on the erection of the present building, it disappeared.* After his knighthood, however, Gresham removed to a more aristocratic locality, and built for himself "a proper house and home," surrounded by spacious gardens, in Bishopsgate-street, the site of which is now occupied by the Excise Office.†

The death of Gresham's only son, in 1564, has been regarded as one of many concurring circumstances to aid the formation of Sir Thomas's plan for an Exchange, concerning which, in the above year, he made a proposal to the Court of Aldermen, who entertained the project. A subscription was opened for the purchase of the chosen spot in Cornhill, and in the alleys at the back, which, with the houses thereon standing, were ultimately bought for £3532. The ground was then cleared, and the whole conveyed over to Sir Thomas Gresham, by certain aldermen, in the name of the citizens generally. Sir Thomas then, "most frankly and lovingly promised" that, within a month after the Bourse should be fully finished, he would present it in equal moieties to the City and the Mercers' Company. In token of his sincerity, he thereupon gave his hand to Sir William Garrard, and in the presence of his assembled friends, drank a carouse to his kinsman, Mr. Thomas Rowe." Mr. Burgon adds to this passage the

* Burgon, vol. II., p. 31.

* We also find the grasshopper upon the seals habitually used by Gresham and his servants, attached to letters preserved to the present day. The banker of this period, it should be remembered, united in his person the trades of the usurer, the pawnbroker, the money-scrivener, the goldsmith, and the dealer in bullion. His shop was stored with gold and silver vessels for sale, as well as ancient and modern coins; and, at the period of Gresham's death, much of his wealth consisted of gold chains. It is a curious circumstance (observed by Mr. Burgon) that Lombard-street should have retained its character as well as its name for, at least, five centuries and a half; and within the last thirty years, several gold and silver lacemen lived there; a link between the ancient and modern occupants of the street, which has now almost wholly disappeared.

† To this mansion, in Bishopsgate-street, was afterwards given the name of Gresham House. It was built in 1563, "*the galary and the stones for the wyndows and walls*" being sent from Antwerp. Stowe mentions Gresham House as "the most spacious of all others thereabout; builded of brick and timber." It consisted of a square court, surrounded by a covered walk; and it had spacious offices adjoining, with gardens, which extended from Bishopsgate-street on the one side, to Broad-street on the other."

remark:—"How rarely do ancient documents furnish us with such a picture of ancient manners."

The site first proposed was between Lombard-street and Cornhill; but to this plan there were several obstacles. The area ultimately decided on was part of the ancient Roman *Prætorium*.

On the 7th of June, 1566, Gresham laid the foundation-stone with his own hands, accompanied by several aldermen, each of whom laid a piece of gold upon it, which, Stowe quaintly tells us, "the workmen picked up." Gresham's architect was one Henrick, a Fleming, who obtained both materials and men from Flanders: the stone, slates, iron, wainscot, and glass, were brought from Antwerp.

Although Gresham had arranged with the Court of Aldermen that Flemish artists and workmen might be employed, they were much annoyed by the English bricklayers. However, the entire building was completed by November, 1567. It was a tolerably close imitation of the Bourse of Antwerp, or rather of the Bourse at Venice, which had served for the model of that at Antwerp. The plan presented a quadrangle, with high-pitched roofs and dormer windows; and from the left of the principal entrance, rose a lofty square tower, with two balconied galleries; within was the bell, which summoned the merchants to 'Change. A grasshopper, the founder's crest, surmounted the ball on the campanile, and was repeated at each angle of the building; this comprised an upper and a lower division; the first being laid out in shops, and the other into walks and rooms for the merchants, with shops outside. The pillars of the interior were marble; and in niches were placed several statues. In the illustration, at page 37, is a view of the interior, copied from a rare print, in which is shown a lofty column, not to be found in any other view of the first Exchange.

For some time after the Exchange was opened, the shops remained "in a manner empty;" though Gresham had anticipated a handsome revenue from this source. But he was not to be discomfited by this cheerless prospect; and, by some means, it was bruited about that the Queen was about to visit the Exchange. Gresham, accordingly, contrived to get most of the shops stocked; all things were prepared for the royal visit; and, amidst the ringing of bells, in every part of the City, the Queen and her suite came from Somerset-house, and entered the City by Temple-bar, "through Fleet-street, Cheap, and so by the north side of the Bourse, to Sir Thomas Gresham's house in Bishopsgate-street, where she dined. After dinner, the Queen returned through Cornhill, entered the Bourse on the south side, and having viewed the whole building, her Majesty caused it, by a herald and trumpet, to be proclaimed 'the Royal Exchange.'"

The joy of this proclamation-day spread far and wide; for, in the accounts of the churchwardens of St. Margaret's, Westminster, we find that *fourpence* was paid to the bell-ringers "for ringing when the Queen's Majesty went to the Burse, and back again." In those days, the suburbs were comparatively a scene of rural quiet, and "the poor man's only music" might have been heard from St. Margaret's to Somerset-house. Among other commemorations, we find that leaden medallions were flung among the populace at the proclamation. One of these pieces is in the collection of Mr. C. R. Smith, F.S.A.; the legend around the Royal arms is "Angliae Regina Vbiqve Honorata."

In changing the name of Gresham's edifice, Elizabeth is conjectured to have designed re-establishing therein the ancient Exchange of the Sovereigns of England, the former situation of which is commemorated to this day in the street in Cheapside, called *Old 'Change*. This a mere antiquarian speculation; and we are rather inclined to regard the whole affair as an act of royal favour towards Gresham, who had been an especial favourite with Elizabeth, from his attendance at her first council at Hatfield: it was likewise some acknowledgment for the costly festivities at Mayfield and Osterley, and right profitable it proved to that merchant-prince; since, from the period of the Queen's visit, the rents of the shops of the Pawn (the bazaar part), rose from 40s. to £4 10s. The wares sold here were very miscellaneous, for the milliners' stock comprised "mouse-traps, bird-cages, shoeing-horns, lanthorns, and jew's-trumpets;" there were also armourers that sold both new and old armour, apothecaries, booksellers, goldsmiths, and glass-sellers." The Exchange, too, had its annoyances; for, although no other fruit than oranges and lemons might be sold in the passages leading to it, "boys and young rogues, on Sundays and holidays, made in it such an uproar that their seniors could not hear themselves speak." There were also attracted to the spot, rat-catchers, dog-sellers, and apple-vendors; whilst bears, dogs, and bulls, were paraded there in the morning, as a walking advertisement of the amusements to be enjoyed at Bank-side, "perhaps at the very moment that Shakspeare, within the Globe Theatre, was acting in one of his own plays, towards the close of the afternoon."

Within a few years, however, the shops of the Exchange became filled with "the richest wares that the world of commerce could produce, till even princes sent daily to be served of the best sort." A clergyman of the time is thrown into extacy at its wealth, when he says:—"How full of riches was that Royal Exchange! rich men in the midst of it, rich goods above and beneath! There men walked upon the top of a wealthy mine: considering what eastern treasures, costly spices, and such-like things were laid up in the bowels (I mean the cellars) of that place. As for the upper part of it, was it not the great storehouse whence the nobility and gentry of England were furnished with most of those costly things wherewith they did adorn either their closets or themselves? Here, if anywhere, might a man have seen the glory of the world in a moment." And, in an equally picturesque strain, he talks of gallants going from shop to shop like bees from flower to flower, a Mahomedan heaven, &c. The Pawn, to which he thus refers as the high mart of fashion, was in the best part of the town; "the Barbican, Aldersgate-street, &c. on the one side, and the Minories on the other, being then to the rest of the metropolis something like what Grosvenor-square, Park-lane, and parts of Piccadilly are at this day."—(*Knight's London.*) Again, the prosperity of the Exchange was, in later times, denoted by an imitation of it, a general proof of success: this was "the New Exchange," in the Strand; and "Exeter 'Change," which existed to our own day.

Meanwhile, the great court of the Exchange must have presented a picturesque scene. Here, jostling each other, were men from almost every nation of the

known world, in their respective national costumes: the English merchants, in their large puffed breeches, long vests, short cloaks, and ruffs; the Fleming, with his fur-trimmed hat and coat, and tight-fitting pantaloons: and the lordly Venetian, in his long robes and elegant cap, a fit representative of the great and haughty republic. Mingling with the more sedate men of business might be seen the palace courtier, conning a new jest at the expense of the "Cits;"—

> The new-come traveller,
> With his disguised coat and ringed ear,
> Trampling the Bourse's marble twice a day.

Many a hungry castaway of fortune came here to catch the invitation of the wealthy merchant; though to "sup with Sir Thomas Gresham" indicated as light a reflection as "dining with Duke Humphrey,"

On the death of Sir Thomas Gresham, in 1579, in accordance with the promise he had made, the Royal Exchange was left jointly to the Corporation of London and the Mercers' Company, after the decease of his lady. The liberality of Sir Thomas was not, however, approved of by Lady Gresham, who contested the will of her late husband, and neglected to keep the property in repair; and the clock, for many years, bore the disrepute of being "the *worst kept* of any clock in the Cittie." After the death of Lady Gresham, the Exchange and its revenues reverted as above. It had, however, long before become "unsound, cracked, and dangerouslie decayed," probably from the haste with which it was built. Nevertheless, being "so covered with plaster, that it imitated stone," the edifice was much admired: and John Evelyn declared the Exchanges of Amsterdam, Paris, or Venice, to be "*nothing so stately as ours in London.*"

During the Civil Wars, the statue of Charles I. was thrown down at the Exchange (May 30, 1648,) and the reproachful inscription, *Exit tyrannorum ultimus*, put up in its place: this, of course, was removed immediately after the Restoration, when a new statue was ordered. The Acts for converting the Monarchy into a Commonwealth, were burnt here May 28, 1661, by the common hangman. In 1665, during the plague, great fires were made at the north and south entrances of the Exchange, to purify the air; but the stoppage of public business by this calamity was so great, that "grass grew within the area of the Royal Exchange;" and Pepys notes—"How sad a sight it is to see the streets empty of people, and very few upon the 'Change."

At length, the crazy fabric was destroyed in the Great Fire of 1665: "The Royal Exchange itself, the glory of the merchants, was invaded with much violence:" "when the fire was entered, how quickly did it run around the galleries, filling them with flames; then descending the stairs, compasseth the walks, giving forth flaming vollies, and filling the court with sheets of fire: by and by, the kings fell all down upon their faces, and the greater part of the stone building after them (the founder's statue alone remaining), with such a noise as was dreadful and astonishing."

Gresham College was then converted into a temporary Exchange, and arrangements were set about for rebuilding the edifice as a grand feature of Wren and Evelyn's plans for restoring the City. The latter proposed Queenhithe, but the old site was preferred, and Mr. E. Jerman was appointed surveyor. On October 23, 1667, the first stone was laid by Charles II.; when a tapestried shed was set up, and a table spread with a chine of beef, fowls, gammons of bacon, dried tongues, caviare, wines, &c., and Charles gave £20 to the workmen. Pepys records the ceremony: he saw "the King, with his kettle-drums and trumpets, going to the Exchange; which, the gates being shut, I could not get into see;" but, eventually, he got in, "the King being newly gone."

Other "first stones" were laid by the Duke of York and Prince Rupert, each with similar feasting. As the site was enlarged, there was much dispute about the matter, especially with a flinty-hearted Mr. Sweeting, whose name was, till lately, preserved in the alley at the east end of the Exchange. At length, the structure was completed, and opened September 28, 1669. It was very nearly on the plan of the original Exchange, but larger, and had a spiral tower of three stories, and an ugly tall lantern, with a bell-shaped roof, at each extremity of the part projecting from the main building. There has been much dispute as to the architect of the design. Mr. Elmes claims it as Wren's and considers Mr. Jerman as the City Surveyor; adding that the bell-tower was by Hawksmoor. Mr. Tite, F.S.A., also regards Jerman as the City Surveyor. This Exchange had, like the former one, its statues of the kings, its busts, and alto-relievos; and the statue of Gresham, saved from the late fire. The grasshopper vane was replaced.

Steele and Addison have left us some delightful pictures of their visits to the Exchange, which they loved to frequent "more than any place in the town." Who can forget Addison's elegant philosophy among the prosperous and happy multitude of the body of Armenians, the crowd of Jews, and the group of Dutchmen, as tears of joy stole down the Essayist's cheeks. Steele has also given us the proceeds of the shops at £4000 per annum; though Sir Richard was a bad hand at figures. By the year 1739, this sum had much declined. The shops were then removed; and apartments were appropriated to the Royal Exchange Assurance, and other offices; the Gresham Lecture-room, and Lloyd's. There was, too, the Lord Mayor's Court Office—a gallery divided into small glazed counting-houses—so many law-shops—for the several attorneys, each of whom had his name inscribed in large letters, on a projecting sign-board.

As we have mentioned the Gresham Lecture-room, we should here state that Gresham House was left by Sir Thomas as a College for Professors; after the building was taken down, the lectures were delivered at the Exchange, which absurdity continued until a new College was built for them in 1843, at the angle of Basinghall and Cateaton-streets.

The Royal Exchange was a costly building to keep in repair; but the largest expenditure was £39,390, between 1819 and 1824, when a new stone tower was built by Mr. Smith, surveyor to the Mercers' Company, in lieu of the former dilapidated tower; the grasshopper again serving as the vane.

Fourteen years later, on the night of Jan. 10, 1838, the whole structure was burnt to the ground; the wind blew furiously, causing the flames to shoot up to a great height, so as to make the spires of the churches look like the spars of "tall admirals," and to be seen twenty miles round London. The fire

having wreaked its vengeance around the quadrangle, burst forth into the area in one mass of flame; the walls cracked with the intense heat; the columns shivered and broke asunder; and the statues of the kings were overtoppled from their high estate—that of Gresham being once more saved! The conflagration was truly magnificent. Amidst the tumult of the populace, the shouts of the firemen, and the crash of the falling masonry, the chimes in the tower began to play their popular air on this day, "There's nae Luck about the House."

A second time burned out, the merchants had once more to seek a new, though temporary home. This matter was soon accomplished. The South Sea House received the members of Lloyd's; whilst the Court-yard of the Excise Office, formerly the Court of Sir Thomas Gresham's House, and subsequently of Gresham College, accommodated the general mercantile body, as it had done before, on the occasion of the similar calamity.

It was now again proposed to rebuild the Exchange upon the old site, enlarged, the same being aided by a Government grant! After much delay, Mr. Tite's design was selected, the materials were chosen, and the great work begun. On January 17, 1842, the first stone was laid, with great ceremony, by Prince Albert; the fact being recorded in an inscription of elegant Latinity, by the Bishop of London.

The new structure is now, as regards the exterior, completed; and, as the British traders of old were styled merchant-princes, truly may this new Exchange be termed a Palace. Its length is nearly 300 feet, average width 160 feet, and general height 50 feet. There is no servile imitation of any one building; but the entire design teems with originality and genius. The grand entrance is by a truly magnificent portico at the west end, fronting a large area, in which is placed Chantrey's equestrian statue of the Duke of Wellington. The portico is truly stupendous, being double octastyle (8 columned), and 26 feet wider and 16 feet higher, than Gibbs's boasted portico of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields. The capitals are excellent composite. The tympanum is filled with sculpture, allegorical of commerce, by Westmacott; and a central pedestal bears this simple, but sublime truth—"THE EARTH IS THE LORD'S, AND THE FULNESS THEREOF." Upon the frieze are inscribed the Alpha and the Omega of the three Exchanges—"ANNO XIII. ELIZABETHÆ R. CONDITUM. ANNO VIII. VICTORIÆ R. RESTAURATUM."

The interior of the portico is very striking; the roof consisting of three arches, with rich soffites, after the manner of the Roman palaces. The entrance is by a lofty gateway, flanked by two lofty Italian windows of extraordinary beauty; in the lower portion is the monogram of the architect, a truly elegant device.

The Merchants' Area has a lower colonnade, of the Doric order, and an upper, Ionic, crowned with a pure Italian balustrade. The area is laid with newly-invented tesselated pavement—thus imitating the taste of fourteen centuries, upon this same spot—and in the centre are laid the famed Turkey stones, presented to the former building. The walls and vaultings of the colonnades are splendidly dight with encaustic paintings, in Italian and Arabesque—fruit, flowers, and armorial emblazonry, in combinations of extraordinary grace, brilliancy, and fancy.

The north and south fronts are chiefly remarkable for their unbroken lines of entablature, with a repetition of arches of the same character. The sculpture of the window-heads and arched entrances, are very rich, in mouldings, fruits and flowers of all nations, shields, foliage, &c.

The eastern end presents a graceful novelty, in the north and south rounded corners, in the attics of which is sculptured the grasshopper. The three entrances in the centre are profusely ornamented: here will be placed the Statue of Gresham. Above rises the tower, with an octagonal lantern for the clock and chime-rooms, and coupled Corinthian columns at four of the angles; surmounted by a dome, with the grasshopper vane, at a height of 170 feet.

The superb palace-home was opened by her Majesty on Monday, Oct. 28, with all the pageantry befitting "the City of the World." The spectacle was, indeed, impressive as well as magnificent; and its splendour left an under-current of thought on the long trail of glory which has been shed around this happy country during the two centuries and three-quarters since the grasshopper first presented its golden self to the all-glorious sun. Our parting benediction shall be brief—

FLOREAT CICADA.

THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF THE SWEDISH POET, VITALIS.

BY LEWIS FILMORE.

VITALIS is the assumed name under which Erik Sjörberg, a young Swedish Student in the University of Upsal, published at different periods of his life, some small collections of poems; appearing in a town of the remote North of Europe, and written in a language very far from being generally read, there was little apparent prospect of these pieces attracting any notice beyond the small circle to which they were addressed. But they had the merit which wins its way; there was a grace, a spirit in them, which told that the heart of a true poet was there. The name of Vitalis has become well known throughout Sweden, and he is now ranked with the best poets of a land, which, rugged and ungenial as may be its clime, has not been unpropitious to the spirit of song. Germany, too, has adopted him among that brotherhood of poets who, though less than the greatest names of their modern literature, have yet done so much to render it the richest, most varied, and most cultivated of Europe. In England the name of Vitalis has scarcely been heard; but a brief sketch of his life, and some specimens of his writings, may not be without interest to those who have bestowed so much admiration on the works of his talented countrywoman, Frederica Bremer.

Erik Sjörberg was born in 1794, at Ludgo Socken, in the south of Sweden. His parents were of the very humblest class; his father was a peasant, a labourer for daily hire, in the best of times earning a mere subsistence, and, in the worst, standing face to face with destitution. On the very threshold of life Sjörberg was met by all the evils of poverty, and from his childhood his career was one incessant struggle with adversity. Even the common blessing that seems the inheritance of the sons of toil and poverty, bodily health and strength, was denied him; he was born with a weak and sickly constitution, which threw him out of communion with his own class, by unfitting him for taking part in its occupations. His mental powers, however, were active, and as soon as he had passed the years of childhood he exhibited a strong and unwearying love of reading and study —how awakened we have no record. He found means of borrowing books, and he read without aim or method, merely for the pleasure and relief that acquiring knowledge gave him. But even this solace of the stricken boy was embittered to him; Sjörberg's father often murmured—for human nature is weak, and poverty trying—at the feeble frame and constant sickliness of his son, which made him a burden on the household, instead of a help to it. The old man's temper was soured by the constant contemplation of that which ought to have induced commiseration, and he directed his anger against the books in which the boy sought relief from his bodily ills, as if they had been the cause of his affliction. After having borrowed the volumes he could not buy; Sjörberg was often compelled to read them by stealth, or to conceal them, in order to escape from sullen looks and harsh words, and avoid anger, which, it is to be hoped, did not go farther than speech. In this miserable struggle time passed till he attained his twelfth year, when he appears to have been, for how long is not stated, at the parish school. Here he impressed the minister, who also acted as the school-master, with a conviction of his abilities. The old preacher, Kling by name, started him on the career he afterwards pursued, by raising a subscription which enabled Sjörberg to proceed to Strengnass, where he was entered in the first class of the free-school. He lodged at the house of a poor relative of his mother, earning what was sufficient for clothes and food, which his kinsman could not afford to give him, by hiring himself out as a swineherd! While so employed he mastered the Latin language, and obtained a thorough knowledge of the Latin writers; he continued two years at Strengnass, and in 1809 entered the Gymnasium, remaining there till 1814, when he suddenly left it, in consequence of a quarrel with one of the teachers, and went to the University of Upsal. But the years had been well employed, and he took with him the highest testimonials of ability; his skill in languages was extraordinary. He was a proficient in Latin, was well read in Greek, and had made great progress in the study of the Oriental tongues. The acquirement of a living language was little more than an amusement to him, and the rapidity with which he mastered any one to which he directed his attention was a general subject of admiration and wonder to his companions.

On entering the University he underwent the common lot of a poor student; he was compelled, for subsistence, to become a teacher, and the daily duties of his vocation robbed him of the greater portion of his time, for nearly six years. He was ill suited to the calling; he was a poet by nature, and the dreamer was compelled to drudge. He was of a proud spirit, and loved independence, both of thought and speech; he hated to incur obligations, and as he never sought, it is not a matter of surprise that he never obtained patronage. Every day reminded him painfully of his most dependent of positions, but, necessity overcoming disgust, he toiled on, "dragging at each remove a lengthened chain" of sorrow, till its weight became unendurable; with hope and health alike shattered, he gave up the calling, and accepted an invitation given him by Provost Collinder, to reside a short time with him at Walberg, in Upland. With his strength somewhat restored by a brief period of relaxation, he returned, in 1820, to Upsal, but not as a tutor. He gave himself up wholly to poetry and literature; and, determining that the slender revenue poetry furnishes her votaries should suffice for his existence, he lived with the most extreme frugality, pushing his self-denial to an extent almost incredible. The coarse fare and hard nursing of his father's hut had made this easier to him than it would have been to a more favoured child of fortune, but there is little

doubt that his repeated and voluntary endurance of cold and hunger broke his health and shortened his days. In the previous year (1819), he had commenced a small volume of poems, which he now completed and published, under the title of the "Poems of Vitalis," a name formed from *Vita*, life, and *lis*, a struggle, as if he wished his name to be expressive of his destiny, which had, in truth, been one continued battle with fortune. He completed his volume on a bright December evening, and, with a touch of melancholy humour, dedicated it to the moon, praying the goddess to reward him with a "gleam of her silver," thus expressing the slender expectations he entertained of the work producing him anything more solidly representing the precious metals. But he was more fortunate than he anticipated he should be; his little book was like bread cast upon the waters, to be found after many days. His friend Nicander (a poet also) introduced the volume to the Crown Prince (the present King) of Sweden; two years afterwards the Prince passed through Upsal, and, kindly remembering Sjörberg and his work, bestowed on him a pension of two hundred thalers, as an assistance to him in reading, for his degree in philosophy, at the University. Sjörberg enjoyed the pension for one year—the most free from anxiety he had ever passed—and then he became tormented with doubts and scruples of conscience as to his right to retain it. His health had again given way, and he could neither write for reputation, nor study with a view to academical advancement. Being convinced that the Prince had conferred the pension on him, on condition of his continuing his literary avocations, he resolved to resign the income that he thought he no longer earned; and this he did towards the close of the spring of 1823, in a letter to Councillor Von Tanstrom, all the persuasion of his friends scarcely prevailing on him to receive the amount of the current half year then due. He shortly afterwards left the University, but again returned and resumed his studies, and finally passed his academical examination with the greatest credit, in June, 1824.

The remaining years of the poet were few and sad; they were embittered by the consciousness of disappointed hopes, and the feeling of energies exerted in vain, while broken health and penury the most extreme, filled up the measure of his afflictions. Having passed through his examination with such honour, he applied for a post, then vacant, something resembling a fellowship in our colleges. He met with nothing but evasions from the powers that dispose of such things: it was already appropriated—it was promised or filled up—at all events, it was not for him; for the son of the peasant who had fought his way from the condition of a swineherd, had no advocates, save talents and erudition, which, even in Universities, are occasionally known to plead in vain. Sjörberg, however, remained a year longer in Upsal, acting as tutor to the son of Count Lowenhaupt, by whose family he was kindly treated; his connexion with it ceased on the departure of his pupil for the Royal Military Academy. Having nothing more to hope from the University, Sjörberg left Upsal and took up his abode in Stockholm, not without hope that in the capital he might find some employment for the talents he possessed. Had he carried with him the peasant's thew and sinew, instead of the poet's genius and the student's learning, and made of himself a hewer of wood and a drawer of water, he would with more facility have earned a better subsistence. The difficulty he experienced in obtaining a publisher for a small collection of his latest poems, and the little notice they excited when published, so discouraged him that he sang no more. But, silent or not, to live was a necessity, and he had to provide for the day that passed over him. The name of Vitalis, on the title page of various translations of foreign works, showed that he who bore it was living and labouring for his bread—not always, it is sad to think, obtaining it. His earnings were slender, and he relied on his great frugality and self-denial to make them sufficient. He carried the practice of these qualities to an extent not conceivable by those who have not felt the same stern necessity. They are useful, undoubtedly, when a man's means are small; but they can only husband an income at best—they cannot create one; necessary as they may be in poverty, they are of no avail in a state of complete destitution;—and to utter destitution had Vitalis now fallen; for the first time in his life he borrowed from his friends, with little hope of being able to repay them. The battle was lost. The prize for which he had so long struggled—independence—was now far beyond the limits of his earthly hopes. His last attempt to secure it, was an effort to obtain the appointment of schoolmaster in Thorsakers Socken—and in this he failed. The disease that had so long preyed upon his bodily powers now conquered; he was confined to his bed; at his own desire he was conveyed to the Royal Hospital of the Seraphim, at Stockholm, where he lingered sixteen days, and then expired, on the 4th of March, 1828. A few friends accompanied his remains to the churchyard of Kugsholm, where Bishop Thyselius pronounced a simple but impressive funeral oration over his grave.

Such is an outline of the career of Vitalis; and few even of that unfortunate race, "the poets," who, by life, are given to calamity, and by death, to fame, have been more continually and invariably unfortunate. The few gleams of hope that visited him were like the sunbeams of his northern clime—weak, faint, and quickly vanishing. In our own list of poets, we have many instances in which profligacy and folly have brought the genius that accompanied them to poverty and an early grave. But Vitalis was studious, self-denying, penurious, and with no better result; the two roads so different from each other, seem to lead to the same end, if a poet is the traveller; he tarries by the way to gather flowers, or gaze on the stars, and the world punishes his love of the beautiful by dooming him to starvation. He is a producer indeed, but of wares that men want not. What need has society of songs? Ships can sail, looms can weave, and steam engines can work without them.

The exterior and manners of a man often influence his success in life; and, in these, as in all other things, poor Vitalis seems to have been unhappy. He was tall and meagre, with a peculiar expression in his conntenance, that was, at the first glance, repulsive; but it disappeared when he smiled or became animated in conversation. In gait, carriage, and gesture, he was ungainly and awkward—the peasant clinging always to the scholar. He was careless alike of bodily ease and personal appearance, as if—conscious that his frame had neither strength nor beauty—he was justified in treating it as a thing con-

temptible. He used it, therefore, as the mere implement of his mind and will, and punished it by all kinds of mortifications. Unsparing towards himself, he was equally so to others, doing what he pleased and speaking as he thought with the greatest indiscretion. What he deemed ridiculous or despicable, that he called so, boldly and openly, and would often wonder how any one should think it strange or blameable. He had a ready caustic kind of humour, of which he was not sparing, even to his best friends; but it was without a tinge of malice, and, therefore, easily forgiven. He had an intense hatred of incurring an obligation; and, always poor, he was never in debt, till the hand of death was upon him. This almost savage love of independence may be traced in his writings, especially in his poem "The Son of Nature," in which he exults in the stern teaching that poverty gave his youth, and in the superiority which his scorn of the "delights of this world" ensured him over the weaklings whom he calls the "fools of time." It is a poem that Diogenes, had he been poetical, might have indited in his tub, the day after he flung away his bowl as a superfluity. But man cannot live for himself alone, and, though Sjörberg despised the material luxuries of life, his scorn did not extend to its moral and social blessings; his friendships were warm and enduring.

The writings of Vitalis partake of the contradictions that existed in himself. He was a strange compound of strength and weakness, fierce, unjustifiable pride and childlike timidity. He wrote from impulse, and as a poet he is very unequal; anything may be found in him except mediocrity, for he is always either far above or below it. The tone of his poetry is melancholy, "pensive not severe," corrected by a devotional spirit that never suffers his sorrow to deepen into despair. He often sighs for the "everlasting rest," and longs to escape from the "yoke of inauspicious stars," but it is neither from impatience nor impiety; there was but little in this life for him to cling to, and he had early fixed his hope on another; that hope never deserted him. Much of his inspiration was devotional, as we may gather from the titles of many of his pieces—"The Poet's Trust," "The Hermit's Lament," the "Sigh from the Altar," the "Death of St. John," "Consecration," the "Life of the Pious," and many others. And in those not directly devotional, he often introduces allusions to the immortality of the soul, or to that "better land" which is the object of human hope and aspiration. His address "To the West Wind," here selected, is an instance of this, and of another characteristic found in him, as in every true poet—minuteness of observation of Nature, and a vivid enjoyment of all that is beautiful in her.

TO THE WEST WIND.

Soft messenger! come, with me rest
  Upon this brooklet's margin green!
With whispered wonders make me blest
  Of those far lands where thou hast been!
The sun himself, o'erwearied, takes
  Some pausing space; oh! with me stay,—
And when the morn in purple breaks,
  Thou mayst, to meet it, speed away.

Thou wast my playmate when a child,
  And, child no more, I love thee now;
Thou breath of spring, so soft, so mild,
  Thou sigh of Flora, fair as thou!
I saw thy coming,—for the flowers
  Before thee bent their slender stem;
When passed, I traced thee in the showers
  That strewed the earth with gold and gem.

When I the forest shades would seek,
  I heard thee round, and felt thee near;
Then wouldst thou come and kiss my cheek,
  And health in roses blossomed there!
Thine was the voice that woke in me
  The spirit and the power of song;
Thy coming sped with double glee
  The tide of life my veins along.

You swept along the plain, and earth
  Laughed forth in flowers, the sun to greet,
And I would chase thee, wild with mirth,
  As blithe as thou, and nigh as fleet!
I heard thee then in every sound,
  For gladness in us, all is joy,
When nature smiles, with verdure crowned,
  As smiles in sleep the infant boy.

Though bright the world, 'tis doubly fair
  When thou dost o'er it gently breathe;
The heaviest heart that knows a care
  Less sadly throbs thy voice beneath.
Herald of eve, of peace, of rest;
  The sun, whose beams bring toil to all,
Sinks with thee into ocean's breast,
  On which thy kisses softly fall.

And when my day of toil is o'er,
  Come then to me, in calmness come;
In greeting kiss my lips once more,
  And with thee waft my spirit home.
Then free as thou my soul shall rise,
  Where peace is to the weary given;
Bright is the earth to human eyes,
  But brighter, fairer far is Heaven.

One of the liveliest and most gaily coloured of his poems—"Winter the King, and Spring the Poet"—has already appeared in this magazine.* It is a cheerful allegory, in which the two seasons are brought into striking contrast, and beautifully described. He was fond of thus investing inanimate nature with an imaginary life, and drawing from it the expression of human emotions. Several of his best pieces are written on this plan: among them, the "Sun of Spring," the "Lament of the Flowers," and "The Spirit-Voices," the last of which we have ventured here to introduce:—

THE SPIRIT-VOICES.

As evening closed—calm, grave, and thoughtful,
  His pensive gaze still earthward bent,
Forth an aged teacher wandered,
  A fair-haired boy beside him went.
Slow the teacher stepped, in silence;
  Mirth and glee were with the child,
Who gazed upon his gloomy leader,
  As if on Night young Morning smiled.

And they sought, with travel weary,
  The forest-glade, in shadow thrown:
The grey-haired man with brow of sorrow,
  Rested on a mossy stone;
But the boy, a bed of flowrets,
  Bright to see, and soft to press,
Chose him forth, enjoying all things,
  Life and youth, in happiness.

And with the balm of evening blending
  Nature's Voices round them stir;
To the heart those lessons sending
That wisdom she is ever lending
  To her wise interpreter.

* See No. for March.

What said the Rock? It spoke of pain;
So, to the Child, it spoke in vain.

"Time is passing—life is fleeting;
Soon thy youth will distant be:
How years can change—how time can harden,
Listen, Boy, and learn from me!

"That was once a blooming rosebud,
Which is now this stony crust;
For the rose by sorrow withered,
Drooped, and died, and turned to dust—
To earthly dust the rose that blossomed
To drink the shower, the beam to kiss—
Years passed on—to stone it gathered;
Ages fled—it grew to this."

The Child heard not; nor marked he more
The murmur from the River's shore!

"Once my crest went dancing gaily,
Down mountain slopes, through meadows sweet,
Then through the desert slowly winding
I kissed each weary pilgrim's feet.
Then, like thine, my course was peaceful,
And free as thou from earthly stain;
The sky reflecting in my bosom,
I gave the stars to heaven again.

"Far other now! with torrents blended,
Fierce, foaming, wild, I rush along;
Too distant now my sparkling fountain,
All roughly changed my gentle song!
Child, be thou wise—in wisdom earnest;
For see! as restless on I speed,
To foam and froth my wave is scattered,
The empty gain of aimless deed!"

And still the Boy, unheeding, heard
The Flowret's lightly-whispered word!

"In its earliest bud enfolded,
What was the Flowret's youthful dream?
Beneath the zephyr rocked,—to waken
To golden Summer's softest beam.
For then the storm was distant from us,
Nor cold nor frost we yet had known,
And warmth like that of first affection,
Was round us shed and o'er us thrown.

"Then fondly proud and vainly trusting,
We spread our leaflets to the light,—
And frosts have chilled and heats have scorched us,
The zephyr gone with faithless flight.
Then came the bee, light hovering round us,
And kissed the honey from our breast,
Our hearts poured forth their youthful sweetness,
Then saw no more their summer guest.
And we had withered in the sorrow,
That vainly grieves o'er lost delight,
Had not tears of soft assaugement
Fell on us in the dews of night!"

The grey-haired Teacher, too, was thinking
Of days when life was young to him,
And with the tears, by memory wakened
Of the past, his eyes were dim.
The boy unto his heart he folded,
In gladness half, and half in pain,
Feeling all his youth come o'er him
In another's youth again.
He turned from earth, by shadows darkened,
He looked to heaven—the Stars were there,
And they, too, spake in words of wisdom,
To man's despondence and despair.

"Why bend thy gaze—thou heir of Heaven
For ever on the dust? Arise!
Rock! Wave! and Flower! cold, false, and fragile,
Are these fit Teachers for the wise?
Be thou as we! in calmness bending
An equal gaze on earth and sea;
Mark thou our golden path of splendour,
For it will yet be trod by thee!

"No slave of Time art thou—then spurn it,
And be its Lord—for such thou art!
As from one source, two streams dividing
Time, with thee sprung, must from thee part.
Pursue thy spirit's inward impulse,
True wisdom then shall dwell with thee,
And thou shalt find—o'er Time triumphant—
Thy portion is Eternity."

Poor Sjörberg was so unhappy in everything—in his birth, his career, and his person—that it is not surprising to trace in his poems the evidence that he was equally unfortunate in love. There are scattered through his writings several pieces inscribed simply "To Laura." Her name is not mentioned, but from these it may be gathered that she was well born, beautiful, and a fine musician. He hints at their disparity of rank, but never accuses her of coldness or indifference, so it is to be presumed, "their stars were more in fault than they."

There are but few of this description of poems that do not put one in mind of the justice of Dr. Johnson's *dictum*, "The man who courts his mistress in verse deserves to lose her." And, be it said in passing, in the majority of cases it so happens; for, from the days of Dante and Petrarch downwards, the woful ballad to the mistress' eyebrow was never inspired by success, and those who have put their passion into rhyme have always lost their love, or —which amounts to nearly the same thing—have never gained her.

In the piece subjoined, Sjörberg is melancholy enough—as is his wont—but he displays in it, too, that skill in drawing his illustrations of inward feeling from outward nature, for which all his poems are remarkable.

TO LAURA.

Hast thou not felt those ringlets fair,
Raised as by touch from Sylphid's wing?
Hast thou not heard upon the air,
A voice like fairy-whispering?
From distant shores that murmur came,
Where I with music linked thy name!

And dost thou not a sadness know
When trills thy prisoned Linnet's song?
Its notes, though sweet, from sorrow flow,
That skies are bright while bars are strong!
Oh cherished let the feeling be,
Thy bird hath learned its song from me.

Hast thou not seen the Wildfire's light
Along thy evening pathway burn,
Seeming more swift to track thy flight
The more that thou didst from it turn?
By thoughts as wild, as bright thou'rt chased,
But ah! the gulf between us placed!

When on its stalk the Lily's bell
Bends down in sorrow, or to sleep,
Then mark the drops within,—they tell,
How all most pure on earth must weep;
And much that simple flower can say
Of tears thou canst not kiss away.

Unhappy in love, disappointed in his worldly hopes, and with strength broken by disease and sickness, Sjörberg, for the last few years of his life, felt him-

self a lone and desolate man. With the death of his mother, which took place five years before his own, the last tie that bound him to existence seemed severed; a great motive to exertion had gone, and he made no more of those extraordinary mental efforts which distinguished his earlier years. The last earthly hope he relinquished was the desire of literary fame, which, to him, as to many others, only came when he was beyond the reach alike of applause or condemnation. His later pieces exhibit an actual desire for death, a longing to "flee away and be at rest," which was not long denied him; and his closing scene was one of humble trust and resignation.

When Sterne's captive cut the mark that was to him the record of one more day added to a long series of others equally melancholy in their associations, his task was not unlike that which must be undertaken by the biographer of a man of genius. He, too, performs with pain to himself, that which when done must be suggestive of sadness to others. He, adds another atom to the mass of human misfortune; he chronicles the mournful repetition of a doom that has already fallen on many; being "no less bitter on that account," while it is yet more to be deplored for this, that as it differed little from those which have gone before it, so will it resemble many yet to follow. It was recorded yesterday—it will be registered to-morrow—and so through a hereafter that will present instances of the same genius and the same doom awarded to it, varying only in the details, not in the amount or intensity of suffering.

THE KING OF THE FRENCH IN THE OLD HOME OF HIS EXILE.

Peace—and it is a fine thing for us—is the Order of the day. It is better than the Order of the Garter, or the Order of the Legion of Honour; for,—making them rather tributes to friendship than to glory,—it exchanges and dignifies both. Louis Philippe gives the Legion of Honour to Wellington, and Victoria awards the Garter to the Monarch of La Belle France. *Sic crescit* (*non transit*), *gloria mundi*. Thus does civilization blot away the bloody track of war, and open—wider and fairer in their prospering fertility—the blooming avenues of Peace. The prosperity of mankind looks far more beautiful by the horn of Ceres than by the car of Bellona; and the wisdom of Minerva is far more dignified in the halls of tranquility than at the council-board of strife. We would rather have Louis Philippe at Windsor than Wellington at Waterloo; and Guizot, in the eye of philosophy, and to the heart of reason, is a better Minister than Thiers. Common sense and humanity are growing up upon a regal soil, and, latterly, the Monarchs of the world have been cultivating them with a cordial spirit and a thrifty hand.

We remember a time when it would have been deemed little short of a national profanation to have given a "God save" to any other sovereign than our own; and yet, within two or three brief years, our shores have rung their welkin with benedictions upon the hearty Monarch of Prussia; the Czar and Autocrat of all the Russias has been deafened with the huzzas of Englishmen, pouring out the earnestness of a courteous hospitality from voices that grew strong amid the breezes of liberty; and within this fair and merry month of old sacred October, the loudest enthusiasm of homage has been paid to the fine old King and Statesman, who mounted to power upon the throne of a revolution to find in after days a "feast of reason and a flow of soul," amid the mild amenities of glowing cordiality, and surrounded by the courtly splendours of Victoria's regal home! Nay, there is a very kindred growing up in the high places of the earth, for the monarch of Belgium may be called a kith-link between France and England; and one of our own Princes is, even now, by the promise of a happy marriage, about to wed the Royalty of Britain to the Russian Throne.

Therefore, let there be fruits gathered in the garden of Peace, and feasts spread upon the tables of Commerce, and wine quaffed from the goblets of Friendship, and light up the halls of Philosophy, and let joy illuminate the palaces of Wisdom, for the world will not to war!

Chant we, therefore, solemnly

A SONG OF PEACE.

Where the blood ran red
O'er the battle bed,
The wine is flowing.
Where groans rang round
From the reeking ground,
The corn is growing.
Where vulture beak
Tore human cheek,
With ghastly feeding,
Sweet birds swim by,
In melody
For lovers' heeding!

Where raged War's blaze,
Most fair flocks graze,
Beautiful cattle;
'Neath grassy mead,
Chained down and dead,
The storm of battle!
The reaper's path,
Is where in wrath,
Once trod the slayer;
And lips that then,
Roused murder's den!
Now murmur prayer!

Man grows to man,
With wider span
Of human love;
And owns the good
Of brotherhood
To God above!
And Kings who frowned,
While subjects round,
In passion died,
Shake hands, and bless
The gentlenesss
That bends their pride!

And they whose fate
Was linked with hate
At Passion's birth.
Now end their race
With kind embrace,
And glad the earth!
Their mutual smile
Lights land and isle,
With happy sheen.
Old England blesses France's King,
And France attunes her tongue to sing
God Save the Queen!

This is as it should be; this is what we would have consummated by noble conciliation; this is what we would cause to endure and be indestructible, even by Warner's projectile. We would never—save in some signal extremity of national insult—blow Peace out of the water. She is emphatically the power that should have the long range!

* * * * *

Well, but for all we have said—dash, intervening asterisks, &c.—there certainly has been a very fair European shindy of words and pens, a flare up of indignation and diplomacy, a tantalising aggravativeness of national vanity between Premiers and Pritchards, Journalists and Joinvilles, and the funds and the alarmists have had their share of agitation. But, like Newton's apple, the principle of political gravitation settled it, and all this (funds excepted) fell to the ground. The result was that the pluralities in the parenthesis (the funds) maintained their position. We were not going to quarrel because a British Pritchard was unseemly enough to seek to blend the unmixable materials of Consul and Missionary; or because a still more unseemly functionary from France chose to lock him up for his pains. Nor was all Europe to fly into a furor of Mars-worship because a nautical parson aboard one of our frigates detected De Joinville's *clerical* error of not shooting straight. It was capital food for paper warfare, but for actual and national tooth-and-nail, tongs-and-hammer, Lord Aberdeen and Guizot decided it was not enough. It was good ground for a battle between the English *Punch* and the French *Charivari*, but it had no political strength in it; least of all could it drown the cordial voice of an unmistakeable hospitality, and prevent good and brave old Louis from coming to give a kiss of friendship to good and beautiful young Victoria!

* * * * *

SONG OF WELCOME.

Old King come forth from thy gallant land,
And away from thy echoing shore,
With the streaming banner and clanging band,
And the cannon's earthquake-roar.
Come forth and ride in thy royal pride,
On old Britannia's deep,
And hear how loud her Island crowd
Shout welcome to Philippe!
Bright welcome to Philippe!

Old King, you bring a gallant ship,
And use her as your wing.
Who would not fly beneath the sky
On such a buoyant thing!
How many bright plumed British birds
Behold her joyous sweep,
As into port she brings to court
Her noble King Philippe!
Her welcome King Philippe!

Old King, if all our guns had spent
Their thunder on the sea,
To day they'd rouse another roar,
If but to welcome thee.
Our hearts of hospitality
Are never lulled to sleep,
And now they pay a homage gay
To honest King Philippe!
And beat for King Philippe!

Lo hero-breasts that stars illume,
Come shining on your view,
Banner and pennon, sash and plume,
Are waving all for you;
And ladies' eyes flash glad surprise!
Now Beauty's token keep,
And shrine her glances in your heart,
My gallant King Philippe!
Hurrah for King Philippe!

Hurrah—Victoria's Consort comes
With all his courtly band;
Hear how the thronging people cheer
Thy grasping of his hand!
There! land old Royal Guest—and ride
Away to Windsor Steep,
There waits a living Angel there
To welcome King Philippe!
Our Queen and King Philippe!

Well, the song is no great shakes, but the reception was everything; and even the King's departure from Tréport, the very harbour in which he had paid such lavish honour and hospitality to our "Lady of the Isles," was marked by a demonstration from his own subjects worthy of a man who had deserved the love and commanded the respect of his people. The revolutionary democrats of Paris would not *love* a King, be he ever so virtuous, but respect is a homage to be commanded even from a mob.

In England, we certainly had the honour of doing the right thing, and Portsmouth must have presented a very remarkable and imposing scene to his Majesty. Admiration and gratification must have mingled their emotions in his bosom, and they are ingredients of human vanity and happiness which naturally blend into a very pleasant compound. The old Mayor and the Corporators, too, with the grazed wig of the one and the hesitating kids of the other, refusing

"To leave the fingers they so seldom grasped,"

must have awakened amusement as well as condescension; and whether we remember the *bonhommie* of "*Never mind your gloves, gentlemen,*" or the characteristic touch of stage effect which kept no copy of his reply to their address, "*because it was written upon his heart,*" we have something enlivening to glance at, and so had his Majesty, beyond all manner of Christian doubt. * * *

We are not going to fatigue our readers with the details of Louis Philippe's reception and stay. They were of the very pleasantest description, but they have been repeated *ad nauseam* by pen and pencil, in picture and in print. Moreover, they do not much differ in their outward form from the pageantries which preceded them upon the occasions of the christening of the Prince of Wales, on the visit of the King of Prussia, and of the after happy incursion into our home of Freedom by the Czar Emperor of the Russian soil. All that regal magnificence, aided by the best taste, could achieve, was, we may be sure, paraded,

"but still without parade,"

before the respected sovereign and guest of our Queen, whose visit, however, assumed only the guise of an interchange of private friendship, and could not be reasonably open to constructions of diplomacy or ambition. The pageantry which shrouds and surrounds royalty was there, and no doubt the privacy which hallows friendship was there also. The courtly etiquette, too, was scrupulously observed to satisfy the political dreads of our jealous neighbours. Louis entertained Victoria at Chateau D'Eu. Victoria received Louis at Windsor. Victoria did not find her royal way to Paris; nor did Louis plant the foot of citizenship upon the merchant heart of the English metropolis. So much said, we have yet a few more sentences to utter as regards the visit in another —in its social and perhaps poetical sense, and with a sort of concentrated contemplation of the man's career, character, and feelings.

* * * * *

There are many reasons besides royal ones—many besides those of policy or expediency—many besides those of friendship—why Louis Philippe should, ere he drew the curtain of his eventful life and sank behind it into the tomb, have once more trod the soil of Britain. It seems but a natural fulfilment of an adventurous destiny that he should have returned among us. He has been everywhere what his countrymen emphatically term "*un homme extraordinaire.*" He found one revolution in his cradle, and upon another he built a throne. Amid the terrors of crime and bloodshed, he passed an early life unscathed; but the virtue of his nature qualified the vicissitudes of his fate, and now he keeps and balances the peace of Europe! He was a soldier, and a good one, fighting against the enemies of France; a brave commander, converting confusion into victory, but the camp never weaned him from the book. It was into the lore of the library and not into the mouth of the cannon, or the scabbard of the sword, that he looked for the elements that were to bless mankind. He could wield the sword, and he could face the cannon, but the armoury of his spirit he put on from the genius of the present and the wisdom of the past. Madame de Genlis may be called the foster-mother of his mind. She built within it the first foundations of its knowledge. He proved worthy of his tutor and of his country. When politics and revolution made him an exile, he exhibited the beautiful example of true greatness in humbled royalty, of turning his acquirements to the benefit of mankind, and of making them a means towards his own independence. He was a linguist, a scholar, a mathematician, and a true-hearted gentleman. He first enriched an University by teaching its severer studies; then toiled on foot from land to land, leading others, in a princely and chivalrous spirit, on the road to knowledge, and sanctifying a dangerous and laborious life by the ends he was achieving, and the fertile spirit that warmed them into fruit. At last he fixed the goal of his expatriation in this country; and England ought to be, and is justly, most justly, proud of having fostered such a man in his friendless hour. Many good works wrought he out in England with his heart and brain; instilled many a virtue, unfolded many a young mind, and opened upon it the glory of goodness and the beauty of wisdom; and there are great spirits living amongst us who owe him the beginning of what has made their fame. Some return of generosity was shown for this by the great and good here; some noble consideration was bestowed upon him, some fast and flowing kindness poured into his heart, sending there a fertilising stream of gratitude, which the excellence of his nature has neither allowed to deaden nor to dry.

Years swept by, and the shadows of the world's wars were passing from between earth and the sun of its tranquillity, until in the closing of a new commotion, a fresh constitution was built up in his country, and the people made him King. And in this triumph of peace, when it is pouring its cement between nations, and hardening it with philosophy and common sense, when a young and gentle Queen, his recent guest, now feels it a pride, an honour, a high and grand distinction, to welcome the lofty monarch to her Island throne,—is it not fitting and natural that the old exile of the past should blend with the emotions of the living Sovereign, and that a thousand touches of thought, and feeling, and memory—a thousand true and pure vibrations of poetry upon the best chords of the heart—should make him long to review, through the brighter medium of a new and freshened glory, the dignity of his former struggles, and the land and the people by whom they were sustained? Yes, these are beautiful reasons why Louis Philippe should have come to England!

* * * * *

TO L . . . A.

AN ACROSTIC SONNET.

L ADY, with those blue water-lily eyes,
A nd cheeks like crimson sun-light upon snow,
U nto a mourner wearing Joy's disguise,
R eturn the peace, which he had long ago,
A nd which thou'st robbed from one, most poor in mirth,
F or never was he of the light or gay,—
R esembling always some dark spot of earth,
A round whose neighbourhood sweet flow'rs decay!
N ature had made him so, but e'en thus sad,
C ame to him sometimes visions of delight,—
E nchanting dreams most sure to charm him mad;—
S orrow's dear refuge ere he met thy sight!
C anst thou not then, who stole such joys away,
A fford him in their stead Hope's faintest ray?

NEW BOOKS.

Rhymes and Recollections of a Hand-loom Weaver. By Wm. Thom, of Inverury.

The modesty of the title of this little work is but one of the indications of the genius that has produced it. The "Rhymes" are the accompaniments of true poetry, and the "Recollections" are expressions of feelings deep, powerful, and inspired by all the sad realities of the experience of the poor man's

THOM, THE INVERURY POET.

life. We have no fiction here; no fabrication of artificial woes; every emotion recorded has been felt; every pang has been suffered. In prose and verse it is alike endued with the eloquence of truth; and in this consists much of its value. It is a revelation of the "woes unnumbered" under which thousands—nay, millions—of our fellow-beings are doomed to struggle through existence. The individual instance is but a type of many; but the many have not the power of giving their sorrows voice; they suffer in silence, and pass away unheard; and but for the few—the very few—who, like William Thom, can throw the feelings and thoughts of his class into a form and language that can win their way to the hearts of all—those who move in what are called the upper circles of society, would be almost entirely ignorant of the condition of the labouring portion of their fellow-countrymen, as if they were divided from them by oceans, or spoke another tongue. They would only know of their existence by the figures of statistical tables, or the "Reports" of Poor-law Commissioners, which, dealing only with masses, and giving only numerical results, become mere mathematical abstractions, and keep out of sight everything like individual or human emotion. Of this, such a book as the present is a corrective. The "Recollections" are given in the shape of a personal narrative, which the author introduces to the reader with a brief anticipatory defence from the charge of egotism:—

> The self-portraiture herein attempted, is not altogether egotism neither, inasmuch as the main lineaments of the sketch are to be found in the separate histories of a thousand families in Scotland within these last ten years. That fact, however, being contemplated in mass, and in reference to its bulk only, acts more on the *wonder* than on the pity of mankind; as if human sympathies, like the human eye, could not compass an object exceedingly large, and at the same time exceedingly near. It is no small share in the end and aim of the present little work, to impart to one portion of the community a glimpse of what is sometimes going on in another; and even if only *that* is accomplished, some good service is done. I have long had a notion that many of the heartburnings that run through the SOCIAL WHOLE, spring, not so much from the distinctiveness of classes, as their mutual ignorance of each other. The miserably rich look on the miserably poor with distrust and dread, scarcely giving them credit for sensibility sufficient to feel their own sorrows. That is ignorance with its gilded side. The poor, in turn, foster a hatred of the wealthy as a sole inheritance; look on grandeur as their natural enemy, and bend to the rich man's rule in gall and bleeding scorn. Puppies on the one side, and demagogues on the other, are the portions that come oftenest into contact. These are the luckless things that skirt the great divisions, exchanging all that is offensive therein. "Man know thyself" should be written on the right hand; on the left, "Men know each other."

He then proceeds to tell his story as a necessary prelude to his poetry, which is wholly the offspring of his life and experience. He describes the ruinous effect quote largely. After describing the ruinous effect the commercial embarrassments of America had on the Scotch manufacturing towns and villages, "among which none felt the blow more severely than Newtyle, near Cupar Angus." The stoppage of the supply of work thinned the village, for all who could do so wandered away elsewhere. Those who remained were supplied with one web weekly, by which they gained five shillings. From this point Thom thus continues his narrative:—

> I will not expatiate on six human lives subsisted on five shillings weekly—on babies prematurely thoughtful—on comely faces withering—on desponding youth, and too quickly declining age. These things are perhaps too often *talked* of. Let me describe but one morning of modified starvation at Newtyle, and then pass on.
>
> Imagine a cold spring forenoon. It is eleven o'clock, but our little dwelling shows none of the signs of that time of day. The four children are still asleep. There is a bed-cover hung before the window, to keep all within as much like night as possible; and the mother sits beside the beds of her children to lull them back to sleep whenever any shows an inclination to awake. For this there is a cause, for our weekly five shillings have not come as expected, and the only food in the house consists of a handful of oatmeal saved from the supper of last night. Our fuel is also exhausted. My wife and I were conversing in sunken whispers about making an attempt to cook the handful of meal, when the youngest child awoke beyond its mother's power to hush it again to sleep, and then fell a whimpering, and finally broke out in a steady scream, which, of course, rendered it impossible any longer to keep the rest in a state of unconsciousness. Face after face sprung up, each with one consent exclaiming, "Oh! mother, mother, gie me a piece!" How weak a word is sorrow to apply to the feelings of myself and wife during the remainder of that dreary forenoon!

They lingered on during the spring, and then forsook their home, such as it was, to seek a living elsewhere. The following is one of the passages of his wanderings:—

> At a lodging-house at a place called Methven, the mistress of the establishment demanded and insisted on the sixpence she charged for the night's shelter, pre-payment being the rule of the house, necessary, perhaps, but in some cases, as in this instance, harsh and rigid. There was nothing to be done, however, but raise the coin, or go shelterless. The weaver had with him a flute, on which he says he could play with some skill, and we doubt not with much feeling. Could it not win a few pence from the towns-people? The experiment was worth trying. "Homer had sung his epics for a morsel of bread; Goldsmith had piped his way over half the Continent. These were precedents indeed!"
>
> Musing over these and many other considerations, we found ourselves in a beautiful green lane, fairly out of the town, and opposite a genteel-looking house, at the windows of which sat several well-dressed people. I think that it might be our bewildered and hesitating movements that attracted their notice, perhaps not favourably. "A quarter of an hour longer," said I, "and it will be darker; let us walk out a bit." The sun had been down a good while, and the gloamin' was lovely. In spite of everything, I felt a momentary reprieve. I dipped my dry flute in a little burn, and began to play. It rang sweetly amongst the trees. I moved on and on, still playing, and still *facing* the town. "The Flowers of the Forest" brought me before the house lately mentioned. My music raised one window after another. * * * Shall I not bless the good folk of Methven? Let me ever chance to meet a Methven weaver in distress, and I will share my last bannock with him. These men—for I knew them, as they knew me, by instinct—these men not only helped me themselves, but testified their gratitude to every one that did so. There was enough to encourage further perseverance; but I felt, after all, that I had begun too late in life ever to acquire that 'ease and grace" indispensable to him who would successfully "carry the gaberlunzie on." I felt I must forego it, at least in a downright street capacity.
>
> After some consideration, another mode of exercising my talents for support occurred to me. I had, ever since I remember, an irrepressible tendency to make verses, and many of these had won applause from my friends and fellow-workmen, so I determined to press this faculty into my service on the present occasion. Accordingly, after sundry downsittings and contemplations, by waysides and in barns, my Muse produced the following ode

TO MY FLUTE.

'Tis nae to harp, to lyre, nor lute,
I ettle now to sing;
To thee alane, my lo'esome flute,
This hamely strain I bring!
Oh! let us flee on memory's wing,
O'er twice ten winter's flee,
An' try ance mair that ae sweet spring
Whilk young love breathed in thee.

Companion o' my happy *then*,
Wi' smilin' frien's around;
In ilka but, in ilka ben,
A couthie welcome found—
Ere yet thy master proved the wound
That ne'er gaed skaithless by;
That gies to flutes their saftest sound,
To hearts their saddest sigh.

Since then, my bairns hae danced to thee,
To thee my Jean has sung;
And monie a nicht, wi' guiltless glee,
Our hearty hallan rung.
But noo, wi' hardship worn and wrung,
I'll roam the warld about;
For her and for our friendless young,
Come forth, my faithful flute!

Your artless notes may win the ear
That wadna hear me speak,
And for your sake that pity spare,
My full heart couldna seek.
And whan the winter's cranreuch bleak
Drives houseless bodies in,
We'll aiblins get the ingle-cheek,
A' for your lichtsome din.

This I designed to be printed on fine paper, with a fly-leaf attached, and folded in the style of a note, to be presented to none *under* a footman, by a decently-dressed, modest-looking man (myself, of course), who, after waiting ten minutes, the time wanted to utter the "Oh, la's!" and "Who may he be's?" would, I expected, be asked into the drawing-room, where the admiring circle should be ravished with his sweet-toned minstrelsy. After compliments sufficient for any mere man, this person I supposed to retire with that in his pocket that could not rightly be expended without a great deal of prudent consideration. Such was my dream. I accordingly proceeded to act as I had designed. With a few copies of my poem, I set out once more upon my travels, and, to do justice to the scheme, it was, on several occasions, successful to the extent anticipated. In one laird's house, I received a guerdon of half a guinea; but, after all, it was but beggar's work, and my soul in time grew sick of it. It was with no sighings after flesh-pots, that in a few weeks, on times becoming a little better, I settled down once more to my loom.

Work was ceasing, and food with it, and he had resolved to apply to the Aberdeen House of Refuge. when he "on a cold, cold winter day," received a letter from the office of the *Aberdeen Herald*, enclosing five pounds, the gift of Mr. Gordon, of Knockespock, whose interest had been awakened by the poem above named, one of the most playful and fanciful of the volume. He wrote a letter of thanks to Mr. Gordon, who made further enquiries respecting the weaver-poet, which were answered by him in a letter marked by spirit, good sense, and sincerity. The following was the result:—

Ten days after sending the above letter, I and my daughter were dashing it in a gilded carriage through the streets of London. Here was a change sufficient to turn the head of a bewildered weaver. Under the protection of my patron, Mr. Gordon, I remained there, and in other parts of England, upwards of four months, and paid great attention to all I saw and heard. I was introduced to many of the master-minds of yon great city. In the studio of Sir Francis Chantrey, I conversed with the lamented Allan Cuningham. I have listened to the eloquence, and heard the nonsense of those who give laws to the people. I saw Majesty and Misery, and many of the paths between. There is not a purchaseable pleasure but was put within my power; and many are the delights of happy England, and kind the hearts therein; yet I longed for Scotland, and am again upon my heather and at my loom. Alas! for the loom though! Hitherto it has been to me the ship on which I voyaged o'er life—Happiness and Hardship alternate steersmen—the Lyre and a light heart my fellow-passengers. Now, amid the giant waves of monopoly, the *solitary* loom is fast sinking. Thus must the Lyre, like a hen-coop, be thrown on the wrecking waters, to float its owner ashore.

So ends the "Recollections" of one who has, doubtless,

"seen and known
Much more than he unfolds."

That the poetry which has sprung from suffering and experiences like those here recorded, should be tinged with sorrow, cannot be wondered at. But that they should be without a trace of bitterness, speaks yet more for the kindliness of the poet's nature. From whatever pain his lot in this world may have inflicted on him, he seems to have sought for solace in the domestic affections—for of these his song has much; of social inequalities, worldly struggles, and "man's inhumanity to man," we find comparatively little. But a few selections will speak far better for themselves than we could in any analysis of them. The following verses were occasioned by the sad issue of the love of a fellow workman of the poet, for a young woman belonging to the same factory. "He never told his love," and the object of his passion knew it not till he was dying, when, out of pity, apparently, she attended on him carefully, but in vain, for "of unrequited love he died."

O, MARY, WHEN YOU THINK OF ME.

O, Mary, when you think of me,
Let pity hae its share, love;
Tho' others mock my misery,
Do you in mercy spare, love.
My heart, O, Mary, own'd but thee,
And sought for thine so fervently!
The saddest tear e'er wet my e'e,
Ye ken *wha* brocht it there, love.

O, lookna wi' that witching look,
That wiled my peace awa, love!
An' dinna let me hear you sigh,
It tears my heart in twa, love!
Resume the frown ye wont to wear!
Nor shed the unavailing tear!
The hour of doom is drawing near,
An' welcome be its ca', love!

How could ye hide a thought sae kind,
Beneath sae cauld a brow, love?
The broken heart it winna bind
Wi' gowden bandage, now, love.
No, Mary! mark yon reckless shower!
It hung aloof in scorching hour,
An' helps nae now the feckless flower
That sinks beneath its flow, love.

DREAMINGS OF THE BEREAVED.

The morning breaks bonnie o'er mountain an' stream,
An' troubles the hallowed breath o' my dream!
The gowd light of morning is sweet to the e'e,
But, ghost-gathering midnight, thou 'rt dearer to me.
The dull common world then sinks from my sight,
An' fairer creations arise to the night;
When drowsy oppression has sleep-sealed my e'e,
Then bright are the dreams that awaken to me!

O! come, spirit mother—discourse of the hours,
My young bosom beat all its beatings to yours,
When heart-woven wishes in soft counsel fell,
On ears—how unheedful proved sorrow might tell!
That deathless affection nae trial could break,
When a' else forsook me *ye* wouldna forsake,
Then come, O! my mother, come often to me,
An' soon an' for ever I'll come unto thee!

An' thou, shrouded loveliness, soul-winning Jean,
How cold was thy hand on my bosom yestreen!
'Twas kind, for the lowe that your e'e kindled there
Will burn—ay, an' burn, till that breast beat nae mair.
Our bairnies sleep round me, O! bless ye their sleep,
Your ain dark-e'ed Willie will wauken and weep,
But, blythe in his weepin', he'll tell me how you,
His *heaven-hamed* mammie was "dautin' his brou." *

Tho' dark be our dwallin'—our happin' tho' bare,
An' night closes round us in cauldness an' care;
Affection will warm us; and bricht are the beams
That halo our hame in yon dear land of dreams.
Then weel may I welcome the night's deathy reign,
Wi' souls of the dearest I mingle me then,
The gowd light of morning is lightness to me,
But oh for the night wi' its ghost revelrie!

THEY SPEAK O' WYLES.

They speak o' wyles in woman's smiles,
An' ruin in her e'e—
I ken they bring a pang at whiles
That's unco sair to dree;
But mind ye this, the half-ta'en kiss,
The first fond fa'in' tear,
Is, Heaven kens, fu' sweet amen's,
An' tints o' heaven here.

When twa leal hearts in fondness meet,
Life's tempests howl in vain—
The very tears o' love are sweet
When paid with tears again.
Shall sapless prudence shake its pow,
Shall cauldrife caution fear?
O, dinna, dinna droun the lowe
That lichts a heaven here!

What tho' we're ca'd a wee before
The stale "threescore an' ten;"
When "Joy" keeks kindly at your door,
Aye bid her welcome ben.
About yon blissfu' bowers above
Let doubtfu' mortals speir,
Sae weel ken we that "heaven is love,"
Since love maks heaven here.

William Thom is, we believe, still a weaver, looking to his loom for support, and making of poetry only a cheering friend and companion; it has proved to him, however, something more, for it has gained him the notice and good will of many, who are both able and willing to serve him substantially. Will Scotland cherish the poet? Let us hope it; she cannot but remember the death-bed of Burns, the peasant of Ayrshire; may that recollection lead her, while she has yet the opportunity, to lighten the labours, and brighten the hearth of the weaver of Inverury! With these few specimens of his verse, we recommend the reader to procure the volume, and judge for himself; we have given his portrait; it is taken from the life, and is, we are assured, a good likeness. It will be welcome to all who love to look on the *vera effigies* of a true man.

* Patting his forehead.

THE HAND BOOK TO THE PIANO FORTE.
By J. A. WADE. *Whittaker and Co.*

NOTHING is more difficult than to write a new work upon an old subject. There is, in the first place, a world of prejudice to encounter, if anything modern be broached, if a new theory be asserted, or any attempt made to remove the veil of charlatanism and long-received error from the eyes of those who have "walked in darkness" beneath it "from their youth upwards." These are obstacles which a reformer in science or art has to expect and to meet, and his victory or overthrow depends upon the address which he displays in his new attack upon the old system or systems which he thinks proper to assail. Music certainly has been long an undefined thing, beyond the pleasure resulting from its performance; the author of the present book undertakes the difficult task of simplifying it. But we will let him speak for himself in his "Preliminary Observations," in which, to a great degree, we go heart and hand:

As the following pages have been written more immediately for the instruction of the totally uniniated, than for the advancement of those who have made some considerable proficiency in the art, the candid critic must not be surprised at finding some matters at the commencement rather lengthily detailed. Oral instruction, if attended to, is certainly the best of all; but there are many who, though heedless auditors are reflective readers; and for these the present *opusculum* has been compiled, in the hope that their attention may be engaged, and their memory stored with some useful attainments, which it were vain to expect from their inattention to the "dust of the schools!" Nothing has been so universally enjoyed as music, and nothing has been so generally misunderstood. Every age has had its theory about its principles, each succeeding one asserting the errors of its predecessor, but none advancing one jot to anything like an *éclaircissement* of the subject. In the earlier portions of the following treatise, an attempt (and, it is to be hoped, not a wholly unsuccessful one) has been made to facilitate a knowledge of the rudimental principles of the art; in the subsequent, and necessarily more elaborate sections, the author trusts that his wish to expose and refute certain popular fallacies, may not be construed into a desire to promulgate fanciful doctrines at the expense of truth, and that to his mode of communicating his ideas on the subject be extended a consideration of the Horatian maxim, "Difficile est proprie communia dicere."

Well, the author is right, Horace was right too, although, like Shakspeare, he puzzled his commentators by one of his plainest passages. But let us to the book now before us, and see what its pretensions are. It is certainly unlike everything which has been written on the subject before; but that is no reason why it should be better. Let us dip into it and taste its quality. "It boasts of a two-fold operation:" First it professes to facilitate digital exercise, and next to communicate, or rather "untwist the chains that tie the hidden soul of Harmony."

In the first laudable undertaking, we confess that the author has cleared away a great deal of the preliminary mud which generally chokes up a beginner's progress, and has set many things in a plain point of view, which were hitherto in obscurity; but we could have wished to have seen more examples on his own system; for to use his quotation of "*Precepte commenca exemple acheve*" and parody it thus:—

Achilles, the Centaur instructed, 'tis true—
Much less by his tongue, than the bow which he drew.

There is one thing in this book which ought to obtain universal attention, that is the serious recommendation of the practice of the scales, without which

it is vain to hope to become a Pianoforte player, even of mediocre degree. The marked fingering is unexceptionable; but perhaps in the chromatic scale, we should have preferred confining the student to one mode, simply: the first with the second finger on the black keys is, for the reason the author gives, decidedly the best and surest. The sections upon grace notes, appogiature, and touch (with the varieties of the last), are highly instructive, and cannot be too much considered by the student. The relaxations from study promised by the title page are not many, but they are good, and that is a better recommendation; most works of this kind abound with absurd exercises. The studies in this book form the hand without spoiling the ear, and are calculated to render it more pliant and digitally independent than any we have seen. We recommend this work to all who would arrive at Pianoforte facility by a short route.

Part Second of this work is devoted to a simplification of the hitherto awful thing called *Thorough Bass*, and right merrily performs its task. We have no hesitation in saying that any intelligent child may learn and understand more of the real principles of Harmony, from the matter contained between pages 51 and 61 of this little volume, than from any other tome in the world, ponderous and elaborate as it may be. In the first place, music is freed from the distorting swathing-bands of science, and proved to be an art. But let the author speak for himself. He entitles the second portion of his book "The Elements of Harmony," simply investigated, and subjoins a line from Terence as his motto,

Nihil tam difficile'st, quin quærendo investigari possiet,

which may be translated freely thus:—

Nothing so hid as to 'scape close enquiry.

We agree with him on this matter, *toto cœlo*, and hasten to quote from some of his many collected authorities, proofs that a diligent analysis will expose all popular fallacies that are not coupled with interest or fanaticism. In support of the old school doctrine it is not easy to stand against the following:—

Smith, of Cambridge, in his work upon Harmonies, has satisfactorily proved that the *consonances* of the ancients are altogether at variance with what we now term *harmony*, showing that if instruments were tuned according to *ratios* of vibration, we could never have an orchestra in agreement. The celebrated Huygens, the mathematician and astronomer (born in Holland, at the Hague, 1629, died, 1695), demonstrated something still more conclusive; for he clearly proves, that if the scale were subdivided according to the Pythagorean system, once or twice ascending or descending (or *vice versa*) the eighth, or octave-note, would be a long way from being consonant with the initial one!

There is no getting over this reasoning, and we therefore leave it to disputants that we may notice another assertion of Mr. Wade's. It is a bold one, and we will give it in his own words:

Harmony consists of but *three fundamental* chords, viz: the Common Chord, the Dominant Seventh, and the Flat Ninth, which, with their inversions, are alike traceable in major and minor modes, or keys, to one common origin or basis.

Here is appended a note, which we will subjoin for its curiosity:

Sir David Brewster has proved that the term primary colours, applied to the seven coloured rays in the spectrum, is incorrect, as there are in reality only *three* primary ones, *blue, yellow, and red*; all the others being merely modifications of them. This (to use the author's own words) bears an interesting affinity to the new theory broached in the text, and also corroborates the assertion of an ingenious writer in the *Art Union*, (J. B. Pyne, Esq.) who, in speaking of the harmony of lines, says that it, with other harmonies, such as those of *sounds* and *colours*, requires relation, opposition, and subordination.

What a novel and beautiful field of fanciful speculation does this open to the intellectual musical student! This is decidedly the best part of Mr. Wade's work, and we only regret that he has not made more of it—it is an *esquisse* rather than a finished picture,—but it is difficult to enter into an author's designs:—perhaps we shall see some more from him on the subject, one of these days.

We have not spoken as yet of the letter-press, or rather literary portions of the work, in which, perhaps, the author indulges too much in scholastic learning,—but we will not quarrel with him on this "uncommon sin." The following description of the Samian Philosopher's character we give as a specimen of his style:

The genius of Pythagoras was essentially that of a poet. Mathematics to him were light, not shadows,—illustrations, not obscurities,—facilities, not obstacles, to the great and unfathomable, but still captivating study of the universe. One moment in the depths of the severest science, the next on the wings of the lightest philosophy,—here discovering and demonstrating the most incontrovertible theorems,—there conceiving and bringing forth the most fanciful doctrines; his spirit vacillated between truth and imagination, and semed equally happy to be lost in the profundity of the one, or dissipated for a while in the pleasant intoxication of the other! What a contrast between the contemplative brow of the Sage busily engaged in the proof of the square of the hypothenuse, and that of the speculative poet, the romancer, who, by intellect "nigh sphered in heaven," imagined he heard "immortal minstrelsy!" All his dreamy philosophy is full of poetry, not demonstration. His opinions that the Muses were the soul of the planets in our system, that Saturn moves in the Doric mood, Jupiter in the Phrygian, &c., all smack of a mind richly imbued with poetical fancies; and while he was strenuously asserting, on one hand, the truth of his musical ratios (or what was subsequently termed by Euclid, "the harmonical canon"), he was, unawares, on the other, as constantly adducing the most convincing proofs of their practical inutility, by his frequent discursions into the province of *Sense* for illustration, which was not at all necessary, could he have shielded himself behind demonstration, as safely and conclusively as he had done in the forementioned geometrical proposition, that *par excellence* bears his name.

With this extract we conclude our notice of a little volume, which we are confident must make its way. It is beautifully got up, and as we heard a distinguished Professor say, whose judgment may be relied on, it is the best book that has been written yet on the charming subject. We fully concur with Luther, that "*post theologiam, esse nullam artem quæ possit Musicæ æquari,*" and are pleased to see a work which treats it with perspicuity, brevity, and originality, without any ostentation, like the present.

The Star of Atteghei, and other Poems. By Frances Brown. *Edw. Moxon, Dover-st.*

The task of criticism is not always pleasant; but sometimes, *i. e.* now and then, its pathway is strewn over with blossoms which are worth the picking up, and wearing in your bosom.

The present volume is a very extraordinary production; but, first, let the more extraordinary authoress give some account of herself:—

I was born—she says, writing to a friend—on the 16th of

January, 1816, at Stranorlar, a small village in the county Donegal. My father was then, and still continues to be the postmaster of the village. I was the seventh child in a family of twelve; and my infancy was, I believe, as promising as that of most people: but, at the age of eighteen months, not having received the benefit of Jenner's discovery, I had the misfortune to lose my sight by the small-pox, which was then prevalent in our neighbourhood. This, however, I do not remember; and, indeed, recollect very little of my infant years. I never received any regular education, but very early felt the want of it; and the first time I remember to have experienced this feeling strongly, was about the beginning of my seventh year, when I heard our pastor (my parents being members of the Presbyterian church) preach for the first time. On the occasion alluded to, I was particularly struck with many words in the sermon, which, though in common use, I did not then understand; and from that time adopted a plan for acquiring information on this subject. When a word unintelligible to me happened to reach my ear, I was careful to ask its meaning from any person whom I thought likely to inform me—a habit which was, probably, troublesome enough to friends and acquaintances of my childhood: but by this method I soon acquired a considerable stock of words; and, when further advanced in life, enlarged it still more by listening attentively to my young brothers and sisters reading over the tasks required at the village-school. They were generally obliged to commit to memory a certain portion of the Dictionary and English Grammar, each day; and by hearing them read it aloud frequently for that purpose, as my memory was better than theirs (perhaps rendered so by necessity), I learned the task much sooner than they, and frequently heard them repeat it.

This is the simple account, by herself, of a being who, from her earliest infancy, has been deprived of one of the greatest blessings that life can enjoy—that of understanding the glories and beauties of creation through the visual sense. But, although shut out from all companionship in that joy, "the mind that burned within" her made some atonements for her deplorable deficiency, and kindled up, "though secret and unseen," a vivid lamp like that which once "lay on Kildare's holy shrine!" By the way, here it is curious to remark that the greater number of allusions and elucidations in Miss Brown's poetry (for poetry it *is*), are borrowed from the feelings of a sense of which she can have but an associated notion, and yet we seldom have met with more happy or more elegant thoughts than the objects and effects of light have afforded Miss Brown in her physical darkness. The learning, too (of the day), which she displays, is most astonishing, and would put to the blush many a *bas bleu* but for the rouge upon their cheeks.

Now let us hasten to exhibit Miss B. in the character of poetry's muse, or at least handmaid, which she certainly is.

We do not so much approve of her lengthened poems as of the minor ones, which, in our opinion, possess more beauties than the former. Nevertheless, the whole are fraught with genius, and that inspired taste which can only be the gift of the God of Poesy. The following is passionate in the extreme:—

THE LAST SPRING.

The spring is come! her steps are on our mountains!
I hear the waving of the ancient pines;
Solemn, but joyous is the voice of fountains,
That murmur on, by old forsaken shrines.
Far in the woodlands early birds are singing,
Among the pleasant places where young flowers,
In silent sweetness, from the earth are springing,—
Their breathings fill the breeze in twilight hours,
And reach me here, amid the city's hum,
Telling that spring is come!

Oh! never seemed there winter days so dreary
As those that o'er my loneliness have past!
And I have waited like a watcher weary,
For the first sunny smile—'tis come at last!
But many a glorious spring hath past and perished,
With all its greenness, from my native hills,
Where I have been a stranger; yet the cherished
Hope of the soul, which time nor tempest chills,
Hath borne me on, through clouds without a sun—
And now the goal is won!

The high place of my hopes!—and I have found it;
But ah! the temple is not what it seemed!
Where are the fadeless flowers that grew around it?
And where the quenchless stars that o'er it beamed?
Alas! the stars have fallen—the flowers have faded,
That seemed immortal, in my dreaming eyes,—
Even as the gardens of the desert, shaded
By trees whose verdure spoke of Paradise,
That lured the wanderer to the distant height,
Then faded from his sight!

And such have been the heights of the world's glory
Which I have climbed;—ah! weary was the steep!
Amid whose glittering snows my heart grew hoary,
While summer breathed upon the valleys deep—
In vain—for none of all its roses won me,
From toiling upward to that mountain's brow:—
'Tis gained; but ah! the weight of years is on me,—
My spirit cannot claim its birthright now!
For early that inheritance was sold,
For nought—like his, of old!

But yet, methinks, some dewdrops of my morning
Have lingered through the long and parching day;
I feel the childhood of my soul returning,
In visions of green forests, far away.
It is too late;—the cup hath past untasted—
The noon was glorious, but I lost its glow;—
Oh! for but one of all the summers wasted!
And now the spring is come—but I must go
Where years their sunborn blossoms cannot bring:—
Farewell, thou blessed spring!"

We should reprint this charming volume were we to enumerate the several beauties which it possesses; but we have no hesitation in saying that it presents more mind, more imagination, more poetical endowment, than nine-tenths of the more received and patronised sons of Apollo's pretensions with which we are accustomed to meet daily in the lounges of literature, and forced to shake hands with against our will.

SONGS AND HYMNS FOR THE NURSERY, ADAPTED TO ORIGINAL MUSIC. Parts I. and II. *Burns, Portman-street.*

THIS collection consists of sixteen *chansonettes* and six hymns. The songs are all very smartly written, with a certain juvenile epigram which cannot fail to tickle the fancies of the little folk. The hymns are also simple and devotional. The only thing which we regret in this volume is that the accompaniments have not been more correctly arranged. It is quite as well and as easy to accustom even young ears to correct harmony. "Tom and Charles," a pastoral, particularly is most execrably bad; scarcely a bar but what contains some error.

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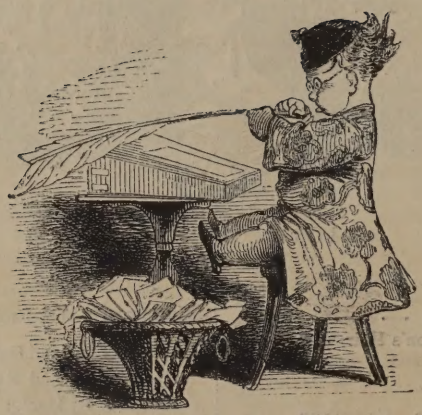

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications remain with the publisher for the following Correspondents.—"G. V. W."—"Ephraim Foster, &c."—"The Hazard of the Die,"—"E. M."—"E. A."

*** We must beg a still longer indulgence from some of our kind contributors. Their papers shall appear as early as possible.

THE ILLUMINATED MAGAZINE

FATHERLAND: A TALE OF TWO EPOCHS.

BY J. W. CARLETON, (CRAVEN) AUTHOR OF "HYDE MARSTON," &c., &c., &c.

CHAP. II.

CREATION'S HEIR.

The sweat of industry would dry and die
But for the end it works to. SHAKSPEARE.

HALF a century ago, the great highways stood in the same relation to the districts they traversed as the railroads of our own time—conveying the human stream by so narrow a channel, and with so swift a current, as scarcely to allow of its fertilising the borders between which it passed. Those towns and villages which lay out of the main lines were indebted for the rusty links that constituted them portions of the social chain, to the occasional visits of pedlars, higglers, and such peripatetic merchants as sought them for the purposes of their traffic. On a spring morning of the year 1765, a lad who had been industriously pursuing his calling as a hawker of sponges, pencils, pins, thread, tapes, and similar miscellaneous haberdashery, along the great North-road, turned aside from it for the little borough of Luton.

Having occupied the day in many a keen encounter of commerce with its thrifty housewives, an hour or so before sunset, he bent his footsteps towards the south; for the double purpose of gaining a few miles on the metropolis before nightfall, and finding some fair brook or well wherewith to flavour the stale crust and rind of mouldy cheese on which he was to sup.

Half an hour's brisk walking brought him to a part of the road which was skirted by the ruins of what appeared to be a park wall. Passing through one of its numerous breaches, he saw spreading before and around him vestiges of a decayed domain of great extent. The grey dilapidated walls that denoted its limits ran along the sides of the distant hills, and were

lost among the woods which clothed their summits. As he advanced, the old gates were seen hanging in crumbling fragments from ivy-circled pillars, standing on either side of a strip of coarse herbage, which marked where once the avenue meandered. Notwithstanding the appearance of desolation, there were flocks of cattle grazing among the green valleys that formed the foreground; and herds of deer were seen among the glades and copses of the high grounds in the distance. All was steeped in silence and solitude—but the young scents of spring were there; and fresh leaves and buds, the firstlings of the year; and primroses, peeping bashfully through the new grass; and buttercups, and blue-bells, in the dawn of their fragrant lives. And hush! Is not that the song of the nightingale? Welcome—thrice welcome—familiar minstrel:—

> Thou wert not made for death, immortal bird;
> No hungry generations trod thee down:
> The voice we hear to-night, the same was heard
> In ancient days, by emperor and clown.

The boy held on, crossing a rivulet by a broken bridge, to an alley of tall chesnut trees, and, following the traces of rides and paths, came to where the ground appeared once to have been laid out in gardens and pleasure lawns.

He stopped, and gathered

> A flower of the wilderness, left on its stalk
> To mark where a garden had been,

and then moved onwards, more slowly and with less determined steps. Though born to beggary and the thousand natural ills that poverty inherits, he had a spirit whose elasticity sprung with increased energy in the degree that the pressure of circumstances bore upon it. Fortune's rough handlings—want, oppression, contumely, offence; these strung his nerves and steeled his heart: but when alone with his desolation—with none to mock, and therefore none to outrage—the torrent of the eye would pour its bitterness, and the soul sink in the gloom of its hopelessness. An outcast and a wanderer from his birth, when haply some quiet homestead or secluded cottage has stood in the path of his way-faring, like Campbell's ancient mendicant, he would—

> Lean o'er its humble gate, and think the while,
> Oh! that for me some home like this would smile;
> Some cottage home, to yield my shrinking form
> Health in the breeze, and shelter in the storm.

Little wonder was it then that the scene thus spread before him should awake meditation—hope—resolve. He was alone on the cold theatre of life: penniless—friendless, but not hopeless. The sweat of industry and toil fell not on the rock of despondence, but on the good ground of determination.

He had reached the spot where what had been the mansion lay in ruins around him; the bats built where dames and cavaliers had held high revel; the dank grass grew where the looms of Persia had spread their bravest textures. He penetrated to its central court—now transformed into a small orchard, where already the apple and pear-tree were in full blossom. The masses of ruin, half concealed by moss and greensward, seemed like mischance over which time had thrown its mantle of forgetfulness. The scene, coloured by the tender hues of the evening sun, was full of sedate beauty—but without one tint of sadness. The tower now a dovecote—the mullioned windows, through which the swallows skimmed and darted; the hall of entrance, a repository of rural implements—these indeed all told of decay, but was not the device of change the emblem of promise to one for whom any condition of existence would be better than that in which his present lot was cast? As he gazed in silent contemplation, a peasant who inhabited the sole remaining chamber to which a roof was vouchsafed, came out to attend to some rural office. The boy, to whom harsh words were a household vocabulary, waited not for any commentary on his presence; but, once more assuming the face of one intent on purpose, left the relics of olden state and comfort behind him, and took a path which led in the direction he had been pursuing, when he left the road that led from Luton to St. Alban's.

Once again all was solitude; twilight too fell fast, and the wanderer quickened his speed that he might reach some place of shelter before the night set in. But he was weary with incessant exertion, in journeying to the marts of his poor trading, and efforts to turn his ventures to account. Moreover, he was hungry, and seeing where a stream went dancing over its bed of bright pebbles, beneath the shade of a vast lime, he sat himself upon a natural bench formed of a piece of its gnarled root, that rose above the turf, and addressed him to his homely meal.

It was the early twilight as has been said—while yet the west was lighted by the last deep colours of day. The moon in its first crescent shone palely in the sky, which was still without a star. In this dim obscure, sat the son of toil and penury, of whose fortunes it was the type. His age might have been twelve or fourteen, his person was slim, his attire mean, but characteristic of his occupation; his countenance the badge and presentment of all his tribe; you read the Israelite not only in every line of it—but in every expression. There were the inky ringlets curling round the high wan forehead—the brow ever "sicklied o'er with the pale hue of thought." There was the deep dark eye, ever restless as the spirit to which it formed the index—the smile, which, despite all caution and care, was but a reflection of contempt. Thus

made up, the Jew goes forth to wander and win his way to fortune—strange scrip for such a pilgrimage. . . . . Having discussed his meagre fare, the young merchant drew from an inner pocket, his store of worldly wealth—regarding each piece as he told it with a far higher relish than the contents of his larder had called forth. One by one he told them—bestowing on each a fond parental look and benediction—and after a space spent in this pleasant intercourse, he rose abruptly, and made the best of his way to the small road-side public-house, whereat he was accustomed to lodge, when on his passage through that part of the country.

Light meals and light heels provoke heavy slumbers, so the boy slept as soon as his head was laid down, and it required more than one resolute summons from the horny fist of the cinder wench, who acted as chamberlain of the hostel, applied to the door of his cockloft, to induce him to open his eyes, and gird up his loins for the highway. Neither toilet nor breakfast occupied him long, nor the adjustment of the reckoning, which amounted to four pennies, paid before hand — for *bed* and *board*, two words having the same meaning.

The itinerant dealer made no diversion now from the direct line to the metropolis, his stock being exhausted, and there being no instant opportunity of investing his capital advantageously. With the free and nimble foot of youth he sped onwards cheerily—for the very motion through the clear crisp air engendered bouyancy of spirit, and his prospects had grown brighter: his industry was in the ear, which promised a goodly seed time ere harvest.

It was late before he reached his destination, a dismal court in one of those quarters of the City, where, from time immemorial, colonies of the children of Israel have existed. A night's rest having refreshed him after his hard day's travel, he prepared to set out to replenish his stock in trade; when seeking for the indispensable agent of such traffic—his money-bag—he discovered that it was gone! An anxious search confirmed the terrible fact, all his earthly store was lost!

Had he been robbed of it, or had it fallen from him by the way? When had he last seen it? Two days before, when eating his crust by the stream of the decayed park. . . . Behold him once more on the great highway—his step as light—though his heart far heavier than when last he trode it. The day is yet young as he clears the weary street of St. Alban's, and striking to the right, makes his passage as the crow would fly, to the spot where the vast lime-tree threw its broad shade over the fountain. He has reached the little lone covert, and there on the fresh greensward that sparkled like myriads of emeralds, lay the grim leathern pouch—the jewel of his hopes.

A dozen years have worn away, and the vagrant Jew boy is a broker, in the vicinity of the Royal Exchange. He dealt according to the practice of his people, in money and securities—among the varieties of the latter, of questionable security indeed—in lottery schemes. At that time, the lottery-office keepers were in the habit of purchasing tickets on their own account, to retail, and in the event of being able to dispose of all their stock, such speculations were very profitable. A scheme of unusual attraction being put forward by the Government, our broker embraced it with great spirit, and to an extent upon which his instinctive prudence had never yet ventured. The day before that appointed for the drawing arrived, and he held a ticket unsold—it was hard upon the hour when his office must close, and still it lay upon his hands—a heavy discount against his profits, for he scouted the notion of lottery risk—it was a certainty—a guarantee of loss.

He had taken his hat from its peg, and reached the door of the counting-house, when a young woman, who was passing, stopped to investigate the golden promises, with which every pane of the window was filled. After a perusal of them, she turned towards the broker, who still was standing on his threshold, and asked him "had he the sixteenth of a ticket in the lottery, to be drawn next day, for sale."

"Pray walk in, Madam," said the man of business, "be so good as to walk in!"

The maiden complied. She was a comely personage, who had already bade adieu to girlhood and its thoughtlessness, if, indeed, she had ever been affected by it, for her mien and demeanour were especially grave and sedate.

"I wish I could persuade you," he begun, "to take a half. This is the most advantageous scheme we have yet been so fortunate as to offer the public: three capitals, of £30,000 each—besides a great number of other very considerable prizes."

"Oh," said the lady, "I am only a merchant's housekeeper—where should I get the money from?—I can't think of it."

"Could nothing induce you?" asked the dealer, in his blandest manner.

"Nothing," said the customer; "What is the price?"

"Only eighteen pounds," insinuated the chapman.

"It would be the ruin of me to lose such a sum," observed the housekeeper, drawing from her pocket a well-furnished green purse—as long as a jelly bag.

"Try your luck for once," continued the tempter, "take one half of this ticket—I'll take the other, and this shall be the bargain.

If it comes up a £30,000 prize we will make the *two* shares *one*, and the holders also; what say you to the offer?"

The maiden made no reply, but with a blush —not perhaps strictly "celestial rosy red," but a very good imitation for the Ward of Cheap — proceeded to tell out eighteen pieces on the counter. As she concluded, the gallant Israelite presented the scrip in this singular venture, and, pressing the hand that received it to his lips, ratified the contract.

Scarce had four-and-twenty hours elapsed after the completion of the treaty, ere the wheel of fortune revolved in favour of these odd vows. The ticket became one of the £30,000 capitals, and, in such a space as the preliminaries would permit, the fortunate holders were man and wife. Within a few years the merchant's housekeeper presided at the best dinners of the season in Portland-place, and the Jew tramper was closeted with the Chancellor of the Exchequer, negociating a loan for millions. Such was the origin of one of those master spirits, whose course and career have been the Midas meteors of our time. Mighty magicians, in whose hands are the issues of life and death: who marshal nation against nation in the purple field, or make "the green one red;" mysterious ministers of a god-like office—to spread civilization to the Poles, and the good tidings of love and charity to the uttermost parts of the earth!

The great contractor grew quickly into a *millionaire:* a correspondent of half the Governments of the world: the ally of states waging war together to the knife—for gold is a cosmopolite. His domestic life had been in like manner blessed; it was honourable and honoured. The fruit of his marriage was two children—a boy and a girl—brought up as the sons and daughters of wealth are wont to be. The boy accomplished the routine of school, college, and the circumnavigation of the fashionable world with credit and *éclat*. He was gentle—beyond the promise of his birth; finely formed, and handsome, so far as the tint and regularity of feature which still distinguish the offspring of Israel, as emphatically as during their captivity in the land of Egypt, are consistent with beauty. The girl inherited the national traits of her mother—the fair complexion and light luxuriant tresses of the Saxon. Having undergone a due course of governesses at home, upon entering her fourteenth year she was carried off to Switzerland by an old banker and his wife, who did not know what to do with their money—or themselves. They were old friends of her father, desperately rich, had neither chick nor child, and the most glorious chateau and domain in the whole canton of Vaud. All it wanted to be a perfect paradise was "one fair spirit for its minister,"—and it is not to be supposed the contractor's daughter was inexorable when the refusal of the situation was offered to her,—with the contingencies of seeing the sun paying its golden homage to Mont Blanc, and the moon sailing on the purple waters of Leman.

The cynic has set her down as romantic—an epithet of disparagement with those of his philosophy. She loved the bright and beautiful, whether in spirit or in matter. Forefend that fifteen should lack such taste!

And it was a fitting sympathy—for she was herself bright and beautiful exceedingly. Soft and dovelike was the languor of thy deep blue eye, maid of the brow of alabaster and cheek of damask! Passing rich the harmony of thy form! passing rare the music of thy grace! Glorious were thy endowments, lady of a fearful heritage! . . . . . .

The capitalist of Portland-place was one of the few who treat Fortune with gratitude. He had luck thrust upon him, and the labour of his life had been to endeavour to have deserved it. Among the most efficient agents of Mammon is political influence; and his aim was to accumulate legislative mercenaries in his camp. His cabinet was a *mont de pieté*, where advances were made on consciences to the full amount of their value—where votes were taken in during any period of the session, at rates strictly regulated by the state of business and party. His stock of pledges was worthy the spirit with which it was got together; and at a time when a Jew had as much chance of being a member of Parliament as a Christian of being high priest of a synagogue, our Israelite had greater power in the House of Commons than the Crown! It has been said, indeed, that the Minister used to borrow these troops in cases of emergency—for a consideration; but the world is given to scandal, and the report should be received with caution.

Simeon Marsena—the sage who had discovered a secret not dreamt of in the reveries of the occult—the alchymist who possessed the power of transmuting man into his familiar—principalities and powers into the creatures of his caprice—was the slave of a feeling which in others he made his scorn and his tool. Pride—worldly vanity—that feeling of the earth most earthy—was the worm that dwelt in his heart of hearts;—the fuel that fed his fire. In vain all he touched turned to gold, so long as the pomp and circumstance of position were denied to his hunger and thirst for rank and estate. This, at length, took the form of a new sense—the essence and concentration of all the others—from whose influences he was never exempt. It was the lever of his ambition—the usurer of his gold—the fever of his pillow—the spectre of his hope. Peradventure, had his harvest of life fallen in later days, it had been

crowned both with flower and fruit; but its gathering was in process at a season when popular contempt was "the badge of all his tribe." Bloomed there, then, no blossom for the summer of his desire? beamed no ray on the winter of his discontent? In sooth there did, as sweet a flower as ever shed fragrance over the garden of life! as fair a star as ever gave lustre to the world's galaxy!

While yet in her cradle he would bend over his cherub daughter, a creature of bright curls and dimples—apostrophising her as the herald of an Exodus which should rescue his soul from the bondage of kind—the Joshua that should lead his race to the social Canaan. She grew up the idol of his hopes—the apple of his eye: the lily that gave hue to her brow—the rose that blushed upon her cheek—the violet fountains of her eloquent blood—were links that bound her to his soul.

"Star of my destiny," he would muse, as with the wrapt idolatry of the enthusiast who gazes on his saint, he watched the buds of her spring expand in their beauty and their promise—"star of my destiny, for a while I will veil thee from men's eyes, that when thou shalt break upon them, in the fulness of thy radiance, they shall be unable to withstand the glory of its splendour."

As we have seen, this resolution was carried into effect while the subject of it was in her girlhood. At the age of fourteen, Leah Marsena embarked on the voyage of life, with an old Swiss banker for pilot, and his wife for crew; and it was the keen son of Mammon, the practical discounter of mankind, that sent forth this goodly venture!

In spite of a harshness which was constitutional, and a reserve which was the offspring of pride, Marsena was a man of many natural impulses, such as a citizen of the world might call weaknesses. They rarely indeed expressed themselves by words or actions which would admit of general interpretation; but they were not the less true to nature on that account. Perhaps an instance may serve to illustrate his character in this respect better than any description of it.

It chanced after he had acquired a colossal fortune, and when his political relations were of vast account, that, ensconced within his luxurious library chair, in his cabinet of princely magnificence, he was occupying the breakfast hour with one of the morning journals. As his eye ran over the wilderness of wants, and the gorgeous catalogue of supplies which filled the advertisement columns, he saw, among many a fair patrimony which sought a thrifty lord, an announcement of sale of an ancient park and the ruins of a mansion, in the county of Bedford. A chord was struck—the "touch of nature" which "makes the whole world kin;" and in a few weeks the plains over which he had wandered an outcast—the green valleys that had helped to rest and shelter—the streams whose waters had moistened the beggar's crust—were added to the wide domains of the millionaire-mendicant.

It was during the absence of his children, that his acquaintance with Sir Percy Neville commenced. Gold was the master of the ceremonies, and the ease and good taste with which the forms were gone through, were balsams to the spirit of the old baronet; the gilding of the pill which induced the sensitive patient to repeat the dose. The secret of success in society is to be *facile à vivre;* in business, *facile à faire;* the root of both is talent. One man in fifty thousand is good company; a perfect *negotiant* stands in about the same ratio to his fellows. All the *belles lettres* that ever were hot-pressed won't accomplish the former; all the mathematics of Euclid will not turn out the latter: a man must be to the matter born.

Simeon Marsena was a bright example of what genius can do for its possessor in any position, however trying and ungracious. The faculty of instant perception—brought to perfection by long experience—enabled him, while the speaker was in process of detailing his object, to make himself acquainted with its real character. Thus, before the security for a loan was half detailed, he was possessed of its worth or worthlessness, and prepared to give an answer to the proposition the moment it was concluded. Whether favourable or unfavourable, it was done with scrupulous courtesy, and such minute decision as admitted of no return to the question, or canvass of the terms. Having resolved on the advance, there was not an hour lost to the disadvantage of the borrower; having decided on refusing, there were no false hopes held out to end in greater mortification. Must he not be a diplomatist of a rare skill who contrives to give satisfaction while he ruins; or quietly intimates that the destruction has already come to pass? this was the property of the Jew of Portland-place.

It is no wonder, then, that he was the sort of financier to finish the fortunes of the Master of Oversley, while the victim (swan-like) sung his own requiem. Indeed, more than his ordinary address had been given to the operation; the property was mortgaged beyond its worth, and the present visit of the money-lender to Oversley Court, in company with Sir Percy Neville, was with the view of making a still further grant, and paying off the charges which affected it previous to his own. He was not the man to fence with his views when the prospect was clear and open before him; and he was in the act of describing them to the Baronet, when Edward Neville, in obedience to his father's message, entered the stately dining-hall.

Shakspeare has left us no more sterling reading of Nature's volume than that which relates to the sweet uses of conviviality. Uncharitableness is the monster made by the Frankenstein—"unfilled veins;"

> "But when we have stuffed
> Those pipes and those conveyances of the blood
> With wine and feeding, we have suppler souls."

It was, therefore, either in good chance, or good policy, that after a dinner such as only the *cuisine* of an English gentleman of condition can produce—and to the accompaniment of wine, such as his cellars alone can afford—the man of business entered on the matter of his mission. There had been time but for an introduction before they took their seats at the dinner-table, and during the meal the conversation was, necessarily, of a general character, but still, on the part of the Jew, with some reference to the issue in hand.

"You have met my son abroad, Mr. Neville," he remarked, casually; "in Italy, I believe?"

"I had the good fortune to make Mr. Lionel Marsena's acquaintance," said Edward Neville, "in France. We walked together over a great portion of the South; traced the Loire to the sea and the Rhone to its source: your son is just the companion for such excursions—full of information and ardour, and a perfect pedestrian."

"His habits are active—at least, as regards the prose of motion," replied the banker, "which men call locomotion: but sluggish in the utilities of life—idle in reference to occupation."

"Then you call business the poetry of motion?" observed the young man, interrogatively; and the logic of May and December clashed somewhat ungracefully.

"So far as creative qualities, it might lay claim to the epithet; don't you think so, Sir Percy?" rejoined the philosopher of Lombard-street, appealing to the Baronet; "and poetry might keep company with business, and be the better for its society—don't you think so, Mr. Neville?" applying to his son.

"My opinion on such a theory would not be of much value," returned the youth, haughtily, "as I am only acquainted with one of the parties."

"If there be one thing I abhor more than another, it is the bandying of words to no end," interrupted the Baronet, for the course the conversation was taking did not promise well for a good understanding between the speakers. "This I know, if Charles Edward Neville be half so good an authority on poetry as Simeon Marsena is on business, he ought to have a few supplementary cantos of 'Childe Harold' in his portmanteau. My son, without perpetrating a lecture on philosophy, I may be allowed to hint that you'll find the school of Bacon—'the school of fruit and progress,' as it has been so truly called—a far fitter academy for the spirit ambitious of distinction in these days than those of the Stoic or the Epicurean. Words, nothing but words, were the fruit of the sages of antiquity: substantive improvements are the stuff—the salt of the earth, for which we are indebted to modern worthies. The mechanic who invented the art of printing did more good to mankind than would a universe of Aristotles."

"With your leave, Sir Percy," said Marsena, as soon as the Baronet had brought his speech to an end, "with your leave, we will submit for your son's consideration the arrangements I proposed to you on our journey here. I am compelled to return to London to-morrow, and it will be necessary to decide on them before I leave this place. You are aware the prior mortgagees are on the eve of foreclosing, and that my proceedings cannot therefore be any longer delayed."

"Put lights and coffee in the library," said the Baronet to the servant who attended his summons; and presently this odd party was deep in parchment and the mysteries of modern alchymy—the triumph of the occult art—obtaining money out of nothing.

"I believe it is unnecessary for me to inform you," began the prompt man of the world, addressing the younger Neville, "that your father's estates are seriously encumbered; for more than their value, it is supposed"—Edward Neville made a sign of impatience—"at all events, for more than he had the power of charging them. The effect of this will be to leave him without income during his life, and, consequently, unable to make provision for you. Your prospects, therefore, are full of certain need, so long as he lives; and at his decease you will inherit a series of Chancery suits, in case you dispute the acts done by him."

"I see from this rental," remarked the heir apparent of so agreeable a reversion, "that the income of the Oversley property is somewhere about eighteen thousand a-year: may I take the liberty of inquiring to whom I am indebted for relieving me from the charge of appropriating it to my proper wants and conveniences?"

The tone in which this was delivered was a suitable accompaniment to the words. But he had a master to deal with; one to whom words were as the idle air, which troubled him not.

"On your father's accession," he replied, and as if communicating the information to a stranger, "there were not above seventy thousand pounds charged upon it, by way of simple mortgage, which its former possessors had the power of creating. The rest of the debt has been incurred within the last twenty years—principally for electioneering purposes. I am a creditor for three hundred thousand pounds,

or thereabouts. As the fee of the whole would not cover these advances, and the interest due on them, how far I may have acted wisely is my own affair. It was not in the course of ordinary business. No doubt, whoever shall next succeed to it would be advised to contest the legality of my security. The immediate question for decision is this: you, Mr. Charles Edward Neville, are the last in remainder, according to the existing settlements; by joining your father, you can dock the entail, and make a good title for a purchaser. I offer myself as such on these terms. Upon the execution of these deeds—by which a legal transfer of the estate of Oversley can be effected, and a good title to it made—I will settle an annuity of five thousand pounds upon your father and yourself, for your joint lives; to be divided equally, and the whole to revert to the survivor. Sir Percy has agreed to these terms; perhaps you will have the goodness to decide upon the offer to-night. I am prompt in such cases: I have, indeed, not the leisure, if I had the disposition, to expend much time on my negotiations."

The young man paused for an instant and then said:

"Mr. Marsena, it is not impossible, you may imagine my personal necessity leads me to entertain your proposal—I may probably deceive myself in thinking that the desire to render the latter years of my father's life free from embarrassment and care, induces me to do so: whatever the cause, however, I agree to it under this condition—that you satisfy me as to the future destiny of my heritage. This roof—these fair domains, since the founder of my race won them with his good sword—have never called master one who shamed his possessions. My stipulation is, that you inform me whether you act as the agent of another in this purchase, and for whom it is made."

The Jew smiled in such sort as they are wont, to whom questions of scant courtesy are addressed, and answered:

"Young gentleman, it would ill beseem me to feign ignorance as to the subject of your solicitude. It were doubtless a foul disgrace that a patrimony so honourably derived should become a spoil to the children of Israel: that the hall of the Christian knight should be turned into a kennel for a Hebrew hound"——

"My good, my respected friend," cried the Baronet in much distress, "you sorely mistake my son's meaning; he is incapable—utterly incapable of such gross—such gratuitous offence to any human being."

"Much less to the guest of his father, and honoured with his confidence and friendship," said the young man.

"It has been the policy of my life," continued Marsena, "to treat business as an abstract proposition, to which the matter only is relevant, apart wholly from the fashion of its conduct; but I am prepared to be frank with you, Mr. Edward Neville, and to admit that, perhaps, I am more apt at umbrage than is consistent with my theory. You seek to be advised for whom I am negociating the purchase of this property—for my daughter"—the old man's eye glanced haughtily, and his glowing cheek was the interpreter of his heart—"for my daughter, Sir, and unless a father's love be too flattering unction, peradventure, there has been among the noblest of your dames a less gentle, a less gracious Lady of Oversley. Moreover, I have cared for the succession, as by the deed which settles it upon her, it is stipulated that the conveyance shall be void should she hereafter intermarry with any one below the dignity of a Peer of this realm."

The speaker threw himself back in his chair as he made an end, and none seemed in haste to resume the treaty. The scene was a striking one, though filled with characters so common to the drama of life as the finisher of the law of improvidence, and those on whom it was about to take its course. With thin spare hands spread across his breast, the untouched glass of *chasse* beside his empty coffee cup, he was an illustration of the maxim, "Man wants but little here," for the *millionaire* fed as sparely as the anchorite, and literally drank of the brook. The Lord of Oversley might have sat for an impersonation of the text, "all is vanity," and his son as the device for a commentary on the statutes relating to the fee of entail and property in perpetuity. The silence had lasted long, when it was broken by the latter. His speech was quick and less calm than it had been.

"I am your debtor, Mr. Marsena," he said "for a hint how men of experience, and who have turned their practice to account, regard the details of business. I will, therefore, speak with the licence for which you are my authority. I am, according to a fiction of legislation, the successor of the proprietor of these tenements and estates: I shall be so, in fact, should I survive him. But there's the rub. I have no hope of bread from him in whom they are at present invested, for as you tell me, and as I believe, he knows not where to look for it himself. 'I cannot work, to beg I am ashamed.' Nay, my father, do not regard me so sadly: this is not spoken in reproach, but rather in justification. This gentleman gave gold to you who sought it of him; happily both lender and borrower were content; but the dealing must turn to my damage in whatever way I meet it. I am therefore fain to do the best I can in such a dilemma. I had injustice at your hands, Mr. Marsena, but none of the conventionalities of the world were outraged

by the course you adopted. We are still strangers, albeit we have eaten salt together; let our compact be ratified in such wise. I cannot feel cordiality for him who jeopardised my birthright, to call it by a mild word; it is not in my nature to pretend sincerity. Let these papers of which you spoke, be at once executed, and an end put to an ungrateful issue."

It is an evil chance which brings father and son in such collision—a rare fortune that extricates them without setting in array the sweet courtesies. The old Israelite was, however, cunning of policy in such cases, for his experience of them, no doubt, was considerable; and as soon as the preliminaries were settled he lost no time in bringing the affair to a consummation.

"The documents I have brought with me," he began, "will enable the transaction to be put into a general train, but there will be forms to go through that cannot be done now—I mean certain legal ceremonies which can only be performed in the law courts. The deed of annuity can be completed, and an agreement for sale entered into, with penalties for a refusal to perfect it. For the satisfaction of your son, Sir Percy, I will, moreover, execute an undertaking to transfer the whole of the Oversley property the day the purchase is completed, to my daughter, subject to the conditions I have already named. This undertaking I will deposit with M. de Martel, the banker of Geneva, my sole executor and guardian of my children, should I die during the minority of either of them. If you please, we will do this at once."

Marsena's secretary was soon in attendance, and forthwith the cabalist commenced his potent transmutations. The birthright of the Neville was bartered away, his roof-tree sold for a price, his home chartered by the stranger!

"It would be well," said the Jew, on whom no point of practice was ever lost, "as this undertaking has been drawn by my secretary, both in English and French, that it were witnessed by some one conversant with both those languages—can we find such a person?"

"My courier, Marillac, will suit your purpose," replied Edward Neville. "He shall be sent for."

"Are you a subject of France?" demanded Marsena, as the foreigner entered.

"He is a Swiss," answered young Neville.

"Then, probably, you are acquainted with the name of the party to whom this instrument is to be confided," observed the Jew—"M. de Martel, the banker, at Geneva?"

"I know the gentleman well," said the courier; "I have been in his service, and have reason to believe I am still in his confidence."

"This is fortunate," remarked Marsena.

"Very," said Edward Neville.

The star of the Neville had set, but morning dawned upon the towers of Oversley as brightly as if the fortunes of the house were in their zenith. It was the advent of a day always celebrated at the Court with every appliance of rural pomp and festivity—Harvest Home! It had been arranged in the course of the details settled during the preceding night, that on the day following the accustomed merry-making, Sir Percy should take his final departure from Oversley, in company with Marsena, without any intimation of the change which had taken place, leaving the household precisely as it ever was in his absence. Edward Neville was to meet them in London, and, the solemn transfer of the estates completed, a town establishment on a scale suited to their diminished fortunes was to be shared between the father and son—such at least was the Baronet's plan.

It was not long after daylight when the village of King's Oversley gave token that some occasion of merrimentwas at hand, for its lasses and lads were already abroad in their holiday attire. Groups formed in merry circles at the cottage doors, or tripped along the rustic street, blythe as butterflies in the sunshine. Bright, laughing girls were there, with bows and streamers of scarlet, and green, and orange, and blue, flaunting from their trim straw hats; and if the fashion of their garments was rude, your robe of snowy muslin sitteth not much amiss, within which is a shape modelled by the boon hand of Nature, and a limb moved by the free grace of youth and health. An hour or so after the holiday folk had gone their way rejoicing, there issued from a garden wicket opening on the high road, at the back of the clump of sycamores on the Mount where the Cross stands, a maiden leaning on the arm of an aged man. A venerable old man he was, in a homely suit of black, and bent by the burden of many years. The maid was in the rich spring of womanhood, and had you heard her call her companion "Father," you would not have been prepared for such a relationship between them. She was clad more simply than any of her village sisters; for, save a rose bud that her zone bound beneath her heart,—a fitting emblem—all was colourless as the drapery of spotless gauze, which—

Like fleecy clouds about the moon played round her.

Scarce were they clear of the village, when a young man, who had evidently been watching their coming, approached and offered his salutation—"Good morning, Mr. Kenedy—fine autumn weather, this: I see you are going to the Court: I trust you may have a pleasant day." The latter portion of this was spoken to the maid, though addressed to her companion. She did not reply to it, indeed, but she looked

somewhat anxiously at the speaker, who had joined them, and continued walking at the girl's side. "It was not Rose's wish to go at all," said the old man, "but she would not let me go alone, and I couldn't bring myself to stay away; I have not missed a harvest-home there for more than half a century: when young, I waited on the guests; now that I am old, I would fain look on while others do my office. I was in the household of the Nevilles—man and boy—hard upon sixty years: a long service, Master Mason. You're coming up to the feast, I hope. It's a pleasant sight, that of so many human beings born and bred to toil, putting off the chains of their bondage: it gladdens my old heart to see it."

"You call it bondage, Mr. Kenedy," said the young man; "I think the life of the English peasant the happiest of any permitted to the sons of labour; and surely there is no content where there is no occupation. He has little care—no anxiety, because his moral perceptions are limited, and he cannot penetrate into the future for disquiet:—

> Cheerful at morn he wakes from sound repose,
> Breathes the keen air, and carols as he goes."

Thus in friendly gossip they crossed the valley together and reached the park gates. As the old man and his daughter passed through, the youth bade them a hearty farewell, and, as he pressed the girl's hand, there was sore sign of disturbance in his manner. "That's a good, true hearted lad," said old Kenedy, as he wound slowly up the hill from the entrance gates, "but God help him, his lot has been cast in no land of promise. His father's a rogue, of course, for he's a lawyer—and worse than that, if worse than lawyers there may be. Before he came to the village there wasn't such a thing as ill-will known. Now one half of us are set against the other. I mayn't live to see it—I trust I shall not; but remember my words when they come to pass—as they surely will—sorrow and shame will fall upon the schemes of old Mason and all who listen to him. Those secret meetings at the Crown bode no good for Oversley village. Those night watchings and dark doings will be her downfall: evil days have come upon her—evil days came upon merry England when the first blow was struck in the civil war of the land and the loom."

The home farm was the scene of the day's festival, and in one of its golden fields a company of picturesque looking peasants were completing that passage of rural economy whence its title was derived. Ponderous waggons were fast clearing off its rich produce, and in the costume and rustic gallantry of the swains you had no bad presentment of the sylvan age. From a window of the breakfast-room Sir Percy Neville and his son watched the progress of this gladsome work. The cheek of the old aristocrat was ashy pale, and his eye was glazed; you saw that mortal solitude was at his heart. It was less easy to define the feelings of the younger man. The cast of pride, natural to his noble features was not so strongly marked, perhaps, as was its wont; but the sorrowful expression of his lip had taken the character of bitterness—the dignity of his bearing stopped little short of fierceness. Woe, woe to the hour in which a parent stands self condemned in the presence of a child!

"My boy," said the Baronet in a voice that bespoke the agony in which it was uttered, "this is a sorry sight for a father who has wrought the ruin of his son: surely such a trial is a terrible retribution for him who must suffer for the madness of another."

"Do you expect Mr. Marsena?" asked Edward Neville, perhaps to give a turn to his father's thoughts, or probably speaking the matter of his own musing. Before the question could be answered, the door opened, and the Jew came in. So ghastly was his look, so fearful his expression, so wild his whole appearance, that those to whom he entered, started and recoiled at his approach. A cloak was gathered round him—a heavy cloak of furs, but he shivered as with an ague, and sunk into the nearest chair. The first to find words was Sir Percy.

"My friend," he cried, "what has come upon you? you are ill, grievously ill; tell me what does all this mean?" The Jew spoke in the accents of the grave. "I have had a vision: a warning of calamity! of death! of despair! Last night as I slept, the spirit of my last born appeared to me in such wise as it was accustomed in infancy to do. Its deep blue eyes beamed in their glory on me; its silken hair rained upon my brow; its perfumed breath spoke to my soul. Father Eternal! could'st thou not have spared me my child yet a little longer to have shed gladness on the twilight of a life whose dawn and noon were so cheerless." While yet he spake, a shout of greeting and boon welcome broke from a group of peasants on the terrace beneath. In their hands they bore a banner inscribed, "Hail to our master: long life and happiness to the Lord of Oversley." The Jew looked up, and a hectic flush flew across his ghostly face. "It is accomplished," he said, "my hope is dead: the incense of my life is turned to ashes' —and he dropped to the earth as a statue falls.

(To be continued.)

PARADISE LOST; OR, A LATE PLACE UNDER GOVERNMENT.

BY CAROLINE WHITE.

"NEXT to the misfortune of one's husband having no situation, that of having one under Government is surely the greatest," said Mrs. Smythe, smoothing down her satin dress, the item personal of the last quarter's salary, and throwing herself well back in her chair (all the easier, that the horse-hair had cost nothing, having been purloined from the quantity furnished for a settle in a certain Admiral's state room). "If they are ever so comfortable in other respects," she continued, "there is always some drawback to counterbalance their advantages, especially at these horrid outposts, where everything is ten per cent. dearer than at head-quarters, and where one has all the inconvenience of living out of town, without a single comfort of the country. No sending your children to school, or giving them a business or profession, without being put to double the expense that other people are at. No society for them as they grow up. No getting your girls off your hands, without turning your house into an hotel, giving lots of invitations; and if anything comes of them, repeating or prolonging them, till they become not only inconvenient, but disagreeable, for one is either obliged to 'keep up appearances' at an ill-afforded expense, or let your intended son-in-law prematurely into family affairs, neither of which is desirable."

"But you, my dear Mrs. Smythe," interrupted the lady to whom these remarks were addressed, "have no need to complain on this head; Mary's marriage was the talk of the county, and Mr. Trubridge is, after all, a very nice match for Kate."

"Such a match!" repeated Mrs. Smythe, shrugging her shoulders disparagingly—"her sister's luck (as you Irish would say) really astonished myself, for a major is not so easily got now of days, but a clerk under Government in these times, my dear Mrs. Nesbitt, is nothing—just nothing; a mere escape from starvation; if they have children, hardly that; but the girl will have him, so I suppose I must agree to it, though I assure you I had *almost* rather see her left at home to wear green stockings for the other three, than have her bound to such an entailment of poverty. What rospect is there for them?"

"Promotion in time," suggested Mrs. Nesbitt, smiling, and laying just a shade of emphasis on the last syllable: "and besides," she added, "there are so many privileges attached to a place under Government—at least there was when poor dear Mr. Nesbitt belonged to the service, that"———

"Ah, there it is," interrupted Mrs. Smythe, "things are wonderfully changed since then. At that time the pay was but a secondary consideration, and the perquisites alone made such appointments worth having, especially at out-of-the-way places like Haulbowline Island, where there was always lots of time to prepare for an inspection of the board-officers, and no civilians to look on and take notes of what was doing."

"The dear old place," said the widow, sighing, and shaking out an unexceptionable cambric handkerchief, "what happiness I enjoyed there—house-rent free—no assesses or taxes, coals and candles allowed, as much wood from the carriage-yard as we could make use of: the run of all the grass in the garrison for a cow, no end of garden ground, and a boat and boat's crew whenever we wished for them. It was but a small place, my dear Mrs. Smythe, cut off too, you might say, from the rest of the world—but what stores of comfort it contained!"

"Stores, indeed!" repeated Mrs. Smythe literally, "all the advantages you have named, and others—such as the attendance of a labourer to polish the tables, fetch water, work in the garden, run of messages, and fifty other things, were regularly understood and granted to the officers of both departments. But dear Mrs. Nesbitt, how small a portion these made, of all the nice, useful pickings such situations as your husband's, and Mr. Smythe's afforded. I don't know how you managed in the Ordnance department, but we, on the navy side of the island, didn't make a bad thing of it while it lasted."

"Why you had many advantages that we had not," rejoined Mrs. Nesbitt, "your stores were so different to ours; but, of course, we endeavoured to make the best of circumstances, and help ourselves as well as our neighbours."

"Why, yes," said Mrs. Smythe, recurring to the preceding part of her visitor's observation, and with no little satisfaction in the remembrance; "our department comprised such a variety of things, and all so available for domestic purposes: and really, Mrs. Nesbitt," she added, sinking her voice, till it sounded the key-note of confidence, "If it had not been for this, with our large and expensive family, and Mr. Smythe's hospitable habits, I don't know where we should have been. However, he may thank me for never having forgotten the main chance, for he was by no means careful in that respect; but I took care no move on the part of our neighbours should go without a corresponding one on mine, for, in these cases, it is always as well to have a precedent, it puts you on the safe side of the question, and prevents others from making remarks; but, oh, the numbers of articles that were never missed from the quantities in store, and which served to help out our incomes, and make things comfortable about us. Tarpaulins, timber, rope, provisions, purser's stores, canvass—I declare I cannot think of half of them."

"But of what use was the tarpaulin, timber, and rope?" inquired Mrs. Nesbitt.

"Covers for my tulip bed, my dear, furniture, and mats," responded her friend.

"Furniture!" repeated Mrs. Nesbitt, bending her eyes questioningly on her *vis-a-vis*.

"Yes, furniture," she rejoined. "You remember the mast-house; well, there was more than spars in

it; it contained all sorts of timber, from English oak to Honduras mahogany; and as there were lots of mechanics in the department, there was nothing to do but to make a requisition for a new shed, or something of the kind, and instead of taking deals for the building of it, substitute mahogany; no one saw the difference in the dull light of a winter's afternoon, or if they did, took no notice of it; 'a fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind,' in these instances, as in every other; and the result in our case, was the dining table in the next room, that one opposite to you, my wardrobe, two or three chests of drawers—not to mention such items as book-shelves, brackets, butler's trays, &c., &c., all entered on his Majesty's service, and workmanship as well as materials found at the public expense!"

"Ah, we had no such opportunities," said Mrs. Nesbitt, not without a little leaven of envy at the recollection, "to be sure we sometimes bartered a little with the engineers' people, and by that means managed a few nick-nacks, but they were such a stupid, shabby set, and drew their estimates so low, that every little was to be done in that way. Nothing at least like your wholesale furnishing; where we benefitted most, was in the tin ware and ironmongery. I never bought a single article for kitchen use while on the island; the very spits and spoons, as well as mops, brooms, and lanthorns, were all supplied from the stores, and in the event of a survey, all we had to do was to return them, till the board-officer had gone through the inventory and found them all right, and then abstract them again, or new ones in their place; I recollect obliging some dozen friends, by getting Mr. Nesbitt to exchange as many sets of old fire-irons for new ones, such as were allowed for our houses; and as it was only necessary to produce half a pair of tongs, the handle of a fire-shovel, or the pan, if more convenient, with the knob, or burnt end of a poker, just as it happened, it was an easy way of ensuring invitations to as many parties as they gave in the year."

"Ah, those were something like times," sighed Mrs. Smythe, swaying herself to and fro in her easy chair, "one could live on half his income better then as clerk of the cheque, than it is possible to do now with a store-keepership; to be sure, Smythe is allowed house and garden-ground, and all that, and poor Trubridge has quarters while here, but as soon as he gets another appointment (which he expects), there will be a house to provide, and think of rent out of his pay!"

"Ruinous!" groaned Mrs. Nesbitt; "I often think of our nice houses on the island, all going to wreck and destruction, till I have no patience with Government; that splendid terrace on your side, Mrs. Smythe, and those mansions of houses, all of hewn stone, and the magnificent quays and stores, that cost some millions of the public money, all useless and desert; I declare it seems almost a sin that persons did not do more for themselves when they were amongst them."

"Mamma has nothing to upbraid herself with on that score, I promise you, Mrs. Nesbitt," interrupted a merry voice, and Kate Smythe, who had been sitting writing, an unobserved auditor, in the next room (the folding doors of which were open), advanced with a smile full of comedy on her face, and her hand extended to the widow.

"And Kate, when I look around me," answered her mother, her eyes glancing from the book-case to the table, with quite a Spartan air of self-approval, "I have infinite cause to be grateful that I did, for what with the changes in the service, and the difference residing in England has made in your father's salary, it would have been quite impossible to be as well off as we are, if I had not. Having a large family," she went on, turning to Mrs. Nesbitt with lifted brows, and an appealing altitude of voice, "and knowing that if anything happened to Mr. Smythe, Government would do nothing for me; I certainly did do all I could in the way of turning things to account. Where is the advantage of having such situations if you do not? You give up all your prospects," she continued, slipping quite naturally into the assumption of her husband's garb, "all your prospects in other ways; your income is too limited to allow of your speculating; your time too much occupied to admit of any other pursuit; you are fettered with the necessity of keeping up a genteel appearance, upon a bare sufficiency for life, that, by-and-by, leaves your wife and children totally unprovided for; in case of —— don't fret, my dear Mrs. Nesbitt (for at this climax the widow's handkerchief came into absolute use, and she blew her nose till her eyes watered); you are better off than hundreds; it was an admirable thing on Mr. Nesbitt's part, to insure his life; and then your having no children; I call you a most fortunate woman, with your annuity."

"And the house at Haulbowline," suggested the lady.

"I should do very well, but furnished lodgings are very expensive, and then the people, and servants peculate in every possible way."

"Mamma," interposed Kate, mischievously, "do you remember the Cobhams' oil cloth?"

"Perfectly well," returned her mother; then turning from her daughter to her visitor, she added, "Some new people who came there just before we left. If you remember, the kitchens in our houses were all flagged with Portland-stone, quite good enough for Irish servants, accustomed to nothing better than earthen floors; but nothing would do for these people but they must go to the expense of oil-cloth; so, not to be outdone by them, Smythe procured as many yards of new canvass as was necessary, and had it dressed and painted, and while the accounts made out that it was doing duty as the top-gallant sail of a sloop of war, it was metamorphosed, as I tell you, into a very excellent article of household wear. But, talking of canvass, a friend of ours, a captain on the station and a family man, put us up to something quite new in its application, and we furnished the nursery and children's rooms with cots and stretcher beds of all descriptions; and, like you with the fire-irons, obliged several of our friends with them."

"Well I remember it," said Kate, "for mamma's morality would not suffer the servants to be enlightened as to the process of extracting that blue zig-zag thread, that marks King's canvass, so Mary and I were set to the task of rubbing it with some sort of acid, that made our fingers sore for a week."

"That puts me in mind," remarked Mrs. Nesbitt, "of the trouble we used to have, when we changed our old blankets for new ones, taking out that horrid

broad arrow in the centre of them; but a chemist in Cork, for whom we had done a few kindnesses, showed me how to remove it with very little difficulty; for we wer'n't, far behind you, I can promise you, in making use of the goods the gods, (or to vary the text), the Government provided, and though we could not manufacture oil-cloths and children's cots, I took care not to lay out a fraction on furniture for either the kitchen or servants' rooms. Poor dear Mr. Nesbitt had the management of the barrack department, so there was heaps of Windsor-chairs and tables, and latterly iron bedsteads, to take my choice of."

"And I, my dear Mrs. Nesbitt," exclaimed the other, as if determined not to be outdone in these details of official dishonesty, "never purchased so much as a clothes-line, or door-mat. Smythe thought nothing of cutting up new rope, and when the sail-makers wer'n't busy, setting them to work at making them; but now there is not so much as a yarn to be had out of the department, and as to employing an artificer on one's own account, it's quite out of the question. But there, I cannot tell you half the advantages the disagreeable Reform-bill, and the removal of the establishment has robbed us of; no doubt you Ordnance people had many little immunities and privileges; but, as I said before, the nature of our stores made them so much more generally useful; for instance, though I never told this to any one else, all my boys' pin-befores, and servants' sheets and towels, were purser's stores, and came off the duck, allowed for his use."

Mrs Nesbitt lifted up her hands and eyes.

"There was a saving for you," continued Mrs. Smythe, in a tone of no little elation, "and not only that, Mrs. Nesbitt, but the girls bathing-dresses were every one of them bunting, blue bunting."

"Nonsense," ejaculated the widow, looking down at her fingers with a sort of fie-fie air, and then questioningly at her friend, while Kate's voice rang out in a burst of irresistible merriment at the association.

"I assure you they were," continued the other, but double-doubled, Mrs. Nesbitt, and they saved some considerable expense in flannel." "Then again," she resumed, "Smythe's brother was in the victualling department, and though the contracts for providing the ships on the station with provisions were always sent in sealed, the present of a cask of tongues or hams was sure to decide the purveyor; and as his family was but small, we reaped the principal benefit from *that*; then there was lots of biscuit and flour, and raisins and cocoa, for little or nothing, and the best of spirits, with the draw-back allowed—dear me! it is enough to make one wild, to think of all the privileges at one time attached to a place under Government, and to fancy the difference in these days of retrenchment and meanness."

"Our service," remarked Mrs. Nesbitt, and then correcting herself, she added "dear me! I speak as if poor Mr. Nesbitt were living, and I had still something to do with it; the Ordnance service fell off in its emoluments when the peace establishment took place; first, house-rent was taken away, and one was obliged to live just where and in whatever quarters, Government allowed; then coals and candles were discontinued, and when once the store cat's allowance was reduced, and half the poor thing's milk-money cut off—what was to be expected? The Duke of Wellington may be a very great soldier, but, if this was not the action of a mean man, I don't know what is; I have never forgiven him the Reform-bill, and I recollect how poor Mr. Nesbitt laughed at me, because when it passed, I took down the duke's picture from over the parlour fire-place, and hung it behind the door; before that, I used to boast of his being an Irishman, but afterwards I only gave Ireland the credit of his courage and generalship, and left his economy and knowledge of accounts to the score of his English education."

"But how was it," inquired Kate, "that previous to this reformation which was, to my knowledge, sadly wanted, people with all those means of enriching themselves at the public expense, never appeared to be at all better off than they are now—never made money—never, in fact, got the least beyond their income?"

"Simply," rejoined her mother in rather a reproachful tone, "because Government people are, of all others, the most improvident; in almost every instance they live up to their salary, whatever it may be; it's certainly putting them at rest, as to the contingenceies that others are obliged to prepare for; and besides, when your father first got his appointment to Haulbowline, the harbour was always crowded with ships, and lots of officers anxious to be asked on shore; there was nothing but gaiety going on, and of course we were obliged to do as others did, and entertain as well as our neighbours; besides, half the comforts of one's situation," she continued, looking over to Mrs. Nesbitt as one who understood things better than her refractory daughter, or at least saw them in a different light, "depended on keeping well with the other heads of the department."

"To be sure they did," interposed the widow; "not a word would ever have been said about the men's time, or the wood used in building our cottage ornée at Cove, but for the misfortune of a fall-out with that dirty rogue of a clerk, Cauty, and he, in revenge, *bad end* to him, sent in every word of it to the board-officers, at Dublin, and, without a doubt, was the real cause of Mr. Nesbitt taking to his bed, and not long after, to his coffin."

"Ah! we took care, whatever little miffs we had amongst ourselves, that they never went farther," said Mrs. Smythe; "but for all this, things went wrong at last; one of the Admirals, who was a very meddling sort of person, took it into his head to watch all that was going on, and it happened that some of the common people (though knowing such things were strictly forbidden), allowed their children to pick up, at low water, the copper nails that the tide washed out of some old boats that lay rotting on the slip, past repair, but which were of course King's property, and marked with the broad arrow; and a pretty piece of work there was like to have been about it. Some rope had been stolen out of one of the cutters on the station, and one of the officers searching for it in a place where they received such things, discovered several pounds of these nails, which turned out to have been sold by the Haulbowline boys, and you may depend that that was not the first of it!"

"Dear me!" ejaculated Mrs. Nesbitt, with every appearance of disgust and horror.

"Nor was it indeed the end of it," interrupted Kate, with mock gravity. "It gave us all a great moral shock, which I remember feeling through every

filament of my blue bunting bathing-dress. A very vigorous household search commenced, for any canvass or duck that retained the private mark of majesty, and in such cases restitution was immediately made; there was quite a panic of honesty throughout the department, *very healthful while it lasted*, and the stores became enriched by the return of various articles that otherwise would never have found their way back; but, as you may imagine, such a derangement in the economy of our system, was a sort of prelude to its total break up; and just as things were stealthily returning to their accustomed balance, and papa had managed to replace his old telescope with one of Dolland's best, the political earthquake that had been slowly coming to a crisis, shook our island to its centre, and Haulbowline, as the naval depôt of Ireland, was no more."

"Now, Kate, how can you talk so of these things, when you were but a child at the time?" exclaimed her mother.

"But not an unobservant one, mamma," she replied, "and the things I witnessed there as a child have been the subject of many of my thoughts as a woman. Long before I had slipped my pinbefores I was conscious of the wrong and injustice inflicted by one part of society upon another, the incongruousness of affairs around me, and which no reasoning of mine could balance, opened my eyes painfully to this; I saw that roguery in power was a different thing from roguery in rags, that the one went on triumphantly, while the other found the tread-mill or the hulks; I saw the heads of the department doing with impunity, and on a large scale, the same things for which the poor were summarily punished (however pitiful their peculations); whole planks came to our house, while I recollect one of the labourers was discharged for taking home some pieces of firewood."

"Yes, but you know, my dear!" interrupted Mrs. Smythe, emphatically, "that was not his first offence."

Kate looked hard at her mother, as if she would have said "And by how many were the planks short of being the whole of ours?" but she only smiled, and continued with an affectation of badinage, an exposition full of feeling and truth.

"Do you remember all the whispers and shrugs, and finally round laughs, occasioned by the seizure of one of the Admiral's tenders, with a cargo of wines and teas on board, for which no duty had been paid and which, it was well known, was intended for his use?" Both ladies assented, with no end of merriment at the recollection. "And do you, mamma, remember, a little time after this, a gentleman who commanded a King's cutter on the station, bringing to our house a quantity of brandy, part of the contents of a keg which he had picked up, out of a great number thrown overboard from some hard-chased smuggler on the coast; and how he regretted that, without making his crew cognizant of the affair, this was the only one he could save?"

Mrs. Smythe remembered it all. "And well do I," said Kate, "what noisy evenings we had while it lasted; I can hear the little bow-legged lieutenant of marines, singing his songs twice over to his own encores, and that thin gentleman in the victualling department, with the great black eyes, hooked nose, and skin as yellow as if it had been dipped in the molten gold they said he was so fond of, holding up the colourless, above-proof spirit between him and the light, and declaring there was no standard for mixing it, it was so much stronger than Wise's whiskey; and how they all used to praise its flavour, and wish that when it was gone, their friend might be but fortunate enough to fall in with some more just like it; but the circumstance that fastened it all so indelibly on my recollection, was the capture of a lugger, by one of the cruisers on the coast, and the court-martial of her crew on the island. Fancy," she continued, turning to Mrs. Nesbitt, "the excitement of such an event on Haulbowline, and to me, whose bosom was just teeming with romance, and my brain full of Sir Walter's "Pirate," and Cooper's "Red Rover," with the wild ballad of Will Watch in my head and ears, what a god-send! The Marine guard-room was converted into a court-house, and the court was composed of the Admiral, a number of naval officers, certain magistrates more fortunate in the importation of claret (if report spoke truth) than the naval chief had been, and the officers of our department, who had drank success to themselves over night in the remains of their friend's "gift of God's mercy;" yet these Daniels doubtless washed their hands in the innocency of their own actions, before they went to judgment, and with breath tainted with contraband spirits, had the hardihood to condemn the lawless sinners, who had risked life and limb, wealth and freedom, in running it."

"Then I presume," said Mrs. Smythe, rather tartly, "that your romance would have induced you to spare the few years' servitude, in his Majesty's service, that, if I remember right, was the sentence on such of them as could not sustain the character of foreigners they affected."

"I have never thought of what my sentence would have been," replied Kate; "children, like other philosophers, reason from analogy; and, in my view of the case, the judge and jury were more guilty than the prisoners; arguing from the mere moral sense, that makes it a greater crime, to wrong one who reposes confidence in us, and from whom we are receiving benefits, than those whose commands we openly defy. I had a knowledge of what smuggling meant, and I resolved all the peculation, I saw daily going forward to the same root, and consequently felt hearty sympathy for the fate of the athletic, large-whiskered, sea-capped, and booted specimens, the lugger's crew presented."

"Well, I don't say one word in vindication of the Admiral," rejoined Mrs. Smythe, "but there certainly was a vast difference in smuggling, and picking up a tub of brandy or in making use of it after it had been picked up; and, as to what you call peculation, it was what every one did, and was only considered as a part and parcel of the privileges attached to a place under Government; and I dare to say if the same opportunity existed now, Trubridge would do as other men in his situation did, and if you had a large family to provide for, with small means, you would make no scruple of turning things to advantage, for their benefit, and your own."

"But you see, my dear mother, that it, after all, turned out to no one's benefit," persisted Kate, "but ended as all such things do, whether in the case of private individuals or public departments, in detection, and, in this case, the destruction of the whole depôt."

"Oh, that is all nonsense," said Mrs. Smythe; "the doing away with the departments was altogether a political measure, induced by the private spleen and misrepresentations of Admiral Sir C. P——, and as to the defalcation in the stores, and the discovery of that sail-maker's robbery, having anything to do with hastening the affair, I am persuaded it was all bosh!"

"Well," said Kate, with infinite fun in her mobile brow and sparkling eyes, "my apostleship of honesty in high places is not quite thrown away; papa has become a convert to my opinions, and regrets exceedingly that the prevalence of the system has made police supplementary in all public departments, causing, he assures me, an outlay for their support almost equivalent to the value of the articles that formerly disappeared."

"Besides the look of them!" interposed Mrs. Nesbitt. "I declare their presence is an insult to every one employed in the service, and a tacit doubt on the part of Government of the principles of all holding a place under it."

"The discreditable part of it is," rejoined Kate, "that the rapacity of those highest in office, set the example to their subordinates, and induced the necessity of such surveillance."

"Ah! Kate," interrupted her mother, "if the department at Haulbowline, was still in being, and Trubridge was appointed there, with the power of doing just as he pleased, I doubt very much if you would continue such a stickler for the rigid rule of right, or refuse to benefit, as your neighbours did, by the profitableness and immunities of a place under Government."

FINE ARTS.

BOLIVIA.

The wonderful extent and curiosities of Central and South America may be said to be comparatively unknown. That there have been mighty nations dwelling in those parts of the world formerly, is plain, from the numerous and gigantic remains of their cities, their tumuli, pyramids, &c.; but at what period it is vain to conjecture. Earl Kingsland's magnificent work upon the subject, illustrated by Aglio, only serves to increase our astonishment, and puzzle our inquiry. It represents, no doubt faithfully, the ruins of former grandeur, but whose it was, and how it came to decay, is yet the dream of the fanciful antiquarian. Certainly the people who at present inhabit it cannot be the descendants of a mighty race, unless there be a rule for moral as well as physical corruption and decay!

A REVERIE.

Remnants of by-gone ages, standing still,
But wasting all before the wave of Time,—
Ruins of ancient grandeur, at whose base
Solidity doth rest, though on your heads
Sits the frail snow of many a year, we bow
In reverence before ye, and reflect
How vain it is for modern minds to rave
About your first construction! 'Tis enough
To see your mighty bones, though blanched and chill,
To think what muscle and arterial blood
Once did inhabit ye! The skeletons
Of the Old World are all far, far beyond
Our skill in thought's anatomy, and make
Conjecture sceptical, and learning vain!

Bolivia is the name adopted by one of the new republics which have lately been formed in South America. It was originally called Upper Peru, and formed a portion of the Vice-royalty of Buenos Ayres, or de la Plata; but being separated from the more populous parts of Buenos Ayres by the desert of Chaco, and a very rugged and dreary mountain region, it was not likely that it could remain united to that State after the subversion of the Spanish authority. The republic of Bolivia dates from the battle of Ayacucho, Dec. 9, 1824, in which the republicans under Sucre, completely de-

feated the royalists. The patriots adopted for their new republic the name of Bolivia, in honour of General Bolivar.

It is bounded on the west for about two hundred and fifty miles by the Pacific Ocean; the remainder of the western and north-western frontier is formed by the republic of Peru. It borders on the north-east and east on the empire of Brazil, except the most south-eastern corner, where it joins Paraguay. To the south of it extends the republic of Buenos Ayres, and where it approaches the Pacific, that of Chili. The climate of Bolivia is described as presenting many peculiarities, and its vegetation is various and luxuriant. Rain never falls on the coast along the Pacific.

> There falls no rain from that cloudless sky,
> 'Tis a changeless climate eternally.

In the valley of the Desaguadero, in the mountain region, and in the plains, the summer is the rainy season. The mountains are subject to tremendous hailstorms, during which the traveller is obliged to halt, and the parts of the body which are exposed are so severely bruised and cut by the hailstones as to bleed copiously. Thunder-storms are also peculiarly severe in these elevated regions. In winter the traveller is subject to a temporary blindness called *surampi*, which is caused by the rays of the sun being reflected from the snow, and rendering it impossible to open the eye-lids for a single moment. This complaint generally continues two days. Earthquakes are very common along the coast of the Pacific, less so in the valley of the Desaguadero, and the mountain region, but in the plains they have not been observed.

The inhabitants of Bolivia are composed of aborigines, and of people of foreign extraction. The aborigines form by far the greater portion of the population, probably more than three-fourths. They may be divided into those who speak the Quichua language, and those who speak different dialects. The Quichua language prevails among all the inhabitants of the coast and of the valley of the Desaguadero. Agriculture had been adopted by them before the arrival of the Europeans, and even at present it is their principal if not their exclusive occupation. But they make no improvement in agricultural operations, which may be attributed to their very feeble mental powers. They have been converted to the Catholic faith, but retain some ceremonies of their ancient religion.

Our illustration represents one of their most distinguished chiefs, in whose features may be traced some ancient Mexican model.

The natives who do not speak the Quichua language inhabit the eastern declivities of the Andes and the plains extending to the east of them. They are divided into a great number of tribes who speak different languages: in the province of Moxos alone there are thirteen tribes. Some of them have been converted to the Christian religion, and with their change of faith they have also partly changed their manners and mode of living. Instead of going naked, they wear a light dress of cotton, have fixed dwelling-places, and apply chiefly to agricultural pursuits, though their food still consists partly of fish and game. Some of them make excellent cotton cloth, and in general they have a taste for mechanical arts, and are good carpenters. They show also some talent for music and painting, in which they were initiated by the Jesuits.

> How sweet it is to hear soft music's strains
> On the remotest and most desert plains!

But the Indians who inhabit the Lower Beni below Reyes, and those on both sides of the Ubahy, as well as the Chiquitos, who occupy the country bordering on Brazil and Paraguay, still lead a roving life, live mostly on wild roots and fruits, and on game, and go naked.

The inhabitants of foreign extraction are either the descendants of Spaniards, or of Africans and the mixed races. The descendants of the Spaniards are most numerous in the mining districts, and in the valleys of the Cochabamba and Cachy Pilco, where they may be said to compose the great bulk of the inhabitants; they are much less numerous on the coast and in the valley of the Desaguadero, and their number in the plains is very small. The people of pure African blood are few in number, but the mixed races, which owe their

origin to a mixture with negroes, are numerous on the coast; much less so in the mining districts, and in other parts very few of them are found.

The population of Bolivia has been differently stated. At first it was asserted that it amounted to 1,200,000 souls; but this is evidently an exaggeration. Immense tracts consist of barren deserts, others, though fertile, are not cultivated, and nearly uninhabited; and the bulk of the population is concentrated in two larger and several smaller valleys. More recent information has reduced the population to 630,000. As, however, no recent census has been taken, and several extensive districts, possessed by the independent Indians, are not even visited by Europeans, the population cannot be ascertained with any degree of certainty.

The republic of Bolivia is politically divided into five departments, and each department into provinces. Their names are Potosi, Charcas, or Chuquisaca, Cochabamba, La Paz, and Santa Cruz de la Sierra, which is by far the largest of the five.

Being, as it were, excluded from foreign commerce, the Bolivians are obliged to satisfy their wants by their own industry. The manufactures of cotton are the most extensive. The better kinds are made in Oropesa; but in many districts the Indians make great quantities, which are coarse, though strong. Next to these are the woollens, made of the hair of the llamas and alpacas. The coarser kind, called *hanascas*, is used by the lower classes for dress, and likewise for blankets; the finer sorts, called *cambis*, are embroidered with great care, and used as carpets by the rich; the best are made at La Paz, and are very dear. At San Francesco de Atacáma very fine hats are made of the wool of the vicuna, and at Oropesa very good glass is made. In some towns in the neighbourhood of the silver-mines they make vessels of silver wire, which are not without elegance, but Meyen thinks that those made in China are superior in taste and much cheaper. Our illustration affords an instance of their taste and ingenuity. In some districts the Indians dye the plumes of the American ostrich with brilliant colours, and make of them fans and a kind of parasols. Altogether, Bolivia is a country well worth the attention of the traveller, the antiquarian, and the commercial speculator.

TRAVEL AND TALK

BY LUKE RODEN, M.D.

In resuming my notices, I shall not attempt to give my memoranda and observations in the succession in which they really advanced; but in whatever mode the artist's illustrations enable me to proceed. It is my intention to offer similar notices of some of the adjoining nations, for the purpose of comparison, should the present excite any interest in the public.

Although aiming at mere amusement, I cannot but think, that the occasional remarks interspersed, may serve to rectify some popular errors. There is no man, I presume, that has really visited foreign countries, who does not think himself better qualified to judge of them, than he who has never stirred from home; the latter must take opinions on trust; and I hope mine will be found as faithful and honest as those of others.

The reader will observe, that I have not always been able entirely to remove the character of letters to friends, in which the memoranda were originally written.

CHAPTER I.

ITALY.

Whether from our schoolboy recollections, or from the inherent poetry of the subject, there is a strange and indefinable charm in the word italy. The influence which that country has exercised over other nations for more than twenty centuries, by its arms, by its arts, its commerce, its religious establishments, and its literature, from the earliest periods to the present moment, form, altogether, one of the strangest phenomena in the History of Civilization. The influence has been a continuous miracle. Before England had emerged from barbarism, that favoured country was the seat of the highest refinement, and although at present it can scarcely be said to keep pace with other nations in the march of improvement, it is advancing much more rapidly than France. The temporary oblivion in which it seems plunged appears to me but like the repose of the giant, to refresh himself for still greater exertions. I cannot but think that it is destined, at no distant period, to advance to a high place in the front rank of nations, and resume almost its former influence. There is a mighty spirit at work there, tempering the clay to make great men: may it be successful!

The compulsory quiet enforced by the present

Governments of Italy, is favourable and indeed essential to the process. All history proves that times of turbulence and civil war do not *create great men*, but only afford occasions for calling them into action, and employment. A revolution soon wears out its most effective instruments, which, like physical weapons, require intervals of repose for the purpose of being sharpened. If the tumult of the times forbid leisure for this, the instruments become dull and useless. Such men as Washington are formed only in days of order and tranquillity. It is an historical fact, not admitting of contradiction, that the great men of every revolution have been produced and brought to maturity during the previous period of order and quiet, and that if the civil war last long enough to exhaust the race of such men, their successors become contemptible, and the future progress of the country they mismanage, either leads back to its former state —worsened by the years of confusion, or ends in the establishment of the pure tyranny of military despotism.

The Italians are one of the noblest races that ever peopled the earth; to me there seems more hope of their ultimate triumph, than of that of any other nation not already advanced to the foremost rank in civilization. Physically and intellectually, they have the finest organization ever bestowed by nature. They are fitting themselves for the position which they are obviously destined to take, and nothing can interrupt, destroy, or delay the consummation but an attempt at revolution, above all a revolution after the fashion of France. Whenever the people are called in to aid a revolution, it must clearly depend on the *state* of the people as to knowledge and virtue, whether the revolution shall be conducted to good or evil. The true friends of Italy are steadily labouring to spread the blessings of education and political knowledge, and in the fulness of time the fruit will be seen—it is not distant, if the misguided zeal of hot-headed enthusiasts can be restrained within the bounds of common sense. It is a glorious country, and worthy of the noble race that fills it. Those now living will see the full accomplishment of all that the most ardent friend of progress can desire; let them but reform as fast as they can, and *not attempt to reform as fast as they can't*, and all will be well.

Italy, as a writer in the Antologia expresses it, in the most exquisite Italian that ever honoured a printer's types, "though overrun by so many enemies—torn by so many cruel factions—devastated by so many horrid wars—by Treason, Rapine, and Conflagrations, still remains beautiful and interesting—an object of admiration to all. O, Italians" says he, "Prostrate yourselves, and kiss this sacred earth; seek thereon the footsteps of your ancestors, and learn to tread in them!"*

* Qual havvi terra che il sole illumini con luce piu serena o che riscaldi con piu dolce tepore! Dove un piu vivido un piu puro un piu spirabil aere si espande? Dove sorgono ruine piu famose e piu atte a congiungere, adornare, a rinforzare la presente bellezza colle imagini della passata potenza; di un antica maestà, di un tempo glorioso, invano dai posteri ai loro padri invidiato? A qual parte del mondo fu conceduta una maggior copia d' ingegni, ed a questi un maggior attitudine al ragionare profondo ed al delicato sentire? Dove si parla una lingua che sia piu ricca di chiare parole e di modi elettissimi, e che sia, come la nostra lo è mirabilmente, idonea ad esprimere i piu sublimi pensieri e gli affetti piu teneri; arrendevole a piegarsi ad ogni desiderio, ad ogni bisogno, ad ogni volontà: docile a trascorrere per una scala d'infiniti gradi, dalle armonie piu tenui alle piu gravi e solenni, dai piu dolce suoni ai piu concitate e veementi—unico vincolo che tuttavia congiunge i nostri membri divise—ultima reliquia di una fratellanza temuta e spenta?

Qual mai havvi terra, come la Italica, bagnata da due mari —incoronata dalle Alpi, irrigata da mille fonti, frequente di cittá magnifiche e di amenissime ville—ora stesa in verdi feconde immense pianure, ora sorgente in colli ridenti per ogni vaghezza—ora eretta in ampie catene di monti, che nel loro istesso selvaggio orrore mostrano infinite bellezze; e nelle foreste sterminate, e nei gioghi variamente dirupati ed aggrupati, e nelle valli fortunate, e nelle acque, o scorrenti in rivi freschi e molli, o romorregianti nei torrenti, o per caterratte balzanti—od in limpidi laghi chinse e riposate? O Italiani prostratevi, venerate questa sacra terra che vide sopra se correre tanti nemici, tanti stranieri, tante crudeli fazioni—e tante guerre combattersi, e tanti incendii, tanti morti tante tradimenti, tante rapine commettersi—e pur—sempre rimase bella vagheggiata, desiderata!—ma baciando questa classica terra, cercate inessa con riverenza, le vestigie che i vostri maggiori v' impressero, e seguitele.

CHAPTER II.

LEGHORN, CIVITA-VECCHIA, AND ROME.

ARRIVED at Leghorn the morning after leaving Genoa by steamboat. The weather was so raw and cheerless that I was not inclined to land, but all my companions started off by the earliest boat that could be procured to put them on shore, and hastened to Pisa (about sixteen miles), to see the famous Cathedral, Baptistery, and *leaning tower* (may his grave be defiled who first invented the abomination!). I had better have followed their example; for, although there was no tide to disturb us at our moorings, there was the sullen ground-swell after the storm we had experienced in the previous night—the "*vagues mortes*," according to the expressive French term. The ship was kept in a dull, sluggish, continual roll, sufficient to discompose the head and stomach, with no danger to dignify distress, but with just movement sufficient to make calamity ridiculous.

It is, unhappily, a long time since I left my cradle, but, if I may trust those distant recollections of the resemblance in the motion, the existence of babyhood must be intensely miserable. The wind, however, is tempered to the shorn lamb, so, no doubt, the baby's brain and stomach are fitted to sustain the perverse kindness of parental stupidity, and endure even rocking without a squall. Among the causes of the alarming increase of population must undoubtedly be reckoned the abolition of cradles—swaddling clothes went first —then cradles—what is to come next? Surely advancing civilization will spare the human bark *the stays*, if not, God help the doctors; their vested interests absolutely require that stays at least be retained, or consumption will be so seriously diminished as to annihilate half their employment. Let it be borne in mind, too, that a mother, whose frame has been mutilated by stays, gives birth to sickly children, and then think what a large source of practice will be cut off, should the fashion change and women be allowed the full use of their lungs. We shall be in the position of inn-keepers superseded by railways.

What a comfort that the kindness of the Legislature still allows us the benefit of churchyards in populous towns, to establish, at every five hundred paces, a focus of disease and debility. The doctors have been up in arms all over the country, for these dozen years past, badgering the Government for *protection*, and

complaining that the interests of so august a body are not attended to. Shameful ingratitude! say I; look at the London churchyards and blush. Could anything but the most exalted benevolence towards our profession be a sufficient inducement to tolerate a nuisance that would disgrace the thirteenth century. Be grateful for the *rotten burrows* retained in spite of the Reform Bill, and eat your bread and cheese in thankfulness, for, should the Government once resolve to be guided by common sense and humanity it will be well if you get cheese to your bread, or bread to your cheese. They were not so merciful to inn-keepers and sheriffs'-officers. But let us return to the detestable "*vagues mortes.*" The effect on my brain has been to continue the impulse long after the cause had ceased; and now, at the interval of two days, I often start suddenly at the idea that I am falling off my chair. Our friends all came back quite delighted with an excursion from which I had expected no pleasure, so that there was additional reason for annoyance at the error of my choice.

The trip from Genoa to Leghorn was through such a storm as convinces me that seas have their jealousies, like other created beings, and that the little Mediterranean (like the frog in the fable) was making a very bold and tolerably successful attempt to rival the Atlantic. It was altogether a very decent performance, and deserves applause.

As far, however, as the genius of the Mediterranean had any design on me personally, I contrived, as Sam Weller says, to *circumwent* him, for I chose my birth as nearly as possible in the centre of the vessel, and lay transversely, with heels to the water, so that, without any profound knowledge of mathematics you see by this little stratagem my brains had the least possible motion, and I set at defiance rain, tempest, and lightning, in a profound sleep, the depth of which may be conceived, if my fellow-passengers told the truth, namely, that my satisfaction was audible in spite of the noise overhead.

The voyage from Leghorn to Civita-Vecchia made up for the annoyance endured between Genoa and Leghorn. If there had really been any rivalry between the Atlantic and Mediterranean, the latter had quietly given up the contest, and we were all enabled to enjoy a luxurious dinner and cheerful conversation. At Civita-Vecchia ("Shiver the weeks," as the English sailors call it) the *commissioners* of the diligence to Rome were on board the moment we entered the harbour, and I had the good fortune (as I thought) to be the first to engage the *coupé* for ourselves; two persons taking three places, being thus completely at their ease. The men, however, required the money to be paid down, in order to secure the seats, as there were so many applicants. Having complied with this demand, I took a boat and landed, with some difficulty, in a genuine Scotch *down pour* of rain. I had scarcely set foot on shore when a gang of male harpies, in the shape of very handsome young ruffians, from thirteen to eighteen years of age, seized the luggage—scrambling, screaming, bawling, kicking, struggling, and fighting to get hold of it; some of the larger articles were each in possession of two or three of the young bandits at a time, and such was the energy of the contests that I fully expected to see trunks, portmanteaus, and boys, all in the water together. Every one appealed to me to say that he was the first, and was sure "his Excellency" would not allow a poor boy to be cheated of his due. The profusion of 'Celenza, on all sides, was stunning, and, having neglected to lay in a stock of good round Italian oaths, I found it quite impossible "*tantas componere lites,*" and was therefore obliged to apply my whip freely to their hands, and succeeded in driving them off. Having cleared the space around me, I called the senior boatman and said, "Choose those you know, or those you prefer," and, in an instant, eight boys were loaded with the eight different articles, and were out of sight in a moment; some of the trunks were so heavy that it would have required more than one powerful man to lift them—how they managed it I cannot conceive—and other packages were so small that one boy might have carried half-a-dozen; I was assured, however, that the expense would be the same, and that I should find them all safe at the custom-house, where, on my arrival, eight francs were demanded for the eight parcels! for the carriage of them about an hundred yards.

When all were weighed I acquiesced in the proposition to put on the leaden stamps which were to make examination unnecessary, till we should arrive at Rome.

This was scarcely accomplished when the clerk of the diligence came to tell me that it was about to start; "load the luggage, then," said I—nobody came. In a few minutes the clerk came again to say they could not wait. I gave him the same reply—a third time the same errand and the same answer, and I added that if he came again with his stupid message before the luggage was loaded I would cut him across the face with my whip. The next moment coach, passengers, coachman, and clerk, were all gone, and I was "left alone in my glory." In vain did I appeal to the by-standers—one said it was not his business, another that he had nothing to do with the diligence, another that he belonged to the custom-house. I desired to be shown to the magistrate, or whatever authority might be at hand, but though several of the tradesmen of the town were taking advantage of the same shelter as myself, they all bore my disappointment with the greatest fortitude, and gave themselves no trouble. At last I recollected that there was, probably, a British Consul, and, having conjured with this name, raised a spirit immediately. The master of the diligence, who was also proprietor of the inn, came to offer a "*diligenza straordinaria,*" but thought it much better that we should stay all night at Civita-Vecchia. This I refused, and ordered out the coach immediately. The rain continued to pour down in torrents—my companion was housed, and I had requested him to keep quiet, as he knew not a word of the language, and could give me no assistance. I was soaked with wet. More than an hour passed in this manner, when, having exhausted every term of abuse I could think of, the landlord confessed that he had no "*diligenza straordinaria,*" but could give us a carriage, which would only cost five-and-twenty francs more. This being agreed to, the horses were, in about another hour, brought out, it having taken all that time to fasten on the baggage to the miserable vehicle which was to take us to Rome. Rain, still rain—torrents of rain. The luggage was so wretchedly fastened behind the carriage that I felt sure it would fall. Nothing could prevail on them to alter their stupid mode of tying with great chains

and pieces of wood to twist them. Remonstrances were all in vain, and I gave it up. Off we went—being promised to arrive in six hours at most, it being now three o'clock. We agreed to keep watch alternately through the little window at the back of the carriage, for we both felt quite certain of a downfall. Rain, wind, lightning. Such rain as I thought was only to be found between the tropics. It came in at all parts, and we sat in a puddle. The windows would neither remain shut nor open. That to windward soon smashed itself to atoms, and we took it by turns to hold up a cloak to the opening. In the midst of deluge and darkness, crash, bump, splash, down came all our heavy luggage into the road, and the noise of the elements rendered it almost impossible to make the postillion understand the accident, but a farmer in his cart just behind us, tumbled over the trunks, and at last made him hear. Pleasant catastrophe this; the united strength of postillion and farmer could not lift the trunks again, and our only resource was to stand in the road and bawl till some chance passenger should come to our assistance. At last some labouring men came to our aid, and, by the help of flashes of lightning, we were enabled to see how to replace the luggage, but we had nothing to fasten it with, so one of them was put behind the farmer's cart, and one behind our own vehicle, and the men walked after them to hold them up. This pleasant promenade lasted about two miles, the deluge continuing with unabated violence, and the darkness rather increasing than diminishing. We arrived at last at what would be called in England, a hedge alehouse, on entering which, a scene presented itself, such as we sometimes see in paintings. A great number of men, with the regular melodrama high crowned hats and short jackets, were deeply engaged, some at cards, some at moro, all vociferating with a fury as if they were on the point of cutting one another's throats. A blazing fire of vine branches threw a glare of light over a large barn-like room, and brought out in strong relief some groups that would have been worthy of the pencil of Wilkie. I did not half like my company.

We at last procured cords and straps, and when the trunks were once more fastened on I was assailed for money by half-a-dozen volunteers, as well as the farmer and the men who had accompanied us. The impudence with which every one fixed the amount of his own exorbitant reward, and the ferocity with which he insisted on compliance with his terms, made me again regret my want of Italian execrations. Not having enough money in my pockets to satisfy all demands, I gave the farmer (who was going to Rome) a note to be presented at the hotel to which we had been recommended—not thinking it prudent, in such company, to open my desk and take out a rouleau of Napoleons.

On again we went. Rain, rain, rain. Torrents of water across the road, which almost took the horses off their feet. Such roads—heaven and earth! even French roads are better. The Pope (as some one remarks with more wit than reverence) must be what he calls himself, God's Vicegerent, for the road to Rome is so like the road to heaven—narrow, difficult, and full of obstacles.

At last, at half-past eleven, we arrived at the Eternal City. No gradually increasing mass of houses announces the approach to it, but we come at once from open cultivated fields to the barriers of the town.

"Why! surely that beggarly hole in the wall is not the entrance to the Everlasting City?"

"Indeed but it is, Signor; that is the Porta Cavalligeri—a principal entrance, for here, close by, are the Vatican, and St. Peter's."

Long shall I remember it, for, at this vile hole in the wall, were we detained in a deluge of rain more than an hour, while the officer pretended to examine our passport and went with it to the police. No shelter for the poor horses nor for ourselves, not even an arch. The accuracy of the passport test was shown by the man not taking the trouble to ascertain whether my companion was man, woman, or child, or whether I had one or a couple. At last we were allowed to drive on to the custom-house. As we coasted a long range of gigantic columns on our left, which seemed to be interminable, we noticed that it was not a single row but a deep mass of them. On and on, still on—columns, more columns. We both, at the same moment, exclaimed, "a forest of columns!" It was one of the semicircular arcades which form the entrance to St. Peter's!

On we went to the middle of the town, to the old temple of Augustus, now degraded to the office of Dogana, or custom-house. Here we were again kept in the rain another hour-and-a-half—the poor horses who had come smoking in from the journey nearly half dead with cold—while the officers who had to be called out of bed for the purpose, went through a mock ceremony of examining our luggage, and at three o'clock, A.M., and not sooner, did we obtain permission to seek for shelter. Accordingly we came back in the same direction as we had entered, and found admission at a noble hotel in the Piazza del Popolo, the very extremity of the town, half dead with fatigue, hunger, and vexation; with the pleasant addition to our reflections that the friends whom we have been hastening after with so much trouble and expense, are all gone on to Naples.

Rest and food have, however, put us into good humour, and, after a copious breakfast, we are setting off to see the Lions.

CHAPTER III.

ST. PETER'S.—PIAZZA DEL POPOLO.—THE LAST HOUR OF THE YEAR.

I COME back from St. Peter's perfectly astounded at the magnificence of the interior. The first impression was that of calm admiration; the proportions are so perfect, there is such a one-ness (as the Germans might call it) in the structure, that the eye takes in and the mind comprehends the whole at a glance. This I cannot but consider, in one sense, a defect, and that the Gothic, with its vague multitude of parts, gives a more vivid sensation of vastness. It is not till you compare the diminutive figures of men and women with the objects which surround them, that you begin to be aware of the enormous magnitude of the building; St. Paul's might stand in the centre and leave a space of fifty or sixty feet all around it. The magnificence of the scene is overpowering: a comparison between the two cathedrals resembles, remarkably, the moral characteristic of the

two modes of faith—St. Peter's, like the worship for which it was intended, rich, gorgeous, imaginative, and imposing; St. Paul's, severely simple and devoid of ornament, bald even in its simplicity, rejecting the most legitimate aids to effect, and content to act by the mere influence of magnitude and proportion. Were I to carry the parallel further, it would, perhaps, offend both parties.

In St. Peter's, there is such a wonderful richness and harmony of colours, the taste which has presided over the whole is so perfect, that one wonders how a succession of men, of Popes and architects, could be found, first to conceive, then to appreciate and carry on, during a hundred and fifty years, a scheme so vast, and requiring so long a period for its execution. The gorgeous profusion of ornament and colour is all under the influence of so pure a judgment that nothing shocks and offends the eye; the whole is richness and harmony. There is no tawdry finery, such as inspires disgust in so many Catholic chapels on the Continent; no loathsome representations of filthy diseases hung up as votive offerings, no Virgin Mary in tawdry lace, with powdered head and hooped petticoat; no infant Saviour with white wig, green coat, red waistcoat, and blue breeches, as we so often see in Belgium; no absurd pictures of martyrdom, where compassion for the suffering is overcome by the ludicrous absurdity of the mode and attitudes. St. Bartholomew with his skin off, or St. Somebody with a hook fastened into the front of his body, and his bowels being wound off upon a reel, like a skein of worsted, as I saw it at Baveno, painted on the wall of the church; no violations of taste and decorum of this kind, but all grand, rich, majestic, solemn, and harmonious; each portion examined in detail is enough to excite wonder and admiration, and the whole inspires a sober delight and satisfaction at the noblest temple that man has ever raised to his Maker. I should pity the Jew, Mahometan, or Christian, who could contemplate such a work without a sensation of awe and admiration.

Here, however, must end my panegyric; the exterior is as inferior in beauty and effect to St. Paul's, as the interior surpasses it in both. I never look at the exterior of our own grand cathedral without intense admiration. Although unfavourably situated for the full influence of its beautiful proportions to be duly estimated, it is, even in this respect, far superior to St. Peter's, which cannot be seen from any point to give an idea of the whole. Mean and beggarly houses conceal the view till you arrive at the circular court, surrounded by the columns I have before spoken of. In the centre of this court is the great obelisk, quite out of harmony with the church and the immense fountain on each side. You must pass beyond these to get a full and uninterrupted view of St. Peter's, and then the western façade shuts out everything but itself. The top of the dome is just seen above it; but in consequence of the extreme clearness of the atmosphere, appears much nearer than it is, and, consequently, much smaller, from the absence of what painters call aërial perspective. Now, the effect of St. Paul's is enhanced by the mist which always envelopes it, and when it is seen from London-bridge at the sun-set of a fine day in summer, with the light shining through its turrets, and giving the blue haze of the atmosphere at that hour, it has always appeared to me the noblest and sublimest work of art in Europe, not excepting even the cathedral of Milan.

In the centre, under the dome of St. Peter's, rises the great altar, whose baldaquin reaches to the height of about ninety-five feet, and is supported by four twisted columns of bronze; the point is surmounted by a globe supporting a cross. This altar, at which the Pope alone officiates, cost, two hundred years ago, when money was of so much greater value than at present, a hundred thousand *crowns of gold*, of which forty thousand were expended in the gilding alone. Yet the bronze cost nothing, for it was taken from the Pantheon. The whole altar does not look very large, as compared with the church in which it is placed.

PIAZZA DEL POPOLO.

My windows look out on the great square (or rather oval) called the Piazza del Popolo. It is traversed in its shortest diameter by the thoroughfare called the Corso, and the four corners thus formed are four grand churches, very similar in architecture. In the centre of the place is a noble Egyptian obelisk, about eighty feet high, surrounded by four fountains. Each extremity of the oval in its longest diameter is occupied by a considerable semicircular fountain, backed by a splendid group of statues. Above those on my right hand, rise the famous gardens of the Monte Pincio, to which you ascend by zig-zags of sufficiently gradual acclivity to admit of carriages, thus forming a succession of slopes with balustrades. At the centre of each of the meeting slopes is a noble group of statues in *alto relievo;* the top of all is crowned by a beautiful Grecian temple, the roof of which is traversed by the public walk. Imagine all these objects distinctly visible at midnight, under a full moon, and the pavement, which has been effectually cleaned by the late torrents of rain, showing its beautiful pattern with a clearness that would enable you to count the stones. It is a most splendid view, and had we traversed it by daylight, must have given a vivid idea of the magnificence of the city we were entering.

I am now listening to a band of music parading the streets, like our "Waits" in the office of welcoming the new year, but rather different in the effect they produce; the performance is good, and the music excellent, and in harmony with the scene. I walk from the fire-place to the window, and back again from window to fire-place, oppressed with the multitude of thoughts that crowd my mind. All the inmates of this large house are retired to rest, and the interior of the hotel is as quiet as if it were uninhabited. I pity those who travel from Dan to Beersheba and cannot "get up a sensation." How often have I had to lament that my own feelings were too easily excited, and that either from contrast or from association there was always something painful to be extracted from the most innocent gratification. My mind seems to take a sort of periscopic view, not only of my past life, but of distant places and distant times; all that I have known, thought, suffered, hoped, or dreaded, rushes at once to the memory.

The cause of this crowd of emotions is too trivial to be named, and I should be ashamed to see it written down; but like the tone that "opens every cell where memory sleeps," it has raised the faculties to painful vividness.

Perhaps of all the senses there is none so intimately connected with memory as the sense of smell. The French and Italians use that word (sentir, sentire) to signify the perception of objects by any of the senses, as if the one were so emphatic as to comprise all the others. Every man must have perceived that the renewal of a forgotton odour has instantly brought to mind the whole scene where it first struck his senses. I remember a perfume which renewed, with the rapidity of a flash of lightning, events that had totally passed away from my recollection for more than forty years. Well, it is this which has, with a single flash, brought back scenes of youthful hope and vivid anticipations, of worldly success and happiness, long extinguished by the stern necessities of real life. I can easily conceive the feeling of holiness which impresses a devout Catholic at the odour of incense, associated as it is in his memory with the earliest impressions of his childhood, and with the awe and veneration he was taught to feel at the imposing ceremonies of his religion.

For five-and-twenty years I have always employed the last hour of December in writing down the reflections of the day—a sad reckoning, which, like the great Duke's annual Waterloo dinner, shows too distinctly a gradual diminution of the number of friends of my better years. Most of us have only to record an ill-spent and inglorious life. We have not done the good we willed; we have done the evil from which we had determined to abstain; we see foolish and unreasonable hopes as well as wise ones disappointed; plans laid with deliberation, and pursued with steadiness, abortive in their very nature, from the want of that foresight which is given to so few; generous hopes brushed away in the bud by the sordid cares of middle life; the impulses of our better nature neutralised by the more energetic follies of the merely human portion of our complicated existence, like the triumph of the Manichæan principle of evil over the good spirit appointed for our preservation.

Man passes his life in the incessant conflict of two fierce volitions, almost always opposed, but not always respectively good and evil. Unless his mind have been early subjected to sagacious and consistent discipline (to confirm the authority of that great central principle which makes him a responsible being) by moral and religious education, his own unaided efforts can do but little. While he depends on himself alone for counsel and guidance, he will only vary his errors, not correct them.

"We are sent on earth," says a worthy and pious friend of mind, "to see what we are fit for." Happily the same mighty power which has permitted us to be born with propensities to evil—that is, with a preference of immediate gratification over prospective advantage—has enlightened us to the true mode of obtaining comfort, and aid, and pardon.

Most happy are we when most convinced that our best laid schemes are frustrated for our own ultimate good; and we are brought at last to the sad but salutary conviction, that life is too short for the acquisition of any wisdom equal to that of entire and absolute submission to the Divine will.

> Wisdom, slow product of advancing years,
> The only fruit that life's cold winter bears;
> In vain the sacred seeds in youth we lay,
> By the strong storms of passion swept away.
> Should some remain deep in a generous soil,
> They long lie hid, and must be raised with toil;
> Faintly they struggle with inclement skies,
> And barely ripen as the planter dies.

How strange is the influence of anniversaries on some minds; yet, what is an anniversary? Is there more reason why our regret should be renewed at the end of a year than at the end of a month? Yes; a year is a large portion of existence, and when we have just dropped another bead of the rosary of life, we have a vivid conviction, that by so much is what remains diminished. A year! what a vast period does the anticipation of it appear to us in childhood; how short a span in mature age. When we begin to write on the blank page of life in youth, it seems as if we should never fill it: alas! at middle age, it is so scribbled over with blots and erasures, that we can scarcely find room for a new record.

My own feelings at this moment are, no doubt, the feelings of thousands of other men—deep regret for lost opportunities, and, at the same time, a conviction that, unless endowed with the gift of prophecy, the same circumstances would induce the same acts, and that I should only again remonstrate and repine at the discomfort of "the niche I was ordained to fill."

And now to wind up the watch for the new year—the old one has but a few minutes more of existence—will the next be more happy, or, at least, more tranquil? It is in the hands of Providence, and whatever it be, it must be borne.

Moments like these are hours; when the heart is full, and there is no one to whom we can unburthen it, and, therefore, do I thus vent myself in vague moralisings with the pen—

> "The ghost of past happiness sits beside me, and puts on the likeness of former days."

The clock is striking twelve, and I must cease my musings of, perhaps, morbid sensibility. Good night. I will only add, to one who can appreciate them, the words in which Byron has expressed a similar feeling:—

> Could I embody and unbosom now
> All that is most within me—could I wreak
> My thoughts upon expression—could I throw
> Soul, mind, heart, passions, feelings, strong or weak;
> All that I would have sought, and all I seek,
> Bear, know, feel, and yet breathe, into one word,
> And that one word were lightning—I would speak;
> But as it is, I live and die unheard,
> With a most voiceless thought, sheathing it as a sword.

CHAPTER IV.

ROME.—NEW YEAR'S DAY.

The effect of last night's painful meditations still remains. I have the same dreamy restlessness—the same feeling which Scott calls a "sentiment of pre-existence;" that is to say, a sensation as if all that I now see and think had been seen and thought by me on some former occasion. I suppose that there is no one who has not at some period perceived this confused mixture in his mind, as if a scene which from its very nature could never have been seen by him before, was only a repetition of one he had witnessed at some former indefinite period. Even the very words of a reply made to you by a stranger on a subject of only recent existence, will sound to the

ear as if at some former time the very same words had been addressed to you by the very same man, in the very same scene, and surrounded by the very same persons. A metaphysician will give this so abstruse an explanation that "the interpreter is the harder to be understood of the two." For myself I do not go *beyond physics* for that purpose, but account for it thus:—The mind is deeply absorbed in other thoughts than those of the scene before you, and at intervals the abstraction is complete; when it resumes attention to the present conversation, it is so vaguely conscious of the interval which has elapsed, that it is only aware of *the* FACT *of an interval*, and has no means of measuring the length of it; which may as well have been fifty years as fifty minutes, for any power that remains to compute it. This is a thing to bear in mind in the treatment of children, whom you may perhaps unjustly accuse of falsehood, when they make untrue assertions from the same confusion of mind.

Rome, Jan. 2.

The day before yesterday, I witnessed one of the most interesting ceremonies of the Catholic Church—a solemn service of thanksgiving for the blessings of the year then concluding, and a petition for mercies on that to come. The Pope officiates in the Church of Gesu, one of the most magnificent in Rome, belonging to the Society of Jesuits; who, whatever may be said of them, have furnished more examples of disinterested and heroic self-devotion, and have done more to promote the civilisation of the world, than all their other religious societies put together. This church is a noble building, in the form of the Greek Cross, and of the purest Corinthian architecture. It was so intensely crowded that I could not make my way to the centre, and was only just near enough to see the principal altar, which is excessively beautiful, ornamented by four fine columns of the rare and costly yellow marble generally known under the name of Giallo Antico; but the other altars at the different chapels are so splendid that the eye is embarrassed at the richness and variety. I was exceedingly struck with that dedicated to the founder of the Order, Ignatius Loyola; decorated with four columns, encrusted with lapis lazuli, and with bases and capitals of bronze; their pedestals, cornices, and the pediment they support are of Verde antique, on the front of which is a group of figures in such extremely high relief that they appear detached. This group represents the Trinity—strange subject—which to our Protestant eyes seems a profanation; but this is only a recent feeling among us; for the time is not long gone by when God and Jesus Christ were represented on our stage by living persons, who, with others in the character of saints and apostles, went through the miracles recorded in the Scriptures, to the great edification, no doubt, of the audience, whose devotional feelings were certainly not shocked by any idea of the profaneness of the exhibition.

"To the pure all things are pure;" and to men under the influence of strong devotion, no embodied representation, however gross, of their allegorical or figurative objects of reverence, excites a feeling of the ridiculous. I have been assured by Sir James Mackintosh that the gross object of Hindu superstition is contemplated by the natives with no other sentiment than reverence.

In the present day, even, we have so great a respect for works of high art on this subject of the Deity, that we pass, *sub silentio*, the irreverence—if it be irreverence. The representations of God the Father, on the gates of the chancel at one of the Colleges at Oxford (I think it is New College) are spared, from admiration of the artist's skill: and our National Gallery contains several paintings of the same subject, where certainly it has been the artist's aim (whatever may have been his success) to make the countenances worthy of the awful beings he would personify. The feeling of the painter must be rather a diffidence in his power of giving an adequate representation, than any doubt of the propriety of the attempt.

Nor is it easy to understand why these things should be objected to by those who take literally the expression that God made man "in his own image." For the explanation (which I have sometimes heard in the pulpit) that "his own image" meant not the *body* but the *mind* of man, will certainly not hold; since man is represented as formed at first only with the qualities of *innocence* and *ignorance*—not yet permitted *knowledge;* which it is said would be, and *was*, the effect of eating of the forbidden fruit. The uneducated mind requires some symbol or embodiment of his conceptions, without which the object of his devotion is too vague to concentrate his feelings. If he attempt to consider an Almighty Power independent of a positive *form*, his devotion is as vague as if it were addressed to Electricity, or the Principle of Gravitation.

But to return from this bootless digression, the subject of which has occupied the attention of the religious world for ages, and will probably be discussed as long as the Christian religion itself—I only introduce it here, to bespeak your indulgence for some things which have struck me in Italy, and which if a man come not here already a Catholic would certainly not aid in his conversion. Piety and sincerity, if combined with charity and good morals, will always be objects of admiration, however much one may be shocked as a Protestant at the uncouth representations of what we are bound by the thirty-nine articles, to call a gross superstition.

The interior of this vast church was covered with splendid tapestry, of which many of the subjects were executed with a skill equal to that of Miss Linwood, and had all the effect of the finest pictures. The immense arches were ornamented with curtains of crimson velvet and white satin, embroidered with golden stars. The very bold cornice supports a light railing; this was covered in its whole extent with crimson velvet, bordered with gold lace. The splendour of the Pope's procession was extraordinary; the profusion of gold, velvet, and plumes, the curious dress of the halberdiers, composed of vertical stripes of black (or dark blue) and yellow, however preposterous on the individual, make a splendid effect in the mass; the soldiers, the various officers of the court, the gorgeous habiliments of the great functionaries and visitors, and the rich silk dresses of the Cardinals, altogether produce an impression of the very summit of earthly grandeur: and then the music! five noble organs, and an ample choir of singers, with the sublimest harmony, altogether had

an effect on me almost painfully delightful. I have seen the monarchs of Europe at the head of their armies—I have been present at a review of six-and-thirty thousand cavalry in all the glories of sunshine—I have attended high mass on one of the grand days of ceremony in the Cathedral at Milan, under the great black tent which extends from the proscenium to the back of the high altar, one of the most impressive spectacles of theatrical devotion—but I have never before seen a pomp so effective as the scene in the Church of Gesu, at Rome, on the last day of the year. I was bewildered! The impression made on me by the ceremony I have just witnessed could not have been greater at the glowing age of eighteen, than now after the addition of almost forty years.

But in truth the impressions made on the young are rather sensations than ideas; and as the sublimest natural scenery produces little effect unless we can associate it with some heroic action arising from one of the three great sources of elevated emotion—patriotism, love, or devotion; so, till the mind is stored with recollections, such scenes as that in the Church of Gesu produce only the calm pleasure of the show.

One remark forced itself upon me. If these imposing ceremonies *even now*, when the world is called so enlightened, bewilder the imagination and confound the judgment of men who have been taught from infancy to despise them as idolatrous and sinful, what must have been their effect three hundred years ago? Whatever estimate we may form of Luther's moral character (and his deliberate permission to the Elector of Hesse to take an additional wife because his services to the true religion entitled him to the indulgence, a solemn permission to which his signature and the signature of Melancthon and the other leading reformers was attached)—whatever opinion we may form of his moral character, we cannot but wonder at his courage. It pleases God to make even the bad passions of mankind useful in bringing about great revolutions; and, independent of religious zeal, Luther was instigated by all the strongest passions of the human mind—love, hatred, revenge, rivalry, pride, and ambition, as well as fervent devotion, all acted in furtherance of the one great design. Nor can even a sincere Catholic deny that at the period of the Reformation the system was rapidly degenerating into the most degrading and brutalizing superstition. We must not compare it with the practice of the religion now called Catholic in enlightened countries, more especially in Protestant countries, where the presence of an overpowering majority of another sect makes every man cautious of drawing scandal on his own minority. There is not in the world a set of men more deserving of approbation than the Catholic clergy of England—and I know them well—their learning, their charity, their liberal and generous feeling towards other sects, and their unbounded devotion of every faculty to the service of their fellow-creatures, are beyond all praise.

THE COLISEUM.

We have been a round of antiquities this morning, and I come back disappointed. My mind is not sufficiently imbued with classical ideas and historical recollections to reconstitute the buildings whose "*disjecta membra*" lie before me. I cannot make up a mental picture out of the mutilated fragments which remain. The arches of Septimus Severus, of Titus, and of Constantine, the Column of Trajan, and the Tower where "Nero fiddled while Rome was burning," are exceptions; but, unless where inscriptions identify the objects, I have strong doubts of the accuracy of the names given; and can make out little from the remains of the Temples of Saturn, of Jupiter, of Vespasian, of Castor and Pollux, of Minerva and Vesta, and many others. It is rather presumptuous, however (on so mere a glance as I have yet taken, and with the objects all dancing the hays in my confused brain), to venture an opinion; and what I have said must not be taken as a true representation of anything, but of *the first impression made on me by the view of the objects*. When I shall have time to examine them more at leisure, the effect may be different.

One of these ancient structures, however—the Coliseum—so far from producing disappointment, greatly exceeded my expectations. I had seen views of it in innumerable variety, and more than one cork model (the best of all materials for giving a faithful representation of dilapidated buildings); but when I actually entered the arena, and looked round on the stupendous mass, I was struck with an astonishment approaching to awe. The level surface of the interior is covered with turf, and surrounded by a sort of small altars, called stations, each with a picture representing some passage in the life of Christ. These were erected to *consecrate* the spot, and preserve it from wanton spoliation; a wise and amiable feeling, which I was sorry to hear had been set at defiance by an English lady of high rank, who had brought a pic-nic party to dance Scotch reels in a place now dedicated to religion. This open defiance of the feelings of foreigners is of not very unfrequent occurrence among the wealthy travellers from Great Britain. It causes a strong sentiment of disgust and humiliation among their countrymen of better regulated minds, and excites unbounded indignation in the Italians; for even those of them who have no belief whatever in Christianity (and their name is Legion), still feel it a national insult. The sincere Italians speak of it as we should speak of a similar exhibition by foreigners in St. Paul's Cathedral, or Westminster Abbey.

The noble ruins of this vast amphitheatre are still so perfect in parts that one has no difficulty in completing the building in the imagination. The broken steps and arches are in every stage of picturesque dilapidation, and are almost covered with the well-known flower so common on our old walls, but here arriving at a size and colour which gives a green and purple hue to the whole mass of ruins, and forms a very beautiful ornament. A few goats had clambered up to the top of the walls, and were browsing on the scanty herbage which grew upon them; one, more especially, had placed himself exactly opposite the centre of an arched opening near the summit, and as his form was distinctly defined against the clear blue sky, the arch formed a sort of frame to the picture, and produced an exquisite effect: I regretted the want of skill to sketch the scene.

Those who possessed no other of the accomplishments of Alexander, could imitate his wry neck. I

have at least one point of resemblance to Sir Walter Scott; a twig or a flower gathered in a scene which has delighted me, will bring back the whole to my imagination after a lapse of years. I accordingly looked about for some one more agile than myself to climb the ruins, and collect some of these beautiful flowers. On applying to the Custode, he dispatched on the errand a little barefoot damsel, who scrambled along the broken arches, as nimble and as fearless as the goats, and soon returned with an armful, from which I selected the best, and rewarded her exertions with *a Paul*, to her abundant satisfaction.

The circumference of this great oval is stated to be more than 600 yards (1880 feet English), and its height 170 feet; so that you may form an idea of its magnitude, by considering that it is almost double the length of St. Paul's Cathedral, and higher than the gallery of the Monument. It is said to have held a hundred and sixty thousand spectators. When Titus had completed this enormous amphitheatre (begun by his father, Vespasian), he gave a series of spectacles therein which occupied a hundred consecutive days, and it is reported that on this occasion two thousand gladiators and five thousand wild beasts were sacrificed. Allowing the greatest latitude for exaggeration, the mind recoils with horror at the contemplation of such a scene of slaughter. I never was one of the "*laudatores temporis acti*," and every year serves more and more to convince me that the world has been, and still is, steadily improving. Things that I remember in my youth as objects of delight to the best-educated persons, would not now be tolerated by the populace. Bull-baiting, with all its indescribable horrors, throwing at cocks, tearing off the heads of geese, hung up by the legs to a string stretched across the road, and their necks soaped to make the hand slip, so that the poor animal was pulled to pieces gradually; these and other atrocities, which the decency of the present day does not even permit to be named, form a vivid contrast with the humanity which now prevails. The universal extension of the art of reading, it is true, now makes every act of wickedness known to the whole nation; formerly each man knew only those which immediately surrounded him. The great change for the better in the zeal and discretion of our clergy is, no doubt, both an effect and a cause of this great change in popular habits.

SISTINE CHAPEL.

Rome, Jan. 3.

If I were interested by the ceremony, on the last day of the year, at the Church of Gesu, I was the next day still more strongly excited, by two scenes of ceremonial devotion, forming such an extraordinary contrast, as cannot probably be paralleled in the whole world. My mind was too much bewildered by what I had witnessed, to be in a state to describe either the scenes or the sensations till now, and the one would not interest you without the other. To day, in a more composed frame of mind, and now that all the household is retired to rest, I sit down to describe the events, for the double purpose of affording you gratification, and of recording evanescent feelings which are sure to be effaced by others still more new, unless I put them on paper. How great a source of pleasure do we wilfully relinquish, by not keeping a Journal; when the habit is once acquired it is easily continued; some of us have never cultivated the easy art of expressing our thoughts on paper—some have no thoughts to record—and some are too modest to think their thoughts worth recording, and far the greater number dread, lest they should be seen by others. Could each man write a language known only to himself, and thus keep a memento of the changes that take place in his own mind and opinions, he might in a few years anticipate the experience of a long life; when he looked over the record of his false judgments of others, and when he saw the connexion between his own vices, and their temporal punishments, he would need no other monitor; a review of his past life, thus recorded, would probably be as distasteful as an examination of his books, to the man who knows himself to be insolvent. When we are, from any cause, compelled to reckon up either our sins or our debts, they are sure to amount to more than we expected. So as we dare not write down all our real thoughts (and not many of us all our actions), let us at least put on paper those which we wish to remember, and are not ashamed should be known, for although of each acquisition we are pleasurably conscious, we are only aware that our acquisitions are slipping away, when we suddenly want to use them, and then we marvel at how much we had forgotten, without being aware of it.

I went to day to the Vatican, but had no time to admire anything but the exquisite Sala Regia, across which the Pope passes, in going to his own private apartments, and where the public are admitted to receive his benediction *in transitu*. I had admission to the Sistine Chapel, where the Pope officiates on this day, in the simple capacity of Bishop of Rome.

The Sistine Chapel is so universally known, that it is only necessary to remind the reader that the ceiling represents the Creation of the World, and the whole wall of the further end of the chapel, the last Judgment,—both pictures by Michael Angelo. I was too much attracted by other objects, to pay any great attention to the ceiling, which it is besides very inconvenient to examine, at least by me, who turned giddy in stretching my head back, and there was besides, enough to occupy both eyes and ears within the compass of ordinary vision.

To this chapel you ascend by innumerable steps, leading from the right hand colonnade, at the entrance of St. Peter's. This grand staircase, lined with halberdiers and officers, has a fine effect. The chapel itself is oblong, with vaulted roof; when you have advanced about one-fourth of its length, a very high carved screen separates you from the body of the chapel, and beyond this screen women do not go. Here are seats for foreign ambassadors, and other great personages. On passing through this screen, a space of about fifteen feet is divided from the rest by a low railing, like that which protects the communion table in a church, and beyond this none is permitted to advance.

Standing in this place, on my left sat the Pope on his raised throne, dressed in robes of silver cloth, of dazzling newness, and a mitre of plain gold on his head. Drapery of similar cloth, high up against the wall, and falling in noble festoons on each side of his seat. Opposite to him was a very large projecting balcony, being the front of a recess or room in the

wall; this was filled with a body of singers, but no instrumental music whatever. The Cardinals in their rich robes of cherry-coloured satin, for it can scarcely be called strictly scarlet, were ranged round the chapel, each with his attendant in purple. A few of the Cardinals being members of certain religious orders, wore their Cardinal's dress of the colour of the robes of their order, white or purple—but all had the red cap, the distinguishing mark of their rank. Opposite to me the end of the chapel was entirely occupied by the great picture of the Last Judgment, the only offensive part of which (and it is so offensive as to be ludicrous), was concealed by a rich but sober altar; the ornaments, the covering and the immense drapery of which were of gold cloth, of the richest possible texture, and on the steps a few priests and others ready to officiate in the mass—can you picture the scene?

But what words can I use to describe the music; never till that day did I know its full power. Such an immense body of sound, such overpowering gushes of harmony. Every variety of voice blended into one delightful mass of concord, while one silver thread of melody, distinctly audible, ran through the whole, sometimes alone, sometimes mixed with the vast mass of sound—

> And in the charming strife triumphant still.

The exquisite sweetness of that voice still tingles in my ears, and will never be effaced from my recollection; in fact, the whole scene was so impressive, and produced so strong an excitement, that I could not have been induced to witness a repetition of it the next day. Those who have passed a life of agitation and anxiety can easily conceive the feeling.

> . . . . What mortal is not wrapt
> At gush of sacred song? Music divine, oh! where
> Hast thou derived such never-failing power
> To win the soul, and bear it on the wings
> Of purest ecstacy, beyond the reach
> Of every human care? A noble art
> To lift us from the Earth and fix us where
> A pure devotion with unsparing hand
> Pours on the Altar of the living God
> The hallowed incense of a grateful heart!

The voice which had attracted my notice and given me so much pleasure, I was afterwards told was that of a boy about fourteen years of age. Such voices are infinitely sweeter than those of women, but they can rarely satisfy the scientific ear; long before they can be cultivated to the extent that is even tolerated in a female public singer, the voice of the boy is gone. It is rare that when the change takes place he is even compensated by the possession of a good bass.

And now for my contrast.

CHAPTER V.

CONVENT OF ARA CŒLI AND THE HOLY BAMBINO.

The same evening I went to the great Church of Ara Cœli (altar of heaven), which occupies the site of the celebrated temple of Jupiter Capitolinus. It is at the top of the Capitoline hill, and you mount to it by some hundred of steps, as it seems. Attached to it is a convent of Franciscans. The church was crammed with devotees, who were lost in its immense height. The scene was striking, and it seemed as if I had gone back to a distant period, and three centuries had intervened between this and the delightfully sober and rational ceremonies of the Sistine Chapel. The greater part of the church was entirely dark, with here and there a solitary lamp to make the darkness more remarkable. From the middle, on the left hand, came a blaze of light, and the crowd were pushing, rushing, scrambling, and treading on each other's heels, to get a sight of the exhibition indicated by it. I inquired what was the object of interest, and the reply, from fifty voices, was, in a tone of awe, "the holy bambino!!" (baby). At last, with much difficulty, I succeeded in placing myself within view of the wonder. It was an unwieldy wax figure of a baby in swaddling clothes, lying in state, with a tin crown on its head and covered with glass beads and spangles. No Barthelmy fair show was ever so ridiculously contemptible and tawdry. There was the ass, the manger, the hay, Joseph and Mary, myriads of angels and archangels, God and the Holy Ghost, all cut in pasteboard, and painted blue, red, and yellow. The side scenes (for the whole was arranged like a theatre with concealed lights) were composed of angels and clouds. The effect on the spectators was evidently that of intense awe and veneration at the splendid finery of the tawdry "*babby*." It seemed to me, from the disjointed words that caught my ear, that, like the exhibition of the skull of *Cromwell when a boy*, not a few of them regarded the figure as *the real Jesus Christ when a baby!!* and as if they were quite ready to put to death any one who should dare to offer him an insult. Many of the first people in Rome were there to pay their adorations. I could not but think that there was a contest in their breasts between shame and devotion, at least such seemed to me the expression of their countenances. The whole of the theatre, with the infant Jesus, had much the effect of a confectioner's shop on twelfth night, but, as I placed my back to the side of the proscenium and looked on the earnest faces of the crowd shining in the light, the scene was very striking, contrasted with the dark space of the lofty church. By the side of the theatre a little girl, about five years old, was reciting, in a shrill and monotonous voice, anecdotes of Jesus when a child. This is a sad spectacle in the nineteenth century, yet even this is a recent reform. Formerly the holy Bambino was carried in procession round the town, and every one compelled to go down on his knees to it. The Pope has forbidden this, and, as Buonaparte said, the Franciscans are now compelled to *wash their dirty linen at home*.*

The Pope, I am told, is a zealous reformer, and has produced a great change in the habits of the priesthood; he is extremely rigid as to their personal character and zeal, and does not tolerate the slightest deviation from strict propriety. Every priest knows

* A Catholic might object to my censures on the ground that things, more absurd, ridiculous, and profane, take place daily among Protestants. This is certainly true, for I have myself witnessed, among some classes of Dissenters, as Ranters, Jumpers, and others, ceremonies so loathsomely blasphemous that the Bambino is rational by contrast; but it is to be borne in mind that these Romish ceremonies are by authority of the hierarchy, and not merely, like the others, the result of insane fanatical devotion, led on by roguery, among the lowest of the rabble. Had the vagaries of Joanna Southcot been sanctioned by the Bishop of London, the case had been wofully changed. It was let alone and it burnt out. Religious fanaticism is like gunpowder—the largest quantity, if left open, expends its force in a blaze and a stink, but compression will enable it to overturn everything.

that not merely his character but his income is at stake, and should the life of the Pope be spared yet a few years, he is likely to complete a great revolution in his church.

It seems to me that there is no office in the world which so imperatively requires the highest qualifications as that of Pope; he has to manage machinery which has out-lasted the state of society for which it was invented—he has to adapt it to a state of the world which could never have been anticipated by those who laid down its rules of government; at the same time that he dares not stretch his authority too tight, lest it should snap asunder, he must still keep up the belief in its invincible strength, by never exerting it but where he is certain to succeed. Then the management of the churches in the respective nations, requires such an intimate knowledge of the politics of each; and his subordinates in those nations so often solicit his aid for no religious object, but solely to further their temporal interests, that to act energetically, effectively, and safely, in all cases—to conciliate enemies—to encourage friends—to discountenance the bad without turning them into formidable foes—to promote piety and tranquillity, and keep up ecclesiastical authority, altogether demand an extraordinary combination of sagacity, discretion, and benevolence, which can hardly be expected to combine in any one man. The Ecclesiastics with whom I have already conversed, seem all of the same opinion as the French Bishop, and wait in joyful expectation of the glorious *re-Reformation* of England. They speak in warm terms of Dr. Pusey, notwithstanding his repudiation of Popery, which they believe to be only assumed to reconcile benighted Protestants to the reception of the true faith.

I said "If any union is to be expected between the Churches, you must meet us more than half way."

"*Much* more than half way, willingly," they replied. "Whatever has been established by human authority, may be changed by human authority; the abolition of the compulsory celibacy of the Clergy would be readily granted—everything but dogmas, which cannot alter; what was true in the beginning must be true to the end."

A few centuries are nothing in the life of a nation, and stranger things have happened in the world than this; but I think we may safely assert that no one now alive, will live to see it; however, the hope is a kind and good one, and as the Catholics leave Proselytism to their Clergy, there is not much danger of our "pugnacities" being again called into action. The present Pope is evidently inclined to act as moderator in the matter, and all Catholics seem to feel that by openly interfering they should only interrupt *the holy Reform, begun by Dr. Pusey,* and by exciting alarm they would run the risk of retarding the blessed consummation. Though I am far from attributing sordid motives to the dignitaries of the Romish Church, it is impossible but they must be aware of the immense advantage of such a "*Clientelle,*" as England would furnish, could the stream of religious fervour be turned into that channel: nor, whether they are aware of the bias or not, can they be entirely uninfluenced by the expectation of the advantages they would derive from such a result. Perhaps, were I Catholic, such is our readiness to believe what we strongly wish, I might entertain the same opinion; but with my present convictions it seems as impossible as to make rivers run up hill, or bring back yesterday. Time will show. In the meanwhile, it is some good that the hope of ultimate reconciliation begets a friendly feeling.

The office of Pope, though occasionally disgraced by bad men, has at least exhibited a full average of good ones. In this respect it will bear a comparison with any regal dynasty that ever existed. Could their influence be always exercised as it was exercised by Innocent the Third, it would be a happy thing for the world, if the present Pope were invested with equal authority, and equal power to enforce it. Innocent III. was the common father of Christendom, standing forth as the asserter of the violated laws of God! Wherever an act of tyranny or injustice was committed he was instantly prepared to rebuke the oppressor, and to enforce restitution. But, alas! in the present day men have no abstract hatred of tyranny and injustice. Each man has some favourite scheme of government of which he would promote the triumph; and whether Tory, Whig, Republican, or Radical, he looks with more interest on the tendency of an act to promote his own views of good than on the essential character of the measure itself. The Pope has no longer the means of interfering openly as a redresser of grievances; but must confine himself to the less honourable task of embarrassing the measures he disapproves by intrigue and stratagem.

(*To be continued*).

THE PHILOSOPHY OF THEATRES.

BY ANGUS B. REACH.

ENTWINED with how many delicious associations—with how many pleasant mysteries—with how many remembrances of happy evenings—of hearty ringing laughter, and, mayhap also, of tears, not of bitter anguish, but of a sweet, tender sadness—encompassed by so many and so different feelings, yet all of them in some sort pleasant, in some sort ennobling, or cheering, or purifying—who can look upon a theatre quite heedless, quite unmoved; who can gaze upon it, as he does upon any similar heap of bricks and mortar, and wood and iron; who is there but must feel that the mass is, as it were, pervaded by a subtle spirit of enjoyment—that there is some indescribable spell or charm continually haunting it, lurking in its every crevice, peeping out of its every window, current in its every dark passage and dusty cranny; who is there, in fact, who does not regard a theatre as a species of haunted, holy ground—sacred to intellect, to poetry, redolent of mirth and joyous thoughts and images, blessed by the good-will of thousands, to whom it has afforded pleasure and instruction, mingled up with childhood's first-remembered fascinations and longings; a place where all that is beautiful in art and ennobling in genius should have an abiding place and a home!

Sombre, and dim, and shapeless, may be the outside of the theatre, monotonous its windowless walls, and dead and torpid, apparently, when every place around, warmed into activity by the day's sunshine, swarms and hums, and becomes instinct with the bustle and the business and the enjoyments of thousand-phased humanity; cheerless, too, nay, almost repulsive, may be its interior, its gilding sparkling not, its painting tarnished and faded, or seeming so, if you look at it by day; if you stumble, amid the dusty gloom, through deserted seats, and empty, echoing galleries, watching the effect of the ray of sunlight which shines faintly, but, in a theatre, with an unnatural

glare, through the cracked, begrimed, cobwebbed glass of the high skylight, with a strange perversity revealing defects, not showing beauties; cheerless and forbidding this may all be, but the night is coming, and then the theatre has its turn—its triumph. Then, when all neighbouring places are shut up, and dark, and slumbering; when blinds and shutters have veiled light and cheerfulness from shining forth, or when the one is extinguished and the other mute and sleeping, then is the theatre in the acme of its glory; then does it glow with light, ring with merriment; then is every speck of its gilding bright as regal gems, every trace of its painting rich in colour, as though it came from Nature's proper hand; then does coarse, bedaubed canvass take the guise of clouds and fields, radiant with freshness and sunshine; then do cunningly-cut pasteboard and wiry gauze become flowers dripping with dew, and a circle of semi-transparent stuff, backed by a candle or a lamp, the pale, inconstant moon, shining in the blue profound; then is the charm at work, the spell powerful; then do we tacitly admit the metamorphose; and how pleasant it is to be so entrapped and lulled, and snatched away from our sober senses by music and honied words and high thoughts; then is the theatre powerful—omnipotent; then is its high destiny fulfilling!

Like the German dreamer, who all day mended shoes in a stall and all night revelled in sleep-built palaces, so is the theatre. By sunshine, dark, cold, powerless; but by night, a castle of enchantment, a place of miracles!

Fairies have ceased to come upon the earth, elves no longer give enchanted gifts—miracles of generosity, miracles of fortune, are rare. The world is cold and heartless, and business-like, and money-making; if we want romance, if we long for something away out of the ordinary routine of modern humanity, we must fly to the theatre—to fairy bowers and princely courts, to banquet with kings and emperors, or carouse with rude banditti. In the theatre cannot we do all? Cannot we transport ourselves to any nation, or waive back any age to display its men and its manners before us? Cannot we be in the Roman forum or in the Grecian camp, in the council of law of Venice or the secret tribunal of Germany? Cannot we see around us kingly halls, or gloomy dungeons, sunny smiling fields, or ruffian-peopled crags and caves? Can we not bring adventures the most thrilling, scenes the most exciting, personages the most lovely or the most terrible, before us? Cannot we mix ourselves in the changing drama, and by turns hope, fear, sympathise with, implore for? And how easy to do all this. You are in the street, a common, dirty, gaslit, modern street; you are surrounded and stunned by the rattle of ignoble vehicles, and by the chaffering and scolding—all the idealess intercourse of common every-day life; you look around, people are buying and selling, discussing the qualities of cheese or red-herrings, lounging or prying about, staring into garish shopwindows, or hurrying along, bent each on their own profits, to secure their own ends. All is heartless, common-place. "Oh," you say, "for some change, something to break the monotony—the cold, eternal round-about to which, now-a-days, humanity seems chained. Why was I not born when fairies were godmothers to good children; when enchanted castles were built up between sunset and sunrise; when men lived a life of adventure and poetical excitement? Why was I not, in fact, one of the heroes of the Arabian Nights, even although it was only a porter of Bagdad, or a one-eyed calenderer?" Well, your longings can be in some sort gratified. Here, step aside—follow me, this is the magician's cave—very warm—very light, you see, not at all uncomfortable, and pervaded by a fragrant odour of orange-peel, and just a suspicion of a gaspipe not quite air-tight. Deposit the offering, my good friend, here at this shrine. You see the cabalistical words, more potent than any sorcerer of old ever spoke—traced in golden letters, symbolical characters—"Pay here." This is the Tower of Danaæ—the key is golden.

Lo, the portals have flown open; gaze your fill and listen. Where now is that cold, drizzly, muddy, splashing street; those thousand faces, those thousand hats, those thousand coats—each so like each other, all so identical in expression, or rather in no expression? Where is the slip-shod, bald, disjointed chat on the weather, on the price of coals, on the quality of potatoes, on the utility of wearing flannel in cold weather, and thick-soled boots in wet, which has damped the poetic ardour of your mind, and rung in a ceaseless, unchanging tune upon your ears, for heaven knows how long?

Behold! you look upon enchanted towers, where Oberon and Titania, and the Premier Puck, are holding fairy council, or guiding fairy revel; or on the Forest of Ardennes, with outlawed monarchs and lords, who make the green woods ring with their sylvan chorus; or you gaze upon a moonlit balcony, and the fruit-tree tops of Mantua; or tremblingly into the dark night, and on a dim phantom of faded royalty hovering on the battlements of a Danish castle; or upon an unknown haunted isle, full of strange sounds and sights, monsters crawling on the ground, and sylphs flitting in the air; or, mayhap, you are still in merry England, only centuries have rolled back, and lo! the impersonations of the heroes, whose feats, or whose sufferings, or whose crimes have made history romance, and whose names you were taught to lisp almost as soon as those of your father and mother, are before you again, seemingly in the flesh, glittering in their armour, or gorgeous in their robes of peace, instinct with life, and hopes, and fears, as though ages and ages had not gone by, and generations had not come and gone, digging a vast gulf between the present and the past, as if Cressy had been fought but yesterday, or the crook-backed Richard had but just espoused the gentle Lady Anne!

And then what sounds to listen to! music—low and still and plaintive, or loud and crashing and warlike, thrilling through you, and warming into a fierce glow your cold blood; or, better still, words, sentiments, thoughts, coined and imagined by genius, stamped with its impress—now touching and tender, now passionate and rude, now bitter and biting, in irony's most cruel mood, but all fit to be remembered, to be treasured, to be laid up amongst a nation's proverbs, to be watched over and worshipped as some of her most sacred things.

What a change! how sudden, how complete, how wondrous! In good truth, is not the theatre a place of enchantment, of miracles—a place into which you can step out of the world of fact, and find yourself in the world of imagination, or of history?

And are these mere idle imaginings? "Yes," says a grim man of business, a surviving branch of the Scrooge family. "Yes, very idle, imaginary, and worse than idle, words. The theatre! all show and tawdry tinsel; the resort of silly, love-sick, dancing school girls, or apprentices, who have robbed their masters' tills, or of old fools, who ought to know better than to throw away their time and their money on such gew-gaw fooleries!"

"Yes, very idle and very wicked imaginings," says another voice—a croaking, whining, unpleasant voice, appertaining to the person of some dried, skinny fanatic, who would banish merry thoughts and merry laughter from the earth, who would proscribe light hearts as treason against heaven, and music as incense to hell; who, if he had his own way, as was well said of the whole race, would pall over the thousand varied glittering hues of earth and sky and sea with one dreary, all-pervading drab. "Yes, very idle imaginings, and sinful to boot. Should poor lost men ever indulge in such vanities; should they ever be cheated by such gauds? Is not the theatre the school of all immorality, and all profaneness, and its frequenters the carnal-minded, misguided of the world, as, indeed, is every single person, man, woman, and child, who does not think as I think, and practise as I preach!"

But to such we appeal not, such we respect not. To the old play-goer—to the man who has felt his inmost heart sink as the lovers of Mantua sunk to their cold last sleep together in the churchyard vault; to the man whose blood has tingled, and whose face has involuntarily flushed, and his eye sparkled with honest wrath, as Iago drugged with moral poison the soul of the noble Moor; nay, to him who, with his heart warmed, and his feelings allured to indulgence by the merry influence and the friendly intercourse of jolly old Christmas times, has issued forth from beside the crackling, blazing hearth, to sit and roar with hearty laughter almost till the tears came, over the mad pranks, the delicious extravagances of the pantomime;—to such men and women do we appeal. Is not the theatre what we have painted it—a delicious retreat, sheltering us for a few brief hours from all the gnawing, ordinary cares of humanity, softening the great struggle, of "how to make both ends meet," and sending its votaries merrier and wiser and better people to their beds?

We confess to a warm sympathy with your hearty old play-goer. Charles Lambe—racy, honest, delightful Charles Lambe—has sketched the feeling. Give me, says Elia, with his half-serious, half-joking contempt for aught save a town life and town habits; give me a look at a score of honest, happy, anticipatory faces waiting for the opening of the pit door at Drury Lane; such a sight is worth all your stupid pastoral sheep and lambs in creation.

These are not the delicious essayist's words, but they embody his meaning. And Lambe was much in the right.

We have often thought that same waiting at the door—albeit, some of our neighbours generally pronounced it a bore—not an unpleasant time. It is a period of hope and anticipation; eager questions are put, half-laughing guesses are made, jokes and small bonmots go round, particularly at the expense of the young gentlemen next the door, who seem to think it a religious duty not to be by any means neglected, never to leave off kicking for a moment at the battered old panels. Then people whose arms are forcibly pinioned by the pressure of the crowd make frantic attempts to fish up play-bills from the depths of their pockets, or are visited with divers ominous forebodings of being tumultuously crushed past the money-taker's box before they can get at their cash, and of their being ruthlessly turned back by the check-taker, or, in the present instance, the check-giver. Then comes the movement, the crush, the half-laughing screams of girls separated for a moment from sisters, or, still direr calamity, from sweethearts; the rattling of money on the window-sill, if we may call it so, of the sentry-box, at the hole of which we observe two hands sweeping away the cash with marvellous activity, and giving battered bits of tin, or greasy bits of pasteboard for bright ringing silver, and whose possessor we pity, because he cannot, too, go in to see the play; and then the scamper along the almost unencumbered passage—the momentary hesitation at which door to enter the pit; and then after this difficulty is happily overcome, the delicious embarrassment, the rapid council of war, as to where we are to station ourselves, where we shall neither see nor hear too much or too little.

What a capital picture of the opening of the theatre is that in the imitation of Crabbe in the "Rejected Addresses." We never take our station, either in pit or boxes, that we do not think of it, and inwardly quote

> While gradual parties fill our widened pit,
> And gape, and gaze, and wonder, ere they sit.

And then when they do select a squatting place, as a Yankee would say, it is curious to observe how people rise, take a deliberate survey of the house, prophecy whether it is likely to be a full one, declare that they don't see a face they know in the boxes, and then turning towards the stage, wonder what is become of the orchestra.. "Near seven, my love; the overture ought to be half through by this time." And then when the musicians have made their appearance, emerging, one by one, from some dire cavern under the stage, the mysteries whereof are second only to those of the "behind the scenes;" and after the torture of tuning has been stoically undergone—listen again to the counterfeit Crabbe:—

> Now all seems hushed—but no—one fiddle will
> Give, half-ashamed, a tiny flourish still;
> Foiled in his crash, the leader of the clan
> Reproves with frowns the dilatory man;
> Then on his candlestick thrice taps his bow,
> Nods a new signal, and—away they go!

During the overture, the audience are worth watching; musical people listen; intensely musical people beat time—wrong, very often, and inform their neighbours what the overture is; and non-musical people talk unconcernedly, and think the sonorous preface would have been much better omitted, and only gather themselves up, and prepare for listening by the usual, but curious, process of clearing their throats, when the tremendous rate of speed to which the music seems to have been struggling for five minutes to attain, is at its maximum, and when, amid a full gallop of drums, trumpets, fiddles, and horns, the tingling chime of the bell just makes itself heard, and the curtain rises at last!

In the audience portion of a large English theatre, the pit is always the most interesting to the observer.

The boxes are too often tenanted by people whom conventional usage has drilled into a genteel appearance of indifference, who seem to think that they ought not, at all events, to appear to feel, and who handle bouquets and opera glasses, with a charming *laissez aller* air, and think that it shows a high-bred impassibility of demeanour to look at tragedy or comedy with the same ordinary dining-out expression of indifference. Hence, this class of play-goers think it vulgar to laugh honestly or cordially out, or to applaud heartily and cheerfully with voice and hands. Not that we mean to say that they are a bit less insensible to the beauties of either actor or author than their more unceremonious neighbours; but they are trained in that artificial school of society which inculcates the imposition of a constant guard upon impulse, and smooths down all appearance of individuality under one conventional guise of quiet similarity of manner.

Turn we, therefore, to the less-restrained pittite, and let us scan him in a few of his ordinary developments.

There is the old play-goer—a stout, pleasant-looking, elderly gentleman—with a bright eye and a merry smile. He looks quite at home, and so he ought; for almost half a century has he been a frequenter of Drury Lane. He exchanges a familiar nod with the leader of the orchestra, and seems to be on terms of confidential intimacy with the old apple-woman. Many and many a tearful scene has he seen upon that stage, and many a merry one; and yet he is hardened and callous to the influence of neither the one nor the other. Your true, good-hearted, sound-headed man never becomes *blasé*. For example: here is our friend the old play-goer—he watches the progress of the piece with as much anxiety—looks as touched at the touching, and laughs as loudly at the funny passages—albeit more than one of the jokes are venerable as himself—as if he were a fresh-hearted boy home on the holidays. And yet he confesses—if you draw the old gentleman out—that matters theatrical are not what they were long, long ago, when he was an urchin. "No, no, Sir," he says; "the days of the Siddons, and the Kembles, and the Youngs—those were the days—those were the actors—those were the times. Then, indeed, it *was* worth while to go, trudging through the wet streets, and pressing through the crowd at the door, to pass your evening; but now"—and the old gentleman shakes his head. Yet, for all this, he is pleased, well pleased, with what he sees; he thinks it only right and due to departed excellence to grumble; but he has a happy, accommodating heart; he loves the play. He may grieve over its fallen state, but he finds much good in it even in its abasement; and he is hearty, and has good hope for the future. He will not protract the conversation a moment after the curtain rises; no, although he has seen the play times without number; for he still enjoys it, and he knows that there are others who would regret the losing of a word. No; he listens all through the act, sometimes rubbing his hands with pleasure, anxiously watching for an old-remembered point or situation, and clamorously delighted when it comes; and then when the curtain falls, he is away again in a moment to old times; contrasting old names with new lights; shaking his head dolefully; repeating that there is nothing on the stage so good now as there was once; and, after all, when the curtain rises once more, showing just as much pleasure, and manifesting just as much interest, as he could possibly have evinced in the golden age he loves to talk of when Old Drury was in being, and George the Third king.

Near the old play-goer we observe a family party. There is the papa, an honest tradesman, probably from some distant suburb; and the mamma, a worn, pallid little woman, yet good-natured-looking withal, whose existence is taken up in one dull round—yet still not dull to her—of nursing, and washing, and cooking,—and mending the clothes, and minding the shop. The children sit between them, and on each side of their parents; little gaping, staring wonderers; all questions, all vociferation, all open-mouthed marvel. It is evidently a high holiday. It has been a long time promised—a long time looked forward to; and great has been the consultation of bills and advertisements, and speculations as to whether there would be a late omnibus when they came out, ere the day and the theatre were finally fixed and determined upon. The old folks enjoy the play—you can see that—but not without some inward misgivings. "Father" fears the children are troublesome; they ask too many questions; more, indeed, than the good man can answer; and "Mother's" thoughts alternate from the banquet scene on the stage to the hot supper preparing at home—for there is to be a grand hot supper—none of your bread-and-cheese affairs—and which she feels a horrid presentiment is spoiling, "all along" of Jane having taken advantage of having the house to herself to gossip with the baker's man, who is "keeping company" with her, at the top of the area stairs. But the evening passes merrily. The old play-goer answers half the questions of the children; informs them that that is not a real king, and that the man killed by the tyrant is not really killed, and that they must not by any means call out to order the assassin with black moustachios to let go the young lady; and gives them, in fact, an immensity of *sotto voce* information. And this is not all; so agreeable is he, too, to "Father," that they take a pinch out of each other's snuff-box, with mutual commendations on the mixture; and finally our first friend expresses such an anxiety for the youngest boy to see over the bonnet of that lady in front, and remarks with such decision that Tom is a most intelligent child for his age, that "Mother," in a flutter of delight, is taken with a strong impulse to ask the old gentleman home to the hot supper. Perhaps she does, and perhaps he goes.

Who has not read Leigh Hunt's description of the servant girl at the play. Poor thing! such bright evenings are very, very rare with her; yet they do happen sometimes; and then, oh, does she not enjoy them! To her all the acting is equally good—she is pleased with everything. She wonders how people can be so ill-natured as to find fault; she thinks it all beautiful; the ladies so pretty, and the gentlemen so handsome. And then the dresses! Goodness gracious! what silk and velvet! and real silk and real velvet! She couldn't have believed it. Well, well, what a many fine things there are in the world! She follows the fortunes of the lovers with as much intense anxiety as if the map of her own destiny were being traced before her. She weeps for

their mishaps, good soul! and smiles through her tears at her own weakness; and then when they are united, after Heaven knows how many difficulties and dangers, does she not applaud? ay, and with right good will and a happy heart. Ah! so—she calms her transports a little. Well, it was an excellent play—a beautiful play. They may say what they like, but so it was, and so she'll maintain. Then, after having delivered this opinion to her companion, "Cook," and having obtained that fat and worthy lady's cordial assent, the two produce a snug packet of sandwiches, or at least half a dozen apples, and proceed to make an extempore supper; varying this pleasing process by severe criticism or admiring ejaculations prompted by the dresses of the ladies in the boxes.

Our sketch of pit characters would hardly be correct were we to omit that young gentleman with long hair and a thick stick, who is gracefully leaning over the barrier which separates the orchestra from the pit, pretending to be reading the music of the second violin, and chatting occasionally with the first flute. He is a very theatrical young gentleman. He knows all about the secret tactics of the stage. He is in possession of a wonderful stock of information touching the private lives, manners and customs, habits and peculiarities, of actors and actresses, the latter of whom he always designates by their surname, as "Glover," "Faucit," and so on. He knows of every new piece long before it is in the bills; in fact, he would scorn to draw his information from such common sources as these veracious documents. "Behind the scenes," as he gives you to understand, is no mystery to him; only he prefers being in front to observe the effects. He has a peculiar stock of knowledge about dramas. He does not affect much profound critical lore, but he can tell you to a nicety when such and such a farce was produced, what was the cast, how long it run, and how much it drew. He is intimate with various actors, reckoning in his dramatic acquaintance three heavy fathers, five walking gentlemen, two performers great as banditti or smugglers, besides being on bowing terms with a harlequin, and having, in the course of his experience, twice shaken hands with a clown. This young gentleman can tell you confidentially the real reason of the success or non-success of such and such a management, or the true and private cause why the Licenser refused to yield his gracious consent to the production of such and such a melodrama. He appears to come to the theatre not so much to see the play as to take care that it be properly acted; and breaks off in the middle of a story, not yet in the Sunday papers, of what the manager said to the prompter, and what the stage-manager thought of the prompter's reply; because he suddenly recollects that he has an engagement to supper with Jobberson, at that moment enacting a sanguinary baron at some theatre over the water.

By day this species of gentleman is to be found haunting stage-doors like a troubled spirit, pretending to be waiting for somebody who don't come; and ever and anon, as he walks past, casting a prying, lingering look into the dark recesses, into which and out of which divers ladies and gentlemen inclining to seediness are continually seen entering or emerging.

And truly it has its attractions, the "stage door;" not, perhaps, physically speaking, for the entry is generally dirty, and has a dark, cobwebby look. Moreover, it is often situated in a dark, out-of-the-way, dirty street, and has no sort of affinity with the portico and pillars of the main front. You would not think that it had anything to do with a theatre, unless you were told. Theatres always carry a sort of holiday look about them; you feel it in the box-lobby, even, and cannot help thinking that the box-keeper is not a mere ordinary, common-place clerk, but that he is within the magic circle, as it were; pervaded with dramatic attributes; and is, in fact, only playing at the mechanical duties of his office for his own recreation. But there is none of this feeling connected with the stage door; it is quite a place of business—ordinary, every-day sort of business. Pot-boys continually haunt it, carrying dinners in and out at all hours, as if each of the inmates had a solar system of his own, and was consequently obliged to fix his own dinner hour without reference to ordinary habits and customs. The number of pots of porter, also, which pass in full and out empty, leads one to the conclusion that there is a brewery somewhere in the neighbourhood set up for, and supported solely by, the establishment in question. You remark upon the number of people with canvass caps and shirt sleeves, none of the cleanest, who abound, and would be surprised if you knew what a wise-looking body of senators they occasionally form in the "Merchant of Venice." Now and then, also, you may see hurrying down the street, and passing rapidly into the dingy interior, among porter-pots, paper caps, shirt sleeves, and all, girls in ones and twos; some of them pretty, all of them pale, wan, and yellow-looking. They are almost invariably muffled in cloaks or old shawls, not over thick or over new, poor things! but they strain them closely round their forms, for the forenoon is lowering, and chilling, and damp; and, pulling their dingy green veils over their faces, hurry by with a quick, anxious step. The street is muddy and wet, and as your eye rests upon the well-turned little feet which pick their way along, you are concerned to see more than one of them not over well shod. The boot was neat once, and so is the foot now, but it must be cold and soaking. Poor things! they seem to struggle hard to keep up a little appearance; but they have a sad, worn, exhausted look, telling of late hours at nights and early risings in the mornings, and a long, long day's work between.

Well, but what are they? Why, fairies! sylphs! sea nymphs! The gay, rosy, smiling, bounding troop, with gauze wings, and white wands, and wreaths of fairest flowers, who seem to sail across the stage as buoyantly as birds of paradise, or dance in fairy revels, or mount upwards in triumphal chariots, or sink smilingly into deep caves, or circle in mystic rounds, with floating drapery and witching smiles and motions, which are love, and gentleness, and purity themselves; as their queen waves her star-tipped wand, and then as to gentlest, lowest music, they finally bear her away amid clouds and rolling vapour, as if to renew the revels in a higher sphere!

And these are the fairies of the spectacle! Yes; night was always the time for seeing the fairies. In that respect alone fairies have not changed. You can hardly believe it, they appeared so angelic, so free from mortal grossness. Who could have imagined the queen of the sylphs darning stockings; or Titania

cooking a chop upon her own account, or speculating upon the practicability of turning her old bonnet once again.

It is through the stage door you get the first intimation of "Behind the Scenes," of theatrical semblance and theatrical reality. And do not think the worse of the theatre, because between the two there is a gulf fixed. So there is in real life: we are always either on the stage or behind the scenes. We try to please other people in the one situation, we try to please ourselves in the other. The people of this world are a "keeping-up-appearances" people. Mr. and Mrs. Jones give a ball, a handsome affair, as fine as lights and music, and silks and laces, and smiling faces can make it. Mr. and Mrs. Jones are all affability; one would have thought that their mission on the earth was to give balls and nothing else; they appear to do it so willingly, so happily, so naturally: Mr. and Mrs. Jones are on the stage. For the next month they must screw a pinch to make up the expense; cold leg of mutton and grumbling, instead of *paté de fois gras* and affability; sour looks, cross words, sullen deeds: Mr. and Mrs. Jones are behind the scenes.

"What a handsome man, to be sure—how like a hero—that Colonel Coldstream." All padding, Madam; no man is a hero to his valet. "What a lovely creature—what a complexion—such an angel, that Miss Flushington." All paint, Sir; no woman is an angel to her maid! Vanity of vanities—behind the scenes—and before!

But because the stage is fictitious in its essence, because its fairies are poor girls hired at ten shillings a week, because the sparkle of its diamonds is but counterfeit, and the king of this hour will sink into the private citizen of the next; it is not untrue or deceptive. The maxims it may teach, the sentiments it may instil, the poetry it may breathe, are true in their essence—lasting and potent. And it is but seldom that it abuses its power. We may sometimes laugh at its failures, at its oddities, at its funny conventionalisms; but even in the most outrageous melodrama, most redolent of blue fire, and most abounding with desperate combats, most full of brigands, and smugglers, and outlaws—all dressed as stage brigands, and smugglers, and outlaws—have been from time immemorial, and all talking as these gentry have talked since they first formed regular appurtenances of the minor drama; even in the midst of all this fustian, we continually see the amiable lover rewarded, and the ruthless persecutor put down in the end. The lesson, perchance, may be a gross one, unskilfully conceived, but well-meant; and it is well taken, too: audiences, as such, always and instinctively side the right way; their judgment, as critics, may often be at fault; their sympathies, as honest men and women, never. Your playgoer is a good man; he can laugh and he can cry: bad men seldom do either. A gentleman who would have no objection to whip a knife through his neighbour's ribs, does not relish seeing the operation performed in mimicry on the stage; he shrinks from the black shadow of his counterpart. Men and women who live by fraud, and plunder, and lying—who batten on the spoils of simplicity and honesty, wrung from their grasp by cunning and low mean arts—people who lead filthy, grovelling lives, without hope and without aspiration, without yearning for what is right and true-hearted and pure—such creatures do not frequent theatres. They would be taught there lessons which they relish not—which they neither do, nor would wish to understand. They could take no part—unless, indeed, the witchery of the scene for a time charmed them out of their bad selves—they could take no part in that absorbing interest and delight with which an honest audience watches every step of the complex web developed before them; rejoicing and applauding with sound hearts and ringing voices, at every escape from peril—every successful achievement of a man struggling with oppression, and battling manfully for his rights: and who—who ever heard the mighty heartfelt shout which so often rings and re-echoes from pit to gallery—coming from the heart and going to the heart—when in the end, by one great master-stroke, the BAD is struck down, and the GOOD soars aloft triumphing—who has ever heard this, and believed not in its true leal honesty; and had not all faith in the good hearts, the right feelings, which gave it birth?

Yes, the hearty cheer and loud-beaten applause, which we often hear in the theatre when a great truth is uttered—a sharp and needed rebuke inflicted—a stinging cut struck into cant, or vanity, or hypocrisy, is a good wholesome sound, and one that puts us in good humour with humanity.

Yes, to evoke what is good in our hearts—to summon forth the holy spark which often lurks there unseen, but still unquenched—to make us feel that, despite the cold selfish crust which long struggling with the world, and experience of its hollow ways is too apt to encumber us with, that at bottom the well of heart is still bright and gushing, and that its waters can still leap forth, sparkling and fertilizing—to prove all this, often, very often,

The Play's the thing!

MUSINGS OF A WANDERER.—No. VI.

NEAR to the Chilidonian Islands once,
I found sweet water 'mid the bitter sea,
And 'gan to ruminate that so we meet
Flow'rs in the wildernesses; in the hives
Of angry wasps a store of honey kind,
And 'mid the fiercest beasts affection fond
For their own progeny! 'Tis we alone
Who war against our fellows without ruth,
And nurture savage rancour unprovok'd!
There is no charity in natural man;
He must be educated in some laws
Of holy principle, before he can
Have aught consideration for his kind!
This is Religion—left unto himself,
Man is not better than the wolf or bear!

W.

YOUNG ENGLAND AND OULD IRELAND; OR,

SOMETHING STRONG AND SWEET FOR THE CUP OF POVERTY.

BY DOCTOR O'TOOLE, T.C.D.

> Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
> Their homely joys (?) and destiny obscure;
> Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,
> The short and simple annals of the poor. GRAY.

NOT very long ago, Young Englandism was sneered at by the cold of heart, and the canters, and those veriest of all quacks, the half-educated political economists. It was even placed in the category of popular delusions by those who are not afraid of looking beyond their noses, nor of being called fools for wishing that heart had a great deal more to do, and head "the smallest trifle in life" less, with the affairs of the world than at present. The number of these latter—the wise and the good—is not commensurate with the growth of blackberries. Their opinions, therefore, are worth something. In this case, however, they did not hit the nail on the head when they deliberately and solemnly called Young England a humbug. Nor was this term applied in the absolute spirit of discourtesy. Humbug is no longer a vulgarism. It is of common use and observance in parliament and at the bar. Even into the church has it crept a considerable way—up the aisle, and into the pulpit. It is divided into two classes, those who mean badly, and go shrewdly towards carrying out their evil intentions, and those who mean well, but go the wrong way about it. The one deserve an hour or two for the good of their health and morals amongst the gentlemen in trouble at the wheel; the other claim mostly our pity, and sometimes challenge our admiration. Who has pitied without sometimes admiring the crack-brained, but gentle, knight of La Mancha, in his romantic mission to bring about the chivalrous days of old?

A blank banner has few followers now-a-days, although it be as white as a bride's petticoat, the newly-drifted snow on a Christmas morning, or innocence itself. A naked man may swim in the sea, and dive as well as the Sicilian; but *he'll catch no fish*.

Young England started with a deal of benevolence, but we looked in vain for the practical beneficence by which man, individually or collectively, ought to be judged. He showed no broad principles with which men of plain sense and of as good feeling as himself could grapple. At first, Young England showed no principles at all. Those which he has at length shown have been developed by time and unexpected circumstances, as, from these very causes, new bumps are brought forth on men's skulls, according to the doctrine of the phrenologists. The new, perhaps more properly speaking, the renovated philosophy was a very unpromising speculation at first—a suggestion at best thrown upon the waves—a plunge with good heart midway into the waters, even the waters of worldliness, and, as it swims gallantly towards the wished-for shore, men and women, old and young, stretch out their hands to assist and welcome it.

There appears at length a great deal of good sense as well as good feeling in the new movement which has electrified the provinces. It is a movement of the head and the heart in the right direction.

All that pretty prattle preliminary about maypoles and holidays for the poor was small comfort and consolation for hard labour and half-starvation wages. For downright hunger, and no employment whatsoever, it was rather an Irish remedy. In one of our old glees, a man dances in the future tense and his wife sings. Very proper, and very natural; and, old bachelor as I am, I like the notion amazingly by this or any other legitimate means

> To drive dull care away.

Thus to drive away hunger, which produces very dull care indeed, and despair into the bargain, is quite another affair. Do you think you could bring Time to a halt with the nightingale-notes of Jullien's flageolet, or drive back Old Ocean with a *pas seul* by Carlotta Grisi?

> The waves if advancing
> Shall steal o'er our track,
> Thy white feet advancing
> Shall chase them all back.

This may do very well for the "Evenings in Greece," from whence the graceful quatrain is quoted; but "English Nights' Entertainments," in the rural districts, are of another and an unpoetical complexion. Poor Paddy, the child of poetry, dances, to be sure, through his long holiday, half the year round, on his meagre potatoe—God help him!—with a grain of salt, or a noggin of buttermilk, now and then, by way of a luxury. John Bull knows better than that. "Dusty Bob," or Drops of Brandy, or the Polkamania, or some other fit of double-shuffle enthusiasm may now and then stir up our phlegmatic friend, but it must be in a season of prosperity. Things must be going on "all right" before he indulges "on the light fantastic." Most undoubtedly, John never shakes a merry leg whilst there is a wrinkle in his stomach.

By the by, this amusing system of assuaging the pangs of hunger, is not entirely and exclusively Irish. It was tried first in the East, and was in every way worthy of Oriental imaginations.

Ἐπὶ Ἄτυος τοῦ Μάνεω βασιλέος σιτοδηίην ἰσχυρὴν ἀνὰ τὴν Λυδίην πᾶσαν γενέσθαι· καὶ τοὺς Λυδοὺς τέως μὲν διάγειν λιπαρέοντας· μετὰ δὲ, ὡς οὐ παύεσθαι, ἄκεα δίζησθαι· ἄλλον δὲ ἄλλο ἐπιμηχανᾶσθαι αὐτῶν· ἐξευρεθῆναι δὴ ᾧν τότε καὶ τῶν κύβων καὶ τῶν ἀστραγάλων, καὶ τῆς σφαίρης, καὶ τῶν ἀλλέων πασέων παιγνιέων τὰ εἴδεα, πλὴν πεσσῶν· τούτων γὰρ ᾧν τὴν ἐξεύρεσιν οὐκ οἰκηϊοῦνται Λυδοί· ποιέειν δὲ ὧδε, πρὸς τὸν λιμὸν ἐξευρόντας· τὴν μὲν ἑτέρην τῶν ἡμερέων παίζειν πᾶσαν, ἵνα δὴ μὴ ζητέοιεν σιτία· τὴν δὲ ἑτέρην σιτέεσθαι, παυομένους τῶν παιγνιέων· τοιούτῳ τρόπῳ διάγειν ἐπ' ἔτεα δυῶν δέοντα εἴκοσι

*ἐπεί τε δὲ οὐκ ἀνιέναι τὸ κακὸν, ἀλλ' ἐπὶ μᾶλλον ἔτι βιάζεσθαι, οὕτω δὴ τὸν βασιλέα αὐτῶν, δύο μοίρας διελόντα Λυδῶν πάντων, κληρῶσαι, τὴν μὲν ἐπὶ μονῇ, τὴν δὲ ἐπὶ ἐξόδῳ ἐκ τῆς χώρης. καὶ ἐπὶ μὲν τῇ μένειν αὐτοῦ λαγχανούσῃ τῶν μοιρέων ἑωυτὸν τὸν βασιλέα προστάσσειν· ἐπὶ δὲ τῇ ἀπαλλασσομένῃ. τὸν ἑωυτοῦ παῖδα, τῷ οὔνομα εἶναι Τυρσηνόν· λαχόντας δὲ αὐτῶν τοὺς ἑτέρους ἐξιέναι ἐκ τῆς χώρης, καταβῆναι ἐς Σμύρνην καὶ μηχανήσασθαι πλοῖα, ἐς τὰ ἐσθεμένους τὰ πάντα ὅσα σφι ἦν χρηστὰ ἐπίπλοα, ἀποπλέειν κατὰ βίον τε καὶ γῆς ζήτησιν.**

So much for public pastimes as a cure for the bellyache, which ended after all in an extensive system of emigration. With all my heart let us try them however; let us encourage the poor and lowly to dance and sing away, to bat and bowl, pitch the bar, wrestle, and "jump o'er anywhere." I would even, dangerous as it may appear, let them into the secret of fancy fireworks at their village festivals, according to my reverend and most worthy friend, Professor Henslow's plan, to accustom them to a legitimate flare-up, and hinder any morbid spirits amongst them from gratifying their pyromania at the expense of their neighbour's property. Let us, first, however, ameliorate their social condition. This plain-sense and Christian view of the case has been lost sight of too long, and the more is the pity! Now that it begins to strike men forcibly, appealing to the selfishness of some, and to the humanity of others, we may, amid the happy results which, please heaven, are destined to follow, live to be ashamed of our hardness of heart and short-sightedness. We may blush that we suffered such things to be, as virtuous industry starving in the midst of the wealth and plenty it was mainly instrumental in producing, and poverty punished as though it were a crime.

Next May-day I shall be right glad, and merrily rejoice, to see the English labourer dance round the flower-crowned maypole on the village green when he has had a good breakfast to begin with, and a good dinner to go home to in the afternoon, at which a portion of his own killing, and curing, and sowing, and planting, will smoke invitingly on his frugal board. And, if alive and hearty on that day, I shall, indulging in a fit of peripatetic philosophy, drop in on him somewhere or other for pot-luck. Indeed, if, in the meantime, I hear of one village more renowned than another for the innocence and comeliness of its maidens, and the manly character, conduct, and appearance of their sweethearts, I shall repair thither, and fetch along with me my faithful *testudo* of Cremona, in the shape of my grandfather's fiddle, which I handle remarkably well, heaven be blessed, and more power to my elbow. You may laugh, but if I am to have my will, it will be a merry May morning when somebody shall sing out that

Doctor O'Toole to the dance is gone,
All down the green lane you'll find him,
With his broad brimmed hat cock'd proudly on,
And his tweedle-di-dee behind him!

Boys and girls, you may then put me on the barrel once more, and you'll have such "a raal thrate," I'll warrant you. My Lord John, I shall expect the honour of your company at the revival of sweet Auburn. If your politics of the heart are to be carried out heartily, you must not confine yourself to playing cricket with the young men of the hamlet, at which, according to your own confession at the Bingley dinner the other day, you are not very 'cute; you must dance with the village maidens, also, and lead off with the Queen of the May. By all accounts, my lord, you can *handle* your feet very creditably in the Polka, and I'll bet a silver sixpence you could acquit yourself in a Morris-dance every bit as decently.

I sincerely hope that the May-day of 1845 may be glowing and beautiful, and in every way worthy of the occasion, and then we shall see what we shall see, and hear what we shall hear:—

The May-pole is up!
Now give me the cup,
I'll drink to the garlands around it;
But first unto those,
Whose hands did compose
The glory of flowers that crowned it!

Chorus, Boys!
Crowned it! crowned it!
The glory of flowers that crowned it.

A health to my girles,
Whose husbands may earles
Or lords be, granting my wishes,
And for lords who won't tarry
Let them commoners marry,
And all be as merry as fishes.

Chorus, Girls!
Fishes! fishes!
May we all be as merry as fishes.

The lover of ancient English poetry will perceive and acknowledge that I have neatly managed Dan Herrick's rather rough and ready idea, and in accordance with the *bienséances* of society. The chorus, too, I think might be made very effective by our best native composer, to whose attention I recommend the ambrosial hymn most seriously. A good chorus is half the battle. I wouldn't give a button for a song at a merry meeting that had not a chorus. Everybody likes a chorus, and likes to join in it—those who have good voices, those who have bad voices, and those who have no voices at all, which last consideration is more laughable than vexatious, and adds exceedingly to the jocularity of the evening.

Well—I have pictured to myself the revival of the old May-day in merry England. What can be more cheering than the contemplation of such a scene? The sons and daughters of labour healthy and happy in the midst of peace and plenty! Groups of pretty cottages in the rural districts, each with its rood or two of garden attached; and the neighbourhood of the manufacturing towns presenting large tracts of richly cultivated garden grounds laid down in small allotments! What a blessed change from scenes of misery and discontent, almost as painful to the philanthropist as those marked by the desolating track of war.

**In the time of Atys, the son of Manes (says Herodotus), there was a great famine through all Lydia. The Lydians for some time lived hardly as they might; but at length, when the famine ceased not, they sought for remedies. Then were discovered all forms of dice and huckle bones, ball, and all other sports, except tables (draughts), whereof the Lydians claim not the invention. This they did for a remedy against the famine. One whole day they amused themselves that they might not feel the want of food. The next day they took food and dropped their sports. Thus they lived for eighteen years. When, however, the evil ceased not, but grew stronger and stronger, their king divided all the Lydians into two bodies, and cast lots for one of them to stay and the other to go out from the country. The king attached himself to the band whose lot it was to stay in the country, and placed his son, whose name was Tyrsenus, at the head of the other. So the first body went forth from their native land, and went down to Smyrna. There they built ships, and placing all their moveables on board, sailed away in search of subsistence and a country.

As regards the rural districts, the too long suffering and neglected labouring population of which, being the son of a small farmer myself, have more of my particular sympathies than any other, I do not despair of seeing the good feeling carried out before many years shall have passed away, and the rood of garden, the waste of which will feed the poor man's pig, increased by the rest of the acre for a field to feed his cow. In looking, then, on the sweet-scented barrier that stands between, he will feel that he has a stake on both sides of the hedge. He will feel comfort and independence and content. What a rich harvest of gratitude, too, will he not afford to those who are willing to reap it by enabling him to feel thus. Alas! that this leaf in the book of humanity should be unread so long; that the light which has at length shone upon it is not so much the reflection from the ever-burning lamp of truth as from the incendiary's torch—from the lurid flare of the burning barns and haystacks.

Each of the great parties who have hitherto divided the state, have made a great mistake in arraying the great productive class—the artizan and the labourer—against the aristocracy of their political opponents. Chartism and incendiarism were the twin offspring of this unnatural union between aristocratic faction and pauper discontent. Both of these parties are now beginning to perceive that the poor man's miseries are not a safe battle-field for the encounters of faction, but the amelioration of his condition a neutral ground on which they can and ought to agree. They are beginning to perceive that it is their own interest to take this rational and humane view of the question; and it is high time that they should. This new spirit of enlightened benevolence cannot stop here. As sure as the rising sun dispels the mists of the morning it cannot. The owners of land must not confine themselves to letting out their estates in large farms for the sake of less trouble in collecting their rents, and securing the votes of fifty pound tenants at will. A portion of the land must be let out also in small farms to those poor men whose sweat and toil are chiefly instrumental in raising the enormous wealth of the soil of England. The Duke of Rutland had an audit last quarter-day of 1100 small tenants. The Duke of Norfolk also patronizes, to a certain extent, the system of small holdings. Look at the picture of a prosperous, independent, and happy population which Belgium presents with its small farms, some of them as low as a couple of acres. Look at Scotland, whose agriculture is fifty years in advance of the English system, and behold where small farms exist, as in Aberdeenshire, of five and six acres, with a clergyman and a schoolmaster in every parish, there are no poor rates. In the north of Ireland in the palmy days of the linen trade, some parts of the country presented one of the most beautiful landscapes in creation, varied into field and garden, with neatly trimmed hedge-rows dividing the little holdings; and gliding gracefully through those richly cultivated scenes, the pleasant waters of the Lagan or the Ban. The opening of the celebrated old song of the "Cruiskeen Lawn" * has allusion to the fact that the northern Irishman had a little green field of his own, on which he bleached the snowy produce of his loom, and felt naturally proud of his humble but independent position.

Let the farmer praise his grounds,
And the huntsman his hounds,
And the weaver his sweet-scented lawn;
But I, more blithe than they,
Spend each happy night away
With my smiling little "Cruiskeen lawn."

The latter system, I am glad to say, in parenthesis, is almost wholly abandoned by the less fortunate orders in my poor country, thanks to the great apostle of temperance, now in trouble (I have sent him a sovereign and my blessing, poor man!) and is observed in moderation by those who can afford to patronise it. As it just happens that I am generally recognised among the latter, by those who have the pleasure of my acquaintance, I'll drink in a draught of my native nectar "Success to spade husbandry, and may heaven bless the poor man's garden!" Without anybody's leave but my own, too, I'll give him a song as I'm in the humour for lilting, which he may chant at the next "agricultural," without being afraid of vexing the proud ones. Should Sir Roger De Coverley feel fidgetty at being reminded that property has its duties as well as its rights, and that he has a soul to be saved, as well as an account to render of his stewardship, to "the Father of the poor," Hodge is at perfect liberty to shift the blame from his own shoulders to mine, which are broad enough to bear the consequences.

THE COTTAGE AND THE THRONE.

If pride and wealth the year all round
Would give me wages—thirty pound,
I'd rather have, my mind to speak,
Eleven and sixpence every week:—
A slate-roofed cot, with walls of stone,
A homestead I could call my own;
A yard behind it, just so big
To keep my poultry and my pig:
What loyalty would this inspire
For Church and State, and Lord and Squire!
And in good home-brewed, of my own,
I'd drink "THE COTTAGE AND THE THRONE!"

For garden plot a rood of ground,
With hedge of privet planted round;
There greens and parsnips I would grow,
And plant potatoes in a row;
Onions and carrots, turnips, too,
Peas, beans, in season, sage, and rue;
And at the top, to crown all these,
A hive or two of honey-bees.
What loyalty, &c.

Hard by my garden, if they'd yield
Me one green acre for a field,
For that small farm I'd gladly pay
A pound on every quarter-day.
My cow would crop the daisied grass,
And, milked by my own wedded lass,
She'd give me butter fresh and sweet,
And cheese that any lord might eat.
What loyalty, &c.

If pride and wealth this humble store
Would give me, I would ask no more;
For Farmer Grain, or for Lord John,
I'd toil from rise to set of sun:
And after that, I'd work an hour
In my own happy cottage bower;
Or whistle o'er my own green sod,
And bless my Queen, and praise my God!

CHORUS.

What loyalty would this inspire
For Church and State, and Lord and Squire!

* *The little jug of punch*—Who that has heard poor Mathews can ever forget it?

And in good home-brewed of my own
I'd drink "THE COTTAGE AND THE THRONE."

Those who question the poor man's loyalty are justly open to being questioned as to their own. True loyalty consists of more than "ego et rex meus." It has wider and more generous sympathies, which extend over the whole body politic. You may talk as you like of the polished shaft and the Corinthian capital, but in a country of corn-fields, commerce, and manufactures, the great pedestal of the whole is industry—rough, robust, well-treated bodily industry. This is the common-sense view of the case, and there is this Christian view of it also, that those who enjoy the goods of fortune should cultivate kindness to the poor and lowly in gratitude to Him who has blessed their lot. I declare to heaven I have no power to describe the disgust which I felt the other day in reading such sentiments as these coming from a Lord—"If I let my land to the poor man at 5d. a perch and can get 8d. for it, I make him a present of 3d., and take so much out of my own pocket!" Why, my lord, that's Irish-landlord morality! the blessed agrarian law of Tipperary! Again, this same lord avers that giving the poor man a garden is a sin against political economy and a subdivision of labour; and one of his cast-iron arguments is so *unique* that I must give it:—The agricultural labourer cannot work more than a certain number of hours in the day. These ought to be given to his master. Even though a couple of hours be allowed to him of the evening to attend to his garden on his return home, he must reserve his strength for such work, and, consequently, do his master's in an idle, slovenly, and negligent manner. The poor man cannot serve two masters. Of course not. Lord R—— would have him serve Mammon alone, but not for his own sake, his poor dear wife, his humble home, and his little ones. A great ducal proprietor, with a great historic name, who sells his kitchen stuff for 7d. a pound to the tallow-chandlers, let a lot of bad land to a number of poor men, on the small allotment system, about six months ago. They were to pay him forty-eight shillings (!) an acre when the land should be declared in a paying condition—when they got it "into heart," as they say in Ireland. Scarcely had the half year expired when the great duke had the heart to demand a year's rent!! And he received it; and with it my hearty contempt for *his* notions of philanthropy. Faugh upon him! say I, if he were of as old blood as the De Courcys, or the O'Briens, or my own, which is at least as pure as either. But there is an old lady in Sussex who "bangs Banagher" in the benevolent line, and doing the knowing thing at the same time, or one word for charity and two for yourself! She gets from five to six pounds an acre for her small allotments!!! The poor have reason to call her "mother," for her maternal solicitude is of the most affectionate order. Hers is indeed a heart surcharged with true goodness and generosity. And yet these people expect to die; they know they will—or they *shall*—as you say in England, and in this instance perhaps your *shall* is the right thing—they shall die. And where do they fancy they are likely to go when they die? I should like very much to know that. No creed, no code of morals—I'll not insult Christianity by naming it in conjunction with such a matter—nothing from Brahminism to Mahomedanism, from Mahomedanism to Mormonism, from any *ism* you chose down to the dull and hopeless worship of nature, ever thought of sanctioning hard grinding selfishness to the poor? I think not.

Being now sore weary of the Pharisees as well as being of opinion that I have written enough for the present about the poor man's garden, I should very much like to take a walk in my own. And where is that same Doctor, my darling, says Memory to myself; and Paddy Blake's Echo answers "*no where!!*" So if you have no objection I'll just step into somebody else's. Not into the Zoological Gardens, which smell not of bergamotte or the roses of Araby; nor into the Botanical, where one sees whole crowds of brilliant and beautiful women wandering alone and unblessed, amongst whom a poor devil like myself cannot help repining at his lot; nor into any of those sweet contemplative gardens of the dead, the new cemeteries, in one of which I have bought a tight little freehold wherein to lay down my old Irish bones at last alongside of a few that I have loved and who have passed away—

Bright lips—too bright to wither;
Warm hearts too warm to die.

Heigho, my honey, I shall go to that little Sabine farm time enough. At present, having no garden of my own to perambulate (quod supra diximus) I have only to request of such gentle reader, lady or gentleman, as may choose to breathe with me a classic atmosphere, to enter the horticultural retreat laid out for King Alcinous, by a deceased friend of mine, even the immortal Homer. The beauties of the old Grecian have been but partially transplanted by Pope into our English soil. If Chapman, whose "Iliad" is "the ra'al thing," had also translated the "Odyssey," I should have asked him to show us through the grounds.

"Close to the gates a spacious garden lies,
From storms defended and inclement skies.
Four acres was th' allotted space of ground,
Fenc'd with a green enclosure all around.
Tall thriving trees confess'd the fruitful mould;
The red'ning apple ripens here to gold.
Here the blue fig with luscious juice o'erflows,
With deeper red and full pomegranate glows.
The branch here bends beneath the weighty pear,
And verdant olives flourish round the year.
The balmy spirit of the western gale
Eternal breathes on fruits untaught to fail.
Each dropping pear a following pear supplies,
On apples apples, figs on figs arise.
The same mild season gives the blooms to blow,
The buds to harden, and the fruits to grow.
Here order'd vines in equal ranks appear
With all th' united labours of the year.
Some to unload the fertile branches run;
Some dry the black'ning clusters in the sun.
Others to tread the liquid harvest join;
The groaning presses foam with floods of wine.
Here are the vines in early flow'r descry'd;
Here grapes discolour'd on the sunny side.
And there, in autumn's richest purple dy'd,
Beds of all various herbs, for ever green,
In beauteous order terminate the scene.
Two plenteous fountains the whole prospect crowned;
This thro' the gardens leads its stream around—
Visits each plant, and waters all the ground;
While that in pipes beneath the palace flows,
And thence its current on the town bestows.
To various use their various streams they bring,
The people one, and one supplies the king.
Such were the glories which the gods ordained
To grace Alcinous and his happy land.

Here is another goodly garden, one of beauty, and of a later pattern, after the genius of Torquato Tasso, in which, had I been in Rinaldo's place, I confess that I most willingly would have stayed a little longer, for Armida's consolation and my own, and let them fight it out amongst themselves outside that liked such heroic diversion.

The dashing crusader behaved like most of your heroes who do strangely cold things, when duty or inclination calls them away from the poor creatures they have bewildered and bewitched. Theseus and Ariadne, Jason and Medea, Ulysses and Calypso, Æneas and Dido, Major O'Hara and the Widow Malone! Ah! this last *was* a cruelty case *with a vengeance!* But to return to the Garden of Armida. I prefer Fairfax's glowing and energetic language to Hoole's modern version; although the latter is far from not being chaste and beautiful:—

When they had passed all those troubled waies,
The garden sweete spred forth her greene to shew;
The mooving christall from the fountaines plaies,
Faire trees, high plants, strange herbes, and flowrets new,
Sunshinie hils, dales hid from Phabus raies;
Groves, arbours, mossie caves at once they view;
And that which beautie most, most woonder brought,
No where appear'd the arte which all this wrought.

So with the rude the polisht mingled was,
That naturall seem'd all, and every part,
Nature would craft in counterfeiting pas,
And imitate her imitator art.
Mild was the airie, the skies were cleere as glas,
The trees no whirlewind felt, nor tempest smart,
But ere their fruit drop off the blossome comes,
This springs, that fals, that ripeneth, and this bloomes.

The leaves upon the selfe same bough did hide
Beside the young, the old, and ripened figge;
Here fruit was greene, there ripe with vermile side,
The apples new and old grew on one twigge;
The fruitful vine her armes spread high and wide,
That bended underneath their clusters bigge.
The grapes were tender her—hard, yoong, and soure;
There purple, ripe, and nectar sweete foorth powre.

The ioyous birds, hid under greenewood shade,
Sung merrie notes on every branch and bow;
The winde (that in the leaves and waters plaid)
With murmur sweete, now sung, and whistled now,
Ceased the birds, the wind loud answere made;
And while they sung, it rumbled soft and low;
Thus, where it happe or cunning, chance or art,
The wind in this strange musicke bore his part.

With partie-coloured plumes and purple bill,
A woondrous bird among the rest there flew,
That in plaine speech sung love-laies loud and shrill;
Her leden was like humaine language trew,
So much she talkt, and with such wit and skill,
That strange it seemed how much good she knew;
Her feathred fellowes all stood husht to heare,
Dumbe was the wind, the waters silent were.

"The gentlie budding rose," quoth she, "behold,
That first scant peeping foorth with virgin beames,
Halfe ope, halfe shut, her beauties doth upfold
In their deare leaves, and lesse scene, fairer seemes,
And after spreeds them foorth more broad and bold,
Then languisheth, and dies in last extreames,
Nor seemes the same that decked bed and boure,
Of many a ladie late, and paramoure.

So, in the passing of a day, doth pas
The bud and blossome of the life of man,
Nor ere doth flourish more; but like the gras
Cut down, becommeth withred, pale and wan;
O gather then the rose while time thou has;
Short is the day, done when it scant began;
Gather the rose of love, while yet thou maist;
Loving, be lov'd; embracing, be embrast."

He ceast, and as approoving all he spoke,
The quire of birds their heav'nly tunes renew,
The turtles sighed, and sighes with kisses broke,
The fowles to shades unseene by paires withdrew;
It seem'd the laurell chaste, and stubborn oke,
And all the gentle trees on earth that grew,
It seem'd the land, the sea, and heav'n above,
All breath'd out fancie sweet, and sigh'd out love.

Lord Bacon would afford as much space as the Homeric garden occupied to one of the three enclosures of his garden to which he allotted no less than thirty altogether.

For gardens (speaking of those which are indeed princelike, as we have done of buildings), the contents ought not well to be under thirty acres of ground, and to be divided into three parts; a green in the entrance, a heath or desert in the going forth, and the main garden in the midst, besides alleys on both sides; and I like well that four acres of ground be assigned to the green, six to the heath, four and four to either side, and twelve to the main garden.

His lordship very truly observes in the opening of his essay:—

God Almighty first planted a garden, and indeed it is the purest of human pleasures; it is the greatest refreshment to the spirits of man; without which buildings and palaces are but gross handyworks, and a man shall ever see that when ages grow to civility and elegancy, men come to build stately, sooner than to garden finely, as if gardening were the greater perfection.

The fine thought that the Divine Founder of the Universe planted the first garden is also beautifully expressed by Cowley:—

When God did man to his own likeness make,
As much as clay, though of the purest kind,
By the great potter's art refined,
Could the divine impression take,
He thought it fit to place him where
A kind of heaven too did appear,
As far as earth could such a likeness bear:
That man no happiness might want,
Which earth to her first master could afford,
He did a garden for him plant
By the quick hand of his omnipotent word.
As the chief help and joy of human life,
He gave him the first gift; first, ev'n before a wife.
For God, the universal architect,
'T had been as easy to erect
A Louvre or Escurial, or a tower,
That might with heaven communication hold,
As Babel vainly thought to do of old;
He wanted not the skill or power;
In the world's fabric those were shown,
And, the materials were all his own;
But well he knew what place would best agree
With innocence, and with felicity:
And we, elsewhere, still seek for them in vain,
If any part of either yet remain,
If any part of either we expect,
This may our judgment in the search direct;
God the first garden made and the first city Cain.

In his epistle to Evelyn, the same poet says:—

I never had any other desire so strong, and so like to covetousness, as that one which I have had always, that I might be master at last of a small house and large garden, with very moderate conveniences joined to them, and there dedicate the remainder of my life only to the culture of them, and study of nature;

And there (with no design beyond my wall) whole and entire to lie,
In no unactive ease, and no unglorious poverty.

Or, as Virgil has said, shorter and better for me, that I might there

Studiis florere ignobilis otî.

(though I could wish that he had rather said, "Nobilis otî," when he spoke of his own). But several accidents of my

ill fortune have disappointed me hitherto, and do still, of that felicity; for though I have made the first and hardest step to it, by abandoning all ambitions and hopes in this world, and by retiring from the noise of all business and almost company, yet I stick still in the inn of a hired house and garden, among weeds and rubbish; and without that pleasantest work of human industry, the improvement of something which we call (not very properly, but yet we call) our own.

I am obliged to observe that I feel myself in a similar situation; and yet—unlike Cowley, who, persecuted in one country, harassed in another, imprisoned by the usurper, forgotten after the general deliverance by those whom he served (his *friends* at court), found himself, at the end of a long life of troubles, a disappointed man—I don't repine, nor make wry faces, nor repeat with doleful voice

> Hoc erat in votis: modus agri non ita magnus,
> Hortus ubi, et tecto vicinus jugis aquæ fous,
> Et paulum silvæ super his foret, &c., &c.

And so forth: if I have not this and

> A handsome house to lodge a friend,
> A river at my garden's end,
> A terrace walk, and half a rood
> Of land set out to plant a wood,

I have friends that have, who are always glad to see me, especially as I have no wife nor little ones to take with me or leave behind, or keep the wolf from their door, which, at my time of life, is a philosophic consideration, and contributes considerably to my personal comfort. Independently of this, I need not cross my threshold to the outer world for horticultural recreation. Can I not walk with Cicero in his Tusculan, or with Pliny in his Laurentine Villa, although, between ourselves, those old Romans knew very little about gardening? Or can I not walk with Plato through the sacred groves of Academus, standing with veneration before the statue of The Blue-eyed Maid, doing the *affetuoso* before the shrine of love, or pouring forth at the Altar of the Muses such a flood of song as would cause the astonishment and admiration of the great philosopher with whom Marcus Tullius and myself would rather make fools of ourselves than think rightly with the vulgar herd of mankind—"Errare mehercule malo cum Platone quam cum istis vera sentire." If these ancient delights should "fail to move," or not suit my occasional melancholy, have I not the Groves of Blarney with their

> ——— Gravel walks for recreation
> And conversation in sweet solitude,
> Where the lover may hear the dove, or
> The gentle plover in the afternoon?

And now, after all that walking, and all that talking, don't you think I want something to lay the dust in my thorax. If you don't you're a hard-hearted heathen, and you ought to be dry-nursed on saw-dust and small-beer for a week, or sent to grass with Nebuchadnezzar!

LAMENT.

Bright Italian skies are glowing,
All their sunny wealth bestowing,
Where the vine to earth is stooping,
With the golden vintage drooping,
Rich and ripe the cluster springeth,—
Underneath the viper stingeth!
Welaway!

Soft the spicy winds are driven
O'er the cloudless Indian heaven;
With her fruits and flowers laden,
Gaily trips the dusky maiden;
One wild shriek her terror voucheth,—
In the reeds a tiger croucheth!
Welaway!

In his tower the Sultan sleepeth,
And the gate the soldier keepeth;
Purple curtains closed around him;
Foes seem far, and guards surround him:
Lulled at length, their charge forgetting,—
Hush! the slave his knife is whetting!
Welaway!

While the wearied wanderer sleepeth,
To his ear the scorpion creepeth!
High the castle pennon quivers;
On the steps the beggar shivers!
On her couch the queen reclineth;
In the gaol the felon pineth!
Welaway!

Never yet came Pleasure single—
Grief doth in its essence mingle:
When the reveller lifteth up
To his lip the wassail cup,
Straight a drownèd asp doth swim,
Floating to the goblet's brim!
Welaway!

Nov. 7. H. A.

THE PREFACE-WRITER; OR,

AN ADVENTURE OF MR. TOOTLE AND OF HIS SON *TOO!*

To what base uses we may return, Horatio!
SHAKSPEARE.

ABOUT a century back it was the custom for authors, even of the highest and most admitted attainments, to be so venal as to condescend to be literary accoucheurs; to introduce the most abortive productions to the notice of the world, and laud, without understanding or being interested a jot about them, things of the most silly and puerile pretension, or of no pretension at all, as it frequently happened. Dedications, too, for books that had been only projected, were to be had on the cheapest terms; the prices varying according to the quantity of adulation contained therein, and whether it was addressed to a noble, rich, or influential patron, or to some fashionable but unsubstantial Macænas of the day.

That the custom has not fallen into desuetude in the present time will be sufficiently proved by the following:—

A Mr. Tootle having thought proper to write a book (upon what subject it is not yet necessary the reader should be informed), was deeply impressed with the necessity of getting it ushered into public notice by a Preface of that kind which he himself styled "summut out o' the way." Having exhausted all his inventive faculties in the construction of the book itself—a book which was to confer immortality upon its author—it was with grief and despondence that he found himself totally inadequate, after many fruitless attempts, to produce what to him was a *sine qua non* requisite—a brilliant *ad captandum* Introduction.

Mr. Tootle did not exactly use these phrases to himself; but he *thought* their meaning in more

homely vernacular, and that signifies the same thing. One morning after a fit of two hours' abstracted but unsuccessful application to his favourite endeavour, he reluctantly relinquished his hopeless task, yielding at length to Mrs. Tootle's frequently-urged arguments that the tea and toast were getting cold and sodden, and that there would be time enough for his "pen-an-inkin'," a'ter breakfast. Spiritless and appetiteless he sate down in obedience to his spouse's reiterated solicitations, and began to "chew the cud" of "bitter fancy" in sullen silence, over a cup

"Of strong infusion from the far Kathay!"

Suddenly his countenance brightened up, his eyes gladly sparkled, as, fixing them upon a printed paper which unfolded some butter fresh from the neighbouring grocer's, he read the following interesting and comprehensive announcement:—

MR. READYWIT,

No. 1, Apollo-court, fifth pair, back room,

Has constantly on hand the following Literary Articles for the accommodation of those Ladies and Gentlemen who may honour him with their Patronage.

(Terms exceedingly moderate, and the utmost secresy observed.)

Speeches and Heads of Speeches for Members of Parliament, at the shortest notice.
Dinner Speeches, from five minutes' to an hour's length.
Challenges in a neat and agreeable form.
Sermons, warranted never preached.
Odes, Epigrams, Parodies, &c.
Acrostics, and Impromptus for Albums.
Prologues, Epilogues, Theatrical Addresses, &c.
Prefaces (here Mr. Tootle's eyes glistened with joy) and Introductions to Poems, Plays, Books, Treatises, &c., already written, or to be written.
With every thing else appertaining to the Literary or Scientific World.

At home from Ten till Five (Sundays *not* excepted).

"What's to-day, Too?" said Mr. Tootle to his son, a great lubberly boy, about fifteen, with an anti-intellectual sinister determination of his right optic, and a profusion of red capillaries.

"Why Sunday, 'be sure, Pa; don't you hear the church-bell a-ringin'?"

"We have no time for church to-day, Too!" said Mr. Tootle, "make haste and dress yourself, and come with me."

"Not go to church to-day!" exclaimed Mrs. Tootle; "law, Pa! how can you say so, and Too with his new clothes on, the first time of wearin'?"

"It's no use, wife," said Mr. Tootle, "to go on so; Too must come with me!"

Mrs. Tootle knew her husband's determination, so contented herself by making a muttering exit into the next room, where she vented her displeasure and disappointment upon some of the junior members of the family with the strictest impartiality, as was clear from their unanimous uproar.

It was a decided case: so Mr. Tootle and his son Too sallied forth together in a few minutes.

Mr. Readywit, as has already been shown by his advertisement, lived in Apollo-court, No. 1, five pair back. In his early youth, he had been comparatively affluent, and distinguished himself above the common run of his competitors at the University. He also published some poems, which had an ephemeral laudation of no ordinary extent, however they may be forgotten by all save a few of the present day; but even these few have not the moral courage to altogether stem the tide of oblivion that has been rolling alike over his works and himself, to still vindicate the just claims he once had to the rank of a distinguished poet. Proud and impetuous when ungenerously or wantonly provoked, but naturally reserved and shy, he soon sickened of a world where none have friends but those who want them not, and where pretension without independence is looked upon as arrogance and presumption. We shall pass over his decline and fall, and merely describe him as he now is, and where Mr. Tootle and his son Too found him.

It was Sunday morning, as already observed. Readywit (a name, by the by, he had assumed for his present derogatory pursuits, his real one was ——) had passed a night of feverish excitement; visions of departed joys had been flitting around an imagination already sufficiently distempered by the accumulation of unmerited sorrows, and wrought up his morbid sensibilities to an unusual degree of irritation. The tone of his feelings may be better arrived at by a perusal of the following rhapsody, in which, and similar things, he was wont to give vent to his otherwise oppressed and anguished spirit; and in the composition of which, he had passed some hours of the previous night, enjoying that

Sad luxury to vulgar minds unknown!

HYMN TO A VISION.

Ægri insomnia.
Virgil.

Spirit! that in my sleep
Warblest thy witching minstrelsy,
Teaching me melody,—
Hither, Spirit! from the deep
Of those twilight waters whence
Thine image first stole on my sense!

Hither, with thy vermeil cheek,
Moonlit;—
Hue that makes thy beauty speak,
Or rather look unearthly things,
While thy gentle descant sings,
Music fit,
To wail the death of pensive flowers,
Or tell the epitaph of happy hours!

But why now term thee Spirit? Thou,
Whose melancholy brow,
Clad in the soul's drear sickness,
Sorrow,
Must be thence mortal like to mine?
Or canst thou in that world of thine,
Which dimly shadows through Earth's grosser thickness,
Borrow
A beauty from the light distress
That bows the smile to languidness—
The loveliest of all loveliness?

No! Sorrow is all Earth's;—
Thou art then
One of those dream-created births
Which come to melancholy men,
Soothing their rage of madness
Into the calm of sadness!

Nympholepsy though thou art,
Dear thou wouldst be to my heart,
If thy smiles did never give
Semblance to some smiles that live—
Smiles that left me thus to be
The sport of mockeries like thee!

Spirit! away—away!
The sunset of my soul
Comes on apace!—my day
Of life puts on its evening grey,
Shadows around my senses roll!

Spirit, from Earth beneath or Heav'n above,
Wear not the form of Her I vainly love!
Back, back unto thy twilight waters deep,
And leave me to a blank and dreamless sleep!

Poor Readywit was in the ecstacy of reciting aloud the concluding lines of the above rhapsody, when a knock at his solitary garret-door aroused him to the plain prose of "Come in."

"Mr. Readywit's hapartments, I presume!" said Mr. Tootle, entering with his son Too, and looking around him with unequivocal surprise at the misery that presented itself on all sides.

"At your service, Sir," replied Readywit; "what may be your pleasure?"

"I understand," said Mr. Tootle, "that you're a dab at writin' them ere sort of things called—called—called—let me see—called Prefaces; ay, that's it. Am I right, Mr.?"

"Not in taking that seat, Sir," Mr. Readywit was about to observe, but his utterance proved somewhat slower than Mr. Tootle's corporate preponderance, for a rickety chair which had been unceremoniously laid hold of by that gentlemen, suddenly gave way beneath him, and made the fragile fabric of Mr. Readywit's attic domicile vibrate as though "a giant statue fell."

Fortunately, no injury ensued, and Mr. Tootle was soon restored to his legs. The business of the scene now commenced.

"I 'spose, Mr., you've got Prefaces on all sorts of things," said Mr. Tootle, "as ye hannounce in yir 'vertisement?"

"Yes, Sir; or if not already written, they will be supplied in a few hours. May I ask the subject upon which one is required. I presume the book is already composed; or, if not, I have no objection to write *it* as well as the Preface."

"That's *my* business," said Mr. Tootle. I don't want any one to know what my book is about till I have a good Preface to it; so let's see what you've got in the way of that, Mr."

"Is your work upon phrenology, Sir?"

"I tell you, I won't tell you what it's upon till I get a good Preface for it."

"But it is necessary, my good Sir."

"Not a bit of it," said Mr. Tootle, warmly; "I have written my book without a Preface, an' I don't see why a Preface can't be written to it without knowin' its contents; therefore, to save trouble, let me hear all ye've got in that line, an' I'll pay up for a good 'un *like a good 'un*."

Mr. Readywit's "poverty but not his will consented," so he accordingly proceeded to display his numerous preparatory prefaces, occasionally inquiring, "Will this suit, Sir?" "Will this answer the purpose?"

There were several prefaces to future works on astronomy, some to delayed works in the press on various subjects, many that might have suggested a work of themselves, and a great number of others which it is not necessary to enumerate or describe, particularly as they did not very much interest the attention of Mr. Tootle. At last Mr. Readywit alighted upon a manuscript which he assured Mr. T. had been written several years back, on "The Inco-existence of Different Ideas."

"Stand fast," said Mr. Tootle; "that ere is the one for me. I 'ave different hidears on the subject from hanybody helse. Read on, Mr., if you please. Different hidears, indeed! that's sumwhat 'musin'. How could ye know I 'ad different hidears on the subject?"

"I am not acquainted with the subject, yet, Sir," remarked Mr. Readywit, with some acrimony.

"What's that to do with it? If you've got anything as what'll suit, read him out, an' I'll tell you my mind on it."

Mr. Readywit unfolded a paper in silence, and commenced the following recital:—

"I have read somewhere of a learned Frenchman, who, determined in his zeal for originality of authorship, to write a book *peri ton apax eiremenon*, or Anglicé"——

Mr. Tootle. What does that mean, Too?

Too. That's an island in Wales, pa!

Mr. Tootle. Ha! clever boy this, Mr.!

Mr. Readywit (*staring*). "Anglicé, for the benefit of my simple English readers, whereof I hope to have a vast number—'Concerning things which had been said but once.' This was certainly a praise-worthy undertaking; but, unluckily, upon more mature consideration of his project, he found he should be under the necessity of publishing"——

Mr. Tootle. Just *my* case.

Mr. Readywit. "A blank book!"

Mr. Tootle. Just *not my* case; is it, Too?

(*Too shakes his head.*)

Mr. Readywit. "There being nothing *new* under the sun, as Solomon, that wise man, cruelly asserted so many hundreds of years ago!"

Mr. Tootle. There's the New River hard by us.—

Too. And the new Bus in the New Road, pa!

Mr. Tootle. So there is, Too! Ha! there's nothin' like schoolin', after all—schoolin' them in their young days—is there, Mr.? Now I s'pose you must have bin a smartish chap at my boy's age, or you could'nt get up these here sort of things?—

Mr. Readywit (*bowing*). I had the honour of belonging to one of the universities about the age of that young gentleman, Sir.

Mr. Tootle. Ha! I thought so. You shall have a run of a month or six weeks through one of them, Too. Go on, if please, Mr.

Mr. Readywit. "This being the case, what is an unfortunate wight to do at this late hour of the day?"

Mr. Tootle (*pulling out his watch*). Late hour of the day! why it isn't yet one o'clock, is it, Too?

(*Too shakes his head.*)

Mr. Tootle. I thought not. Pray go on, Mr.

Mr. Readywit. "Late hour of the day, 'smit,' as he may be 'with the love of poesy and prate,' and eager to figure away as a prime one in the literary arena."

Mr. Tootle. Where's that, Too?

Too. In St. Giles's, pa! (*Mr. Tootle places his hand affectionately on his son's glowing vertex.*)

Mr. Readywit resumes:—

"'If there be nothing new, but that which is
Hath been before, how are our brains beguil'd
——— Labouring for invention!'

Shakspeare! I beg your pardon, readers."

"No offence," exclaimed simultaneously Mr. Tootle and his son *Too*.

"Really," continued Mr. Readywit, "it must be allowed that it is very provoking, after deterging or cleansing your imagination from all common-place and vulgarity—and that you fancy you have hit upon something extremely new, elegant, and ingenious"——

Mr. Tootle. Hextremely new, helegant, and hingenius! I'll have that on the title-page. Dot that, Too!

"It is very provoking, I repeat," said the Preface Writer, *con amarezza*, "to meet a friend"——

Mr. Tootle. Not at all; there you an' I can't hexactly agree, Mr. I jist now met Jack Rosin, my old pal, an' I'm sure nothin' could 'ave bin more pleasanter than we was over a pint together, after so many years habsence. Wasn't it, Too?

Too. Yes, pa! I dearly likes that ginger pop and ale.

Mr. Tootle. We'll have some more of it as we are on the way home, Too. Don't say nothing to mother, or she'd say——Go on, Mr.

Master Too telegraphed his acquiescence to the desired concealment by a significant application of his right hand thumb to his nose, followed by a double plunge into his dexter and sinister breeches-pockets, as if they were

Stored with honied sweets.

He could not manage, however, to extract more than a sour apple from each of them; when, on the admonitory opinion of his papa, that they would be better after dinner, he appeared to console himself with the blissful futurity, and allowed Mr. Readywit to proceed for the present as follows:—

"But it is with property in the ideal Parnassus very nearly the same with that in the more substantial acres of this 'working day-world.' Discovery constitutes the '*Jus possessionis*.'

"Explain, Too," said Mr. Tootle.

"The just possession," replied Too.

"That's what *I* say and controvert," said Mr. Tootle. "A man's patent must no 'manner of ways be pervaded.'

The Preface Author continued:—

"He who comes first is the lord of the soil; and it is vain to attempt to displace or eject him. Would it were otherwise; for many a fellow of antiquity, many a literary dog in the manger, monopolises boundless fertile tracks of invention, making no more use of their fecundity than by barely mentioning them as his; while we, after-comers, like the poor ox, are obliged wistfully to look on with a mental starvation, or to scurvily feed upon a few poor patches cut off the outskirts of his extensive territory, where we lead a miserable, dependent existence, compelled to render unto his rapacious claims, sometimes more than a tithe of the scanty produce of our own hands. The real truth is: go where you will, as a poet, or, indeed, writer of any sort, there has been some one before you."

Mr. Tootle. What o' that? *my* book will beat 'em all hollow, that you may take my word for, Mr.

Readywit (*continuing*). "And '*tentanda via est*' is the worst motto ever worn by a literary adventurer, unless he have some new road in his eye totally different from the old way to Parnassus. If so, the more he proceeds in that the better and surer will be his reception; for we delight in things foreign to nature and probability. Virgil says, '*Immania monstra perferimus*;' and Tacitus, also, '*Quæ è longinquo magis placent!*'"

Mr. Tootle (*chuckling*). That bit of Greek will bother 'em, won't it, Too? What will neighbour Stub say now 'bout puttin' his boy to hedication 'stid of breeches patchin'? Go on, if please, Mr. I likes that much. Put a bit more in now and then, if it isn't too dear.

Readywit. "As everybody, when he commenced writing, must have begun at the same *point*, obscurity, it is strange to remark how very few *radii* have ever attained the *periphery* of fame. Decadence"——

Mr. Tootle. What cadence?

Readywit (*unheeding*). "Decadence—falling back again to their primitive unnoticed state—seems to have been the inclination of most writers after their first essay."

Mr. Tootle. I'll have the second edition published first and that'll make 'em 'quire arter No. I., Too!

Too. So it will, Pa! an' we can say it's all bought up!

Mr. Tootle (*with parental extacy*). Good boy! good boy! there's a bran new shining fourpenny for you! mind you don't let *Ma* grab it from you for wedgitables, or that like! 'Scuse me, Mr., but I always rewards my son when he hexposes is hintellect! Now let's have a good spell without no hinterrup

Mr. Readywit resumed with feelings of no ordinary disgust at his auditors, and with certain misgivings, that he should have all his trouble for nothing. But still there was a certain pleasure resulting from the perusal of a long laid aside manuscript, so he continued—

"What in the name of all that is tangible is a Son of Earth to do in order to be *great?* Why, implore the assistance of the same power that can make him *good!* And, by the way, a celebrated ancient has asserted that no man was ever great without a certain portion of divine inspiration; '*Nemo vir magnus sine aliquo afflatu divino unquam fuit*,' says Tully, plainly showing how inseparable these two great qualities are—goodness and greatness!—But, hold! I am insensibly falling into a moral discussion, which was not at all my intention, instead of exhibiting the difficulties under which the moderns labour, compared with the ancients, in works of invention. They were reapers—we are but gleaners!

"Is it not discouraging to meet the following assertions, and to be obliged, in a great measure, to comply with their truth? 'An author, now-a-days' (says the Mirror, No. LXXX.), 'can only give new form, not matter, to his argument; a new turn, not thought, to his epigram; new attitudes, not objects, to his picture; new language, not situation, to his story!' Alas! where shall I betake me for 'matter, thoughts, objects, and situations' that were never before heard or attempted?

"As to the last of these *worn-outs*, Situations, I, for a long time, prided myself upon a resolution I had formed of quitting this dull nether world, and choosing the moon for the locality of my projected work, where I hoped to have found situations enow; but, would you believe it, kind reader! (all readers are kind!) having conveyed myself there one summer

twilight, by the means of a poetical vision,—I found it was already horribly infested with mad poets and adventurers; so that, chap-fallen and disappointed, I was obliged to descend again to my mother earth, against which the supposed shock of my fall awoke me! A volume of Shakspeare lay beside me, opened, as it were, by some kind hand for my perusal of these consolatory lines:—

> All impediments in fancy's course
> Are motives of more fancy!

Upon this I cheered up, and straight my memory assisted me to another encouraging reflection, as if some visible, or rather internal power, had determined upon my doing something! It was a saying of a great painter, poet, and musician (*Leonardo da Vinci*) which I had somewhere found in the course of my desultory peeps into books, namely, 'that the spots on an old mouldy wall, forming a confused resemblance of different objects, may be sufficient to supply an improving fancy with a fine assemblage of the most perfect images!' Now, thought I, if this answer, as a stimulus to invention in painting, it ought to do full as well in writing; for '*ut pictura poesis*' says Horace, and, *vice versâ*, '*mutum est pictura poema!*'

"But here a new difficulty arose: for though to the external vision of a painter they were to be had in abundance, I could not find a single *mouldy wall* that suited my 'mind's eye.' Perhaps I was wrong in finding such a resemblance between poetry and painting. I think I was, too, upon serious reflection, for, having tired my mental optics by presenting them with more than a thousand of these *succedaneum* resources of fancy, I began to be convinced that they were exclusively meant for the inspirations of the pencil, notwithstanding the opinion of Q. F. Horace, Esq. (or Q. H. F. if you like), and others, who assert, as above, that poems are like pictures; particularly when, having carefully considered even a *mouldy map* of the world that hung upon a *mouldy wall*, I was prompted to nothing else than this silly reflection: what a comical nose it should be to carry about this enormous pair of spectacles as the two hemispheres seemed to my imagination! But to be serious. I am going to do *something*—at least I fancy so, and there is a great deal in that. Nicholas Machiavel says, 'let a man but fancy himself capable of high things, and he will, of course, be able to achieve the highest!' Now, I assure you, gentle reader, that *that something*, whatever it is to be, will cost me a world of pains to season up for the dainty appetites now in vogue. I was several times in the mind to abandon altogether my projected work."

"Not a bit of it," said Mr. Tootle, quickening up rom a drowsy attention.

The Preface Writer continued:—

"But I was as often urged to continue by one or all of the three grand incitements which, individually or collectively, have been the *motus* of writing in all ages—namely: 1st. The *cacoethes scribendi*, which I translate 'a poetical chlorosis,' that lasts some people all their lives; 2nd. the *largitor ingeni venter* (Pers. Prolog., ver. 10), which Dryden happily renders 'witty want;' and 3rd. the *auræ sacra fames* (to which, being a much better Latinist than Virgil, I take the liberty of altering his *auri sacræ fames*), the holy thirst for fame (Quintilian uses *aura popularis*); so that with one or other or all of these to spur me whenever I flagged in my course, the book has come to a finale of some sort or other."

"And a beautiful finale it makes," suddenly observed Mr. Tootle, "I 'ranged it in a buss!"

Whatever were Mr. Readywit's feelings he read on with apparent indifference.

"But in justice to myself, I must assert the last and noblest of these incentives to have been almost exclusively my prompter, or bad adviser, as some kind critic may say."

"That's right, Mr.; give it to them ere chaps," exclaimed Mr. Tootle.

"By the way, a word to these same critics," continued Mr. Readywit, heedlessly.

"Ay! go it, Mr.," said Tootle.

"I caution them against the inefficacy of fulminating any severe censures against the following pages; they are proof against the bolts of a goose quill, for they were written by a plume from an eagle's wing (see Pliny as to the origin of the fable of the eagle being *minister fulminis* to Jupiter.)"

"Where am I to call upon him?" demanded Mr. Tootle.

Mr. Readywit proceeded, apparently not noticing the question:—

"This mode of self-defence was revealed to me lately in a vision by an author who had been 'done to death' by a flash of critical lightning which flew zig-zag through his whole brain and instantly consumed him!"

"Lord shield and preserve us!" ejaculated Mr. Tootle.

"And now," resumed Mr. Readywit, "I think I should fairly have done,"——

"Well, I think," rejoined Mr. Tootle, "there be enough of it."

"Lest I might fall into the same error as the Myndians, by making my gate greater than my town, and exhausting my reader's patience on a Preface, when it may have a severe exercise to undergo in the perusal of the book itself. Lord Bacon has said, 'Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested.' Now I know not which of these several treatments may be the destiny of my little book; I only hope that the art of printing, by multiplying its copies numerously, will render useless the ancient practice of rubbing with oil of cedar, and keeping in cypress cases those works which were considered of inestimable value (one of which is mine to a certainty I would say, were I in Madame De Genlis' fabled Castle of Truth) and that the benevolent reader will not pass a hasty opinion, but quietly go on 'tasting, swallowing, chewing, and digesting,' its several ingredients, by which means perhaps some resemblance may be found between it and the Appian Way of Horace:

> *Minus est gravis Appia tardis.*
> "If you stroll through it at your leisure,
> You may find something for your pleasure."

Mr. Readywit arrived at the conclusion of his chosen preface for the mysterious work! A short pause ensued. It was interrupted by a loud snore from Mr. Tootle, which awoke him from a sound slumber, and not a little astonished the abstracted Preface Writer, who had forgotten the immediate object of his perusal. With diffidence he inquired of Mr. Tootle if "The Preface" would suit him, who critically, and with a knowing shake of the head,

replied, "Why d'ye see, Mister, there be some things in it that I don't *quite*, ye see, take in; a bit more of Greek would have given it a relish, an' make people smack their lips after it more; there's no use writin' plain sense to any on' now-a-days. But, that's what I says in *my* book, so I musn't tell you no more about it. What's the damage, Mister, and hand over the paper."

Poor Readywit, with considerable hesitation, replied, "I hope, Sir, you'll not consider a guinea too much, but"——

"A guinea! oh not at all—there's a sovereign—you'll dish it up a bit if there's anything wrong in it"

"Oh certainly, Sir, if I may be allowed to see the proofs."

"The moment they're ready," said Mr. Tootle, "good day Mr. What-ye-call-yirself! But where the deuce is my Too? gone out, I 'spose, to spend that fourpenny bit. Never mind—I'll catch him on the way. Good day Mr.! I'll call again an' see you—there's a trifle more for you—good morning, I must go and look after my boy."

Mr. Readywit bowed his visitor half way down the stairs, and, strange for him, went out and dined that day. The Preface was devoted to a Treatise on the German Flute! Doctor Johnson wrote one once upon a time, and another in defence of his favourite Bohea. To what humiliations is genius in want obliged to submit!

W.

CHRISTMAS

Hearty and heartfelt is the welcome of Christmas in thousands of homes; with gladness is its coming greeted at countless hearths. There is light and music, and the song, the dance, and the merry game. The old are cheerful and the young are gay. There is a smile on the furrowed cheek that tells of many sorrows long outlived, and there is the ringing laugh that rises only from the heart to which sorrow is yet unknown. Other scenes there are in which the feast deepens into revel and carouse, the wine-cup circling the board, and flashing with a brighter gleam at each revolution, and the hours that see the old year expire are the gayest of all it has numbered during its course. Yes! Christmas is a merry time!

* * * * *

But it was not always thus. Grave and solemn

with the consciousness of their mighty task, were the spirits of those who celebrated the earliest festival of CHRISTMAS. Around them was a world from amid which they had been called as the instruments of a divine mission; only within their own hearts the deep conviction that HE was with them always, which could alone support them in their warfare. The Jew listened to them in hatred not unmingled with fear; the Roman heard with a wonder, blended with contempt, and, believing only in the material power that springs from numbers and wealth, he saw them to be poor, and despised them; few, and laughed them to scorn. But, hated or despised, the successors of the Apostles toiled on; there was much difficulty, but much to encourage also, and they met on that day which saw the birth of their Divine Master, with far other thoughts than those of festivity. An obscure chamber, filled with the mean and poorly clad, the simple prayer and the exhortation to increased energy in the work. Amid such a scene it may be believed the first founders of our faith passed the earliest CHRISTMAS.

* * * * *

Ages have passed away, and the believers in the word preached by the fishermen of Galilee have become too numerous to be despised, too strong to be scorned: they are feared by Prefect and Emperor, and the spirit of PERSECUTION is awakened; the capital of the old world, and the world itself, is ruled by a Diocletian. All the power of the State is directed against them; they are imprisoned, tortured, beheaded. They supply the place of the criminals who were thrown to the wild beasts in the circus. A few grains of incense thrown on a Pagan altar, the slightest acknowledgment of the Pagan creed, would save them—but all evasion is scorned, and thousands on thousands crown a life of toil by the death of martyrdom. No time is this for joy or festival. Though they now number among them men of birth and wealth, there is a cloud gathering over the Church. The persecution has been unsparing, dread, almost exterminating. What could have been the festival of CHRISTMAS at such a time? The gathering thinned in numbers, many a seat vacant, a sadness, though of grief rather than of despondency, visible in all. The meeting collected in secret, separates by stealth and in darkness. Their hour is not yet come.

* * * * *

Centuries have rolled away, with all their changes—many and mighty ones. The temporal power of Rome has long since fallen to decay. Its empire is now divided into states and kingdoms; but in the seat of that once universal sway sits the possessor of a spiritual dominion as wide, stronger, and more complete. The Rome of Paganism has become the Rome of Christianity; and the churches of that faith rise proudly where the first worshippers were driven to caves and cellars. Nay, the temples of the Heathen persecutor are consecrated by a purer ritual, which has adapted to its purpose things which artists who wrought in the spirit of the old mythology fashioned with a keen perception of the beautiful. Thus the Temple of Jupiter is a Christian Church; an altar of Isis receives the oblations of the charitable; the Bacchanalian vase has become a baptismal font; a tripod supports the vessel of holy water; tablets inscribed to the Dîs Manibus are set in pavements hallowed by the knees of the devout; the brass columns of Jupiter Capitolinus are consecrated to the altar of the blessed Sacrament. All is changed. Where the faith was most persecuted, there most it rules; the throne of the Cæsars is the chair of St. Peter, and from thence the Church sways the world, dictating to the kings of the earth—deposing one and setting up another; taking from this a realm, and bestowing it on that. The holder of the keys opens and shuts, and binds and loosens, and wields a power that cannot be defied by the boldest. The early heresies have died out, or been crushed; and those destined to rend the Church in twain are yet in the womb of time. As the temples of the faith are splendid with all that wealth can purchase, so its ceremonial is one of pomp and magnificence, with robe and vestment, mitre and crosier; with the swell of music and the wafting of incense. What is the celebration of CHRISTMAS now? A high festival observed by all classes, openly, with a joyful exultation. There is feast, and sport, and good cheer, in which the poor are not forgotten, being, by the charity of the rich, partakers therein. CHRISTMAS has become a holiday—a grateful period—a cheering and a cheerful time—and such is long to continue!

* * * * *

Onward again into the depths of time! There is change once again; but not so vast as before. No destruction of an old system, but a later development of an existing one. There is a different spirit abroad on the face of society; and it is not a better one. Magnificence is with the Church—even greater than of yore—and splendour that is, if possible, increased. Only in her influence over the heart of man has she decayed. Worldly men have penetrated her sanctuary; her high places have become the "prizes" for which the ambitious play the game of policy, crooked, crafty, and desecrating. There is learning to profundity, and talent most active and sagacious, among those who govern her; but faith is weak, or even dead. A Pope can congratulate himself on the vast riches gathered to the Church by the "fable" of Christianity; and another, while giving to

a whole people, kneeling prostrate before him, the pontifical blessing, can exclaim—"Dio mio; quanto e facile de coglionare la gente!" Appearances are preserved, but the essence is departing. As with the head, so with the members. Bishops are strict exactors of their temporal dues; and the mitred Abbot tithes and tolls, and takes careful note that the tribute of fowl and fish be punctually rendered by the tenants. There are strange murmurs abroad, complaints, doubts concerning the right of the Church to do many things. There have been teachers of strange doctrines arrested and silenced by the death of fire, but it has not much availed. One Luther has arisen, and denounces—many are beginning to think with good reason—various practices which make merchandise of the faith. Kings and Princes are beginning to listen to him; the Church had better look to it, for it begins to be serious. But it thinks itself strong enough to defy all attack; and many redeeming qualities it hath to make it valued. There is abundance of almsgiving at its gates, and the poor of many nations have reason to bless it. Still does the festival of Christmas awake the same feelings as of yore. The good and hearty customs of social life are, thanked be heaven! the last to change.

* * * * *

But even they suffer mutation! Pass onward yet once more, not for ages, but a few generations only. The storm broke sooner and more fiercely than the Church expected it, and one of the fairest kingdoms of the west is severed from it. There the broad lands of Abbey and Priory are given to nobles, who like the Church take all they can, but unlike it render nothing in return. They toll and tithe, but do not teach. The spirit of the people, too, is changed; a dark and gloomy fanaticism is settling down upon them, that breaks out in hatred of all priestly forms. And their hate is endowed with strength; they destroy that which they despise, even to its material symbols. Altar, cross, and window, every "carved image," whether of saint or warrior, niched or on the tomb, all perish beneath the axe and hammer of "iconoclast profanation." It is a gloomy time, severe, rigid, bitter against all the graces of life, as if cheerfulness of heart or visage was a crime. Festivals and holidays are no more, almost the memory of them has departed from the land, a cold, ungenial, mirth-destroying race! Against Christmas are they especially envenomed; the very name, as savouring of Papistry, is expunged from the calendar; but, as the day must come, and rents are to be received (they are punctual in their dealings, in the receipt of dues particularly), it may be called for convenience, Christtide. No celebration must it have, it is shorn of all its cheer, and in gloom and darkness of soul, heaven, for all its good, is "thanked amiss," by those who have imbibed their theology from a fountain whose waters are bitter.

* * * * *

That has now passed; the gulf of two centuries is placed between us and the reign of fanaticism. But every age has its peculiar spirit, its dominant influence. The charities of life are not now overshadowed by the cloud of religious bigotry; we are tolerant of other faiths, oftentimes indifferent to our own; but the souls and hearts of far too many are absorbed by a worship as deadening and more sordid than that which blinded the Puritans to so much that was kindly and cheering. The pursuit of wealth engrosses and distracts; bigotry trampled down the flowers that strew the path of life, but the spirit of mammon does not suffer them to grow. In such an age the recurrence of a festival that brings with it associations of a better and higher nature than are linked with the daily life of the world, that is solemn in its memories, yet cheering in its influence, that unites friends and gathers together many a scattered circle, is surely to be hailed with thankfulness and joy. It has come down to us, through the lapse of many centuries, through every change, remembered by those who bear the name of Him to whom the star-led kings of the East paid adoration in the cradle. It was an old belief—too beautiful to be called a superstition—that no evil spirit had power on mankind at this season. May its spell be equally potent over the many evil things that haunt the heart, and may they yield, even if it be but for the briefest space, to the brighter hope, the kindlier thoughts, and the wider charity that Christmas wakens in the generation in which our lot is cast.

HEY FOR THE GRASSHOPPER!

AN UNPREMEDITATED GRESHAM LECTURE.

BY CHARLES WHITEHEAD.

Dr. Johnson, I remember, tells his friend Boswell that he never but once declined an invitation to dinner on the score of pressing business, and upon that occasion that he stayed at home the whole evening and did nothing. I confess I can hardly understand or make allowance for so signal a want of philosophy on the part of our great moralist. He needed not to have gone far into his dictionary before he came to the word "abstinence," and, a little further on, he would have found the word "application." Now, I do not happen to be a Dr. Johnson; and making no pretensions to the title and the attaching honours of a philosopher, am proof against pressing note, card of invitation, theatre-ticket, or "seat in my brougham." Nay, I really think a free admission to Exeter Hall would make little impression upon me.

Still, I am not "locked in complete steel." Pleasure knows the weapon to which I am vulnerable. Sights—out-of-door sights and shows—such as an enlightened Ministry sometimes sanctions, or a princely municipalty now and then dispenses—I cannot fortify my philosophy altogether against these. Yet, when her Majesty, some seven years since, made her entry into the City to accept the hospitality of my Lord Mayor, although a front seat in the best part of the Strand awaited me, I manfully resisted the proffered rosewood and octagonal cane-work. On the whole, I came off pretty well at the Coronation. A mighty seneschal and a yeoman of the guard sought me, severally, and whispered, "the interior of the Abbey," but I turned a deaf ear to the temptation; and if, at length, Hyde Park with its fair and fire-works *did* capture me, let me not be altogether condemned.

The 28th of October last racked me terribly. Duty plainly commanded strict devotion to the desk; inclination exhorted an incursion into the City. I—a native of the City—born within a hundred yards of the site of Gresham's house—proud of her great names (I do not mean in the Corporation), her Milton, her Spenser, her Pope, her Jonson, her De Foe, her Gray, and how many others—should I vegetate—rather, pine away, go out, be extinguished in the vile suburb of Camden Town on such an occasion as the opening of the New Royal Exchange? "Perish the thought," as some modern dramatists say, in whom thought has indeed perished. The long majestic march of the procession bade me "fall in" and make one; the ghost of the old Exchange rose up before me, and invoked me, in the name of our former friendship to come and see his successor; and the fire-new grasshopper sent forth a stridulous citation to me.

The newspaper had furnished glimpses of great things to be done on that day. News must indeed be rife and of no slight import when it circulates nimbly through char-women. One of the sisterhood imparted to me that there was to be a great "to do," but added, while she dusted a table, that there would be no lighting up—that it would'nt be much of a sight for the poor folks, let alone any good to 'em. The newspaper had hinted this too, but this was clearly impossible. What! a set of men—the trustees, and, so to speak, the executors of one of the most princely merchants that ever chartered vessel from the port of London—the representatives of the greatest city in the world, met to offer homage to, and receive assurances of protection from, the monarch of a commercial country on what may not improperly be called the anniversary of the birth-day (new style) of commerce—men like these, so met, and for such a purpose, and on such a day, do the shabby genteel! draw in their horns of plenty before they were half extended! cut triumph in two with a wise saw! and, too well remembering some old proverb of thrift, make themselves proverbs of parsimony to the end of time!—it could not be. But of this more anon.

The procession pleaded in vain. It drew me not away from my labours. Yet, as I looked out of the window from time to time, I could not fail of observing that the neighbourhood was in a high fever. Omnibuses drew up for a moment and carried away excited ladies and gentlemen; vehicles of all sizes and descriptions, fraught with all sizes and descriptions of humanity, wafted their complement along—middle-aged people ran in and out of shop doors—young people issued from private houses, nodding and smiling to the mother on the threshold, with her "mind-be-sure-you-take-care-of yourselves" expression still on her countenance

after they had turned the corner—all was life running after ultra-life elsewhere.

Towards afternoon the holiday feeling became too strong for me; I could hold out—I should rather say, I could hold *in*—no longer. The world and his wife were abroad, and I was one of their children left at home. I closed my desk slowly, and drawing on my boots and (sagacious of the hubbub from afar) fixing my hat firmly on my head, I issued forth.

When I reached Holborn, shoals of visitors were drifting eastward, while loose squadrons were beating up from that quarter. The visages of these latter looked ominous, and grew darker as I proceeded. Vexation was strong upon them at Snow-hill—disappointment was preying upon their vitals in Newgate-street, and to have hailed one of them with a "What cheer, brother?" in Cheapside, might have drawn a broadside from the enemy.

How I got into the Poultry, or, being there, how I got out again, is one of those mysteries time will never unravel. Cheapside and Cornhill seemed to be contending for me, and with various success, while I was tossed about "like a wave o' the sea" *off* St. Mildred's Church. I think that the ward of Cheap would have had me at last, but that, having insured my life to the tune of a few thousands in the Imperial, the presiding genius of Cornhill interposed to my rescue.

And now, having arrived at the spot, that is to say, at the corner of Cornhill, what a scene was presented to me! The lamps were now lighted, and the gas had been just turned on a solitary V. A. in the front of a house, which blazed away, audacious with its monopoly of splendour, and in evident ridicule of a bilious star opposite, which a man, under the especial patronage of a few urchins, was endeavouring to kindle with a painful long stick. Turning my eye in the direction of the Exchange, it loomed darkly before me, certain dreary things (afterwards ascertained to be flags) hanging about it, and giving it the appearance of a dyer's and scourer's on a large scale. And this was the sight that thousands as well as myself had come forth to see! The pass of the Poultry—the fierce contest of Metropolitan mankind in that narrow defile—was now explained to me.

When some Jones, Brown, or Robinson, invites a guest of more than ordinary standing in society, and lays himself out to receive his visitor with unusual lustre, it is not surprising if, as soon as his guest has gone, he puts out his wax candles, collects together his spoons, locks up his confectionery, and retires to his private room to calculate whether the positive outlay balances the probable advantage. But we may well marvel when we find that the corporate magnates of the city of London are so many Joneses, Browns, and Robinsons. It was due to her Majesty that festivity should have been kept up after her departure. The occasion—never, we trust, to occur again—demanded it. The royal guest was gone, but she had not carried thence her influence, neither should they have allowed it to seem that she had done so. Another peering glance through the obscurity at the solemn building. Shades of Gresham, Barnard, and Whittington! Even a few sparkles from the back of Whittington's cat might have been of advantage here.

Full of sad and angry reflections, I bent my course up Cornhill, and, turning into a passage on the right, entered a tavern and ordered a steak, which I ate with what appetite I might, not unobservant the while of a gentleman about thirty who sat opposite, and who, on the completion of my repast, exchanged snuff with me.

"Seen the grand sight to day, I presume, Sir?" said my companion, when I had mixed my "go" of brandy—"though, judging from the expedition with which you disposed of your steak, no partaker of the banquet, I should say."

I replied that I had not been a spectator of the procession.

"Considering the day," he resumed, "I think there were fewer Victorias in the City than might have been expected."

"Fewer Victorias! my dear Sir," said I in some surprise, "one only, I believe, was looked for, and surely that one"——

"I perceive you don't take my meaning. Are you not aware that no sooner does an illustrious personage 'swim into our ken' than he or she sets the fashion of faces? The Victoria face, as you must have observed, is now quite the rage with the ladies; nor do I wonder at it, or blame them for it. How it was at the time I don't know; but now that thirty years have passed since the battle of Waterloo, I see as many 'iron Dukes' about town, with their eagle glances and high noses, as would suffice to fight all the battles in the universal history. Byrons, Sir, are pretty nearly out, but Buonapartes have not yet abolished themselves. The other day I stole behind a Whitechapel Napoleon of my acquaintance, and withdrew his snuff-box from his closed hand, and received a pinch of the ear for my familiarity."

Perceiving my companion was a good-natured fellow, I encouraged his advances towards conversation, though I guessed he needed little encouragement. I inquired whether *he* had seen the procession.

"Why, how *that* was, Sir," said he, "I'll tell you—hoping it may go no further. The fact is, I was informed there was one seat to be spared in a shop-window not a hundred miles from the Poultry. I had reason to expect that a young lady,—that is,—hem! that a young lady would be there. I secured it on the pay-

ment of certain silver, and had the temerity to think myself in luck. Now, it so happens, Frodsham never made a chronometer that would not go too fast for me. When I got to the end of a street on the way to my seat, there was a vile Gresham Committee barrier, with a policeman stationed at it, brimful of duty, irascible, untameable, and yet stolid. Harvey discovered the circulation of the blood, but this man's had been quickened by Daniel Whittle Harvey. On attempting to slip by this functionary I received a dig in the digestives which enforced a parley. In vain I protested I was Smith, Payne, and Smith, going to Jones Lloyd's. There never *was* a bill to be taken up that required so immediate a lift as mine. 'Your pass, your pass.' You might as well, Sir, have attempted to mollify a rattlesnake, or to mesmerise a bull-dog. At length I drew from my pocket something which painted truncheon never yet withstood. Whether it was that her Majesty's likeness avouched my loyalty, or that, the obverse of the coin being uppermost, the George and Dragon suggested kindred qualities in me, I cannot say"——

"But he let you pass instantly?" I interposed.

"Just so, and away I hied to my shop, and was admitted. Now, Sir, being last comer, and, moreover, last perch-purchaser—the majority of the company, too, being ladies—you may easily believe that I had no choice of seat—and the seat I had! How shall I describe it to you? The original intention on the part of the shopkeeper, I have reason to think, comprehended the convenience of a less number of visitors; but Mammon and second thoughts enlarged his views. Benches had been fixed which required for their greater stability pieces of deal at either end, inclining downwards towards the wainscot. One of these inclined planes received me. Here were the eighteen inches by eight for which I had paid my three half crowns. Here was my seven and six-penny worth of tribulation; and here I sat, or rather leaned, against the wainscot during the whole procession, like a devoted loyalist at the last gasp, or a barber's block upset in reaching for a pot of pomatum."

"Really, Sir," I remarked, "you were not a little to be pitied. You must have seen the sight at great disadvantage."

"Seen the sight!" he returned, "let me set you right there. I saw *nothing*—nothing but a little, dry, untortured curl at the nape of the neck of a young lady before me, and the lace pattern of her tippet, or whatever else it may be called, which will never depart from me while memory holds a seat (aye, even *such* a seat as mine was) in this distracted globe. There was a stout old gentleman next me, who had contrived to make his optics available by sitting on his immense great-coat. I thought to have obtained second-hand intimations of what was going on from him. 'God bless my soul!—noble!—God bless my soul!—grand!' which proceeded from him at intervals, quickened my perception of the gorgeous magnificence passing before us. I say, these apostrophes to his '*Anima, vagula, blandula,*' put me upon applying to him. But all to no purpose had I him under the fifth rib with my forefinger. He was inacessible. His sense of hearing had been absorbed by his eyes, and when with a long, a loud, and a last appeal, I took him by the hand by way of awakening him to a knowledge of my condition, he pressed mine fervently, and, his under lip quivering, ejaculated, 'God bless *her* soul!' from which I conclude (but am not certain) that her Majesty passed at that moment."

"Then do you really mean to assert," said I, indignantly, "that you saw nothing whatever, and that, seated as you state, and where they placed you, there was no possibility of seeing anything?"

"I do, and it's as true as that I sit here now, where I *can* see, and may be seen."

"Then you should have compelled the man to return you your money."

"Why," observed my companion, "tradesmen are tradesmen; and not one of them to-day, living in the line of the procession, but has been a dealer in wood and wickedness. On these occasions every man lets his shop-window. At first, every man intended to accommodate the public comfortably; but, as the day drew on, every plank had its price, every inch of timber its value, and the end of it is, each renews the old miracle, and makes bread out of deal boards."

At this moment, a little apoplectic-looking gentleman, dressed in everything that seemed too light for him, entered the box where we were sitting, carrying in his hand a small glass of brandy and water.

"Ha! Wigmore," said he, nodding; and then, holding his spoon upright in the centre of his goblet, stared hard at my companion, as though waiting to be asked questions.

"Seen the procession, of course, Mr. Dipps?" observed Wigmore.

"Seen the procession!" echoed the other, with the air of a man whose eyes were daily familiar with sights of a more august description —"was there—was there"——

"Where? *In* the procession?"

"*In* the procession!" answered Dipps very slowly—"No—*in* the edifice—in the building itself, my good friend; a building which has been erected by the public spirit of the City, the munificence of Parliament, and the splendid genius of a Tite."

"Then you got tickets? I thought they were not easily procurable."

"Tickets were *not* easily procurable. You may tell that to all your friends, and make no secret of it. But I think it would be strange if Robert Dipps couldn't get tickets for whatever he wanted to see, without going down on his knees for 'em. Six-and-thirty years in one ward"—and here Dipps seemed to address himself more particularly to me—"and always a stanch friend of the Church, an uncompromising upholder of the Throne, and an unflinching defender of the rights and liberties of my fellow citizens—I think that's *the* ticket. What do *you* say, Sir? Tickets! *I* should think so."

The thought was too absurd. Dipps hung over his brandy and water with a kind of bland sneer upon his countenance, and then took a hasty sip at his beverage.

"Then you had the honour of seeing her Majesty, I presume?" I inquired.

"I saw her Most Gracious Majesty, Sir, and a more imposing spectacle I never did see. I was in the room, Sir, where she dined—that is to say where she had, what was to her, merely a snack. I partook of the *déjeuner*" (Dipps's accent was not altogether Parisian) "in Lloyd's Subscription Room, and a more magnificent spread than was provided on that occasion, table never groaned under. I'm thinking it must have given a sort of a hint of our commercial greatness to some of the representatives of our foreign potentates. On the whole, looking at the concern in every point of view, it was *glorious*. I and my wife and daughters were there before ten o'clock, and the women, as usual, being a deuce of a time at their toilets, we just managed to go without our breakfasts—a treat that, wasn't it? You may take your oath I was in good cue for the *déjeuner*. The dress of the ladies, all of 'em, was superb—and her Majesty's! My wife and daughters say they never saw anything more elegant. I say, Wigmore," addressing that gentleman, who was reading the paper, "I wish you had been there. It was glorious, as I've been telling this gentleman."

"I think it might have been made much more glorious," answered Wigmore.

"How's that?" exclaimed Dipps. "Much more glorious! but you've no conception of it, because of your not seeing it. The magnificent service of gold plate! the trophies of armour! the flags! the famous figure of Queen Elizabeth, brought from the Tower on this auspicious occasion! the banners! the superb dresses of the ladies! and the military and civil dignitaries! the"——

"All very well," interrupted Wigmore; "but I see that her Majesty, in answer to the address, has this paragraph, which I will read to you:—'The relief of the indigent, the advancement of science, the extension of commerce, were the objects contemplated by the founder of the Exchange.' Noble objects these."

"I should think they *are* noble objects," answered Dipps; "how could we get on without 'em? Sir Thomas Gresham, I fancy, knew what he was about as well as most men. The light of his age—an honour to his country."

"Now doesn't it occur to you," said Wigmore, "that if the quadrangle had been covered with an awning"——

"Covered with an awning? Why? What for?"

"And tables had been placed, and laid out with"——

"What! dine—*déjeuner* in the quadrangle—stuff!"

"No," pursued Wigmore; "a few thousands of the respectable poor dine there—that when her Majesty entered, she might have seen poverty in its most pleasing aspect, and wealth in the performance of one of its noblest duties."

"Preposterous! absurd!" cried Dipps, looking at me to see whether I was observing what a clever fellow he was going to show himself. "The respectable poor! There *are* cases, certainly; but what is it? Let me see: ay—dirt, and consequent immorality—that's it. Do you think, on such an auspicious occasion—on the opening of our splendid edifice—thousands of suspicious characters should have been turned into it! It couldn't *be*, Sir; it couldn't be *done*, Sir!"

"But their characters might have been beyond suspicion," suggested Wigmore.

"It couldn't be done, Sir; that's the short and the long of it. The respectable poor!"—and here, relapsing unconsciously into the idiom of his former state, which was probably that of a parish apprentice, he ejaculated, "*My* wig!"

"Let me ask, then," said Wigmore, "how the advancement of science was illustrated up stairs, in Lloyd's Subscription Room. How many scientific or literary men were present? Was there one?"

"Can't say," answered Dipps; "really can't say. There were a great many nobs partook of the splendid banquet; this the papers will tell you of to-morrow morning; but how many of the sort you mention I don't know. But I must be off; I'm going to take my wife and daughters to the theatre. Being all ready dressed, they can kill two birds with one stone, as I told 'em."

So saying, Dipps arose, and shaking Wigmore by the hand, and regarding him with an air of superior pity, he brought forth leisurely, "The respectable poor! You're a rum fellow; good bye;" and departed.

"Should it ever happen," observed Wigmore, pointing to the vacant seat of Dipps, "were the chance likely, that the City would ever be filled with such men as this—then the time will have arrived when, as Solomon says, 'the grasshopper shall be a burden.' Exchanges are built, and proclaimed 'royal' in vain, if they are to receive such sordid wretches as this man."

"Nay, judge him not harshly. He may possess estimable qualities, which he confines to his own circle. One thing is pretty clear—he has an affection for his wife and daughters."

"Selfishness in another form," said Wigmore.

"Which would take yet another shape, if it knew how to extend itself. Had the area of the Exchange been occupied as you suggested, he would have thought it all right, and applauded it to the very echo."

"I was not joking when I made that suggestion," remarked Wigmore in some confusion. "From my talk, before Dipps came in, I dare say you took me for a futile fellow enough; but I really do think something of the sort might have been done."

"And I. But its omission is of little importance, if the spirit of Gresham yet abides in the City."

"And you think it does?"

"Certainly; and pervades the empire. Every day brings us fresh proof of it. The discovery having been made that property has its duties as well as its rights, the contemplation of these duties will lead, has led, to a discovery of the rights of the poor. There never was ground of so much hope for mankind as now."

With this, my glass being out, I bade my companion good-night, and made the best of my way home.

STARS! STARS!

Stars! stars! beautiful stars!
Riding in radiance, throned in your cars.
When day dies in beauty
Afar o'er the deep,
Ye come to your duty,
Your lone watch to keep.
I love your light dancing o'er river and wood—
Like Virtue's existence, as gleesome as good.

Stars! stars! beautiful stars!
Lighting the lonely night, soothing its jars.
While gazing above me,
Your soft lights appear
Like sweet eyes that love me,
And watching me here.
Eyes that have left this cold world of despair,
But now beam from heaven, and beckon me there.

Stars! stars! beautiful stars!
Watching, till morning the day-gate unbars.
In crowds how you cluster,
Or singly ye go,
Still lending your lustre,
To mortals below.
How beautiful night is, a bride fond and warm,
And ye hang like jewels about her fair form.

James Bruton.

MUSINGS OF A WANDERER.—No. VII.

Ye everlasting stars or worlds around
This tiny earth, but far away removed,
Add but a voice to your expressive eyes,
And tell me if within your distant spheres
There be such hearts as ours; if they have dreams
Of Immortality, with hopes and dreads,
Intense anxieties, and kindred links
Of parent's, brother's, sister's fond affection,
With that 'bove all which cost our general sire
His happy Paradise, and sent him forth
In married exile on a wintry waste!
Oh! 'tis a thought profound, a question deep,
That like th' incessant sea may beat and knock,
And get no answer from the eternal rock!

W.

ABROAD AND AT HOME.

BY CALDER CAMPBELL.

When I think upon the palm trees
In that Eastern land of sun,
Where, in idleness of heart and mind,
I did not care to shun
Youth's wildest walks of folly,—
I sigh as if I yet
Could mend the past by wishing
That the past I could forget.

And a frequent pang comes o'er me,
When I sift my inward thoughts,
To find that all my labours, now,
Are but as dazzling motes
Seen 'twixt us and the sunshine—
Scarce giving depth or tone
To the clear and vacant atmosphere,
Where they spring up and are gone!

Oh! I feel that youth's free idleness,
Without a thought of sin
To steal—like vapours dank and dark—
The careless heart within,
Was holier than the toils, by which,
In after years, we think
It is a wise and clever thing
To live—and eat—and drink!

When I dwelt amid the palm trees,
And sipped their morning wine,
I did not tell a rosary,
Nor kneel at monkish shrine;
But neither did I look upon,
With thankless heart and cold,
The living emeralds of the woods,
And skies besprent with gold.

I had a feeling in my breast
That every thing was good;
From casual sorrow's stroke my hopes
Rose ever unsubdued:
I leant against the palm trees,
And watched the parrots there,
And knew that birds and boughs were both
Beneath a Father's care!

But now I hurry through vast streets,
And pace the peopled town,
Where human life seems one vast scheme
Of traffic up and down:
No palm trees, loud with parroquets,
No golden sunshine there;
But barter—Bargain—Avarice,
Dishonesty, Despair!

'Tis labour all!—the labourers
Toil on for bread and gain;
Enough for self, but not to spare
For other's want or pain:
The rich look on the poor with dread—
The poor, in turn, on them
With doubt and covetous despite
They do not try to stem.

And do I miss the palm trees,
When I had nought to do
But look up to an azure sky,
And think all good and true?
'Twas youth which lent the louering
Of peace and joy; for though
I saw them not, be sure that there,
As here, were want and woe!

We have our tasks before us,
Wherever we may go;
And if we loiter over them
Time soon will let us know:—
'Tis well to labour thoughtfully,
And with an honest mind—
But woe to him that heaps up wealth
Not for his human-kind!

NEW BOOKS.

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON ALMANACK.

To compile an almanack is an easy *task*—to compose one upon new, still correct, principles, is a work involving some difficulty. This undertaking has been performed most successfully by every one connected with the present publication: we say

every one—for no individual, we think, could have supplied the various information which it contains: there must have been many and able hands employed. The epitome of synchronous history which it affords is more lucid and comprehensive than we have seen in any work of a similar nature—the astronomical remarks and illustrations are in the highest degree instructive and amusing—and the tables for every man's capacity, profession, or calling, most satisfactory and concise. The work is interspersed with some pleasant sprinklings of poetry, and, altogether, we can recommend it to every member of society, no matter what station he may hold.

We had almost forgotten to notice the ornithological portion, which presents us with some interesting portraits of our native birds, executed with great fidelity and exactness. In short, it is a hand-book to the great world of England, and will be found equally useful to all classes of society, particularly the commercial; but, indeed, we should not particularize when, upon consideration, it will be found of general, nay, universal utility, instruction, and amusement. We give one of Mr. Kenny Meadows's charming allegorical illustrations to each month, from which some idea may be formed of the beauty of that department.

SONNET FOR NOVEMBER, 1845.

THE mournful music of bleak forest trees,
The noisy gushing of the yellow brook,
In miniature a Tyber, and the book
Of Nature's leaves wide scattered—the rude breeze
That comes not gently, as it did in Spring
To fan the flowers with its dewy wing;
All lead the mind to sad philosophy,
And make it ruminate upon the change
That is in motion quick eternally;—
Where'er we turn, where'er our thoughts may range,
We see some emblem of our life's decay—
At least upon this earth; if up we flee,
On wings of thought where spheral minstrels play,
Immortal then we know ourselves to be!

W.

SONNET FOR DECEMBER, 1845.

How different are the closes of each year!
Old Nature seems to change her garb, and dress
With all her child's (fair woman's) fickleness!
For sometimes at this season she'll appear
In robes of snowy whiteness—sometimes clad
In rainbow hues of summer morning skies,
Bedeckt in field and grove with thousand dyes
Of gaiety—and then again as sad
Will be her gloomy cloak and stormy train!
Alas! how like the closing hours of life!
Some Hope-led, smiling on their present pains—
Others, with horrors, darkly impending, rife,—
Some scoffing at the sunset of their soul *
On Earth!—some running upwards to Heaven's goal!

W.

Vide the account of Rousseau's last hours.

LECTURES ON PAINTING AND DESIGN. By R. B. HAYDON. *Longman and Co.*

LEONARDO DA VINCI was perhaps the only Artist who was equally distinguished in Poetry, Painting, and Music; but in our days Mr. Haydon is a more extraordinary man, for he gives a curious, historical (?) research descriptive of the various qualities of not only a Poet, Painter, Musician, but moreover of a Sculptor, by which he would insinuate, no doubt, that it was reserved for him to be, as the contrapuntists say, *four in one.*

We shall extract a portion of his theory, from which it will be seen, that like the currier who thought there was nothing like leather, Mr. H. thinks there is nothing like PAINTING, for he places it foremost of the Arts.

"According to my principle," says he, "the very first man born, after the Creation, with such a peculiar and intense sensibility to receive impressions, through the eye, on the brain, of the beauty of colour, light, and shadow, and form, so as to be irresistibly impelled in his earliest childhood to attempt the imitation of what he saw and felt by lines and colours to convey his *innocent (how pastoral!)* thoughts and combinations, in him originated PAINTING!"

Good! now for the next one:

The very first man who felt more deeply than colour or effect (!?) the beauty of form as an actual substance itself, in him originated *Sculpture!*

No doubt this primitive gentleman's name is lost.

The very first man, again, who received, more strongly than either colour or substance, the impressions of sound, in him originated MUSIC. And lastly, the very first man whose recipient susceptibility to the beauty of form, colour, substance, or sound, was not adapted to receive such exclusive impressions from either, as to be propelled to convey his intellectual associations by their positive imitation; but whose expansive powers preferred words as the most subtle conveyors of thoughts excited by the impressions of things, with all their infinite varieties and shades of difference, past, present, and future, moral and physical, and gave vent to his immortal impressions in measured cadence, in him originated POETRY.

This attempt at definition borders upon something very like nonsense: he leaves the poor poet very few qualifications indeed, saving that of *preferring words as the most subtle conveyers of thoughts, &c*:—Now, in order to prove the superiority of the Poet and Musician, over the Painter and Sculptor, we need only state that their productions can be recited and sung or played *in the dark*, where the divine Raffaelle's Transfiguration, or The Sign of the Three Blacks, might be hung up in equal indifference.

Mr. Haydon's Book consists of *seven* lectures on the following interesting subjects:—1. The Origin of Art. 2. Anatomy in General. 3. The Muscles. 4. Standard Figure. 5. Composition. 6. Colour. 7. Invention.

Throughout these lectures there is a considerable quantity of loose learning scattered, but many of the inductions, from the assertions of the Ancients, are either illogical, false, or inconclusive. In Lecture 1, page 17, Mr. H. asserts that "the greatest and only perfect artist the world ever saw, was Phidias!" Did he never read of Polycletus, who, according to Pausanias and Quintilian, was the superior? His statue of the King of Persia was *par excellence* called *The Rule.* Mr. Haydon's enthusiasm for the Elgin Marbles savours somewhat of the ludicrous.

"I cannot give you," he says, "a higher idea of the Elgin Marbles than by saying they are essentially Shaksperian." ..... "Were the Elgin Marbles lost," he says in another place, "there would be as great a gap in Art as there would be in Astronomy if Newton had never existed." ..... "The last words I should wish to utter in this world," he tells us, "till Art gave way to more awful reflections, while my voice was articulate, and a fibre of my vitality quivered, are, Elgin Marbles! Elgin Marbles!"

(Bravo! Haydon!)

I have lived to see the triumph and the glory of these immortal productions! I have lived to see them purchased by an English Parliament, and contributed by my writing to influence that purchase! I have lived to see England visited by illustrious foreigners to study their principles, after having studied them myself, night after night, in a damp and dusty pent-house! I have lived to be the first to send a cast of the Ilyssus to Rome to Canova. I have lived to be the first to introduce them into Russia; and I shall yet live to see the glory of English art, and the emancipation of British artists.

In Lectures 2, 3, and 4, much useful information can be found, although we do not agree with the phrenological notions relative to the human head, or admire the Artist's illustration.

In Lecture 5, on Composition, there are many curious passages, quotations, and aphorisms. The following exhibits the Author's gallantry:—

Let your colour be exquisite, let your light and shadow be perfect, let your expression be touching, let your forms be heroic, let your lines be the very thing, and your subject be full of action,—you will miss the sympathy of the world, you will interest little the hearts of mankind, if you do not lay it down as an irrefutable law that no composition can be complete, or ever will be interesting, or deserve to be praised, *that has not a beautiful woman*, except in a series.

A little further on, Mr. H. asserts and "defies refutation," that "a picture without a beautiful woman is, and must be, in opposition to all the sympathies of mankind."

Poets, it is said, are but sorry critics, and by a parity of reasoning so should painters be: *e.g.*

"Reynolds," says Mr. Haydon, "was a great artist in the second rank, but with a different education and in a different period he would have been a great artist in the first rank: but his genius for High Art was not sufficiently intense to make him a great artist in spite of time and education. He was a great man, but certainly a light thinker."

Reynolds says St. Paul was of mean stature; but Raffaelle has not made him so; now I affirm if St. Paul was little and deformed, Raffaelle ought to have made him so, as much as he ought to have given Alexander his peculiar neck, Cæsar his bald front, Socrates his short nose, Edward his long legs, Richard his terrific hump, or Napoleon his little figure. All these peculiarities, so far from detracting from the grandeur of their picturable actions, would have increased by their very singularity and contrast the power of their actions and expressions.

Was there ever such absurdity?

The following turns Macbeth into a Midas.

"In my picture of Macbeth," says Mr. H., "when he was listening in horror before committing the murder, I ventured to *press his ears forward* like an animal in fright, to give an idea of trying to catch the nearest sound; and it was certainly very effective, and increased amazingly the terror of the scene, without the spectators being aware of the reason."

This was "*porrectis auribus*" with a vengeance!

The following is an instance of felicitous story-telling!!

Many years ago Wilkie, a musician, and myself, passed the evening together in my studio, and we got upon the respective powers of the three arts: of course the musician insisted upon it, that there was nothing painting or poetry could do music could not do as well. Wilkie said, once upon a time, a poet, musician, and a painter, had the same dispute, when it was agreed they should all three retire to a tavern, and ask for their supper by their respective arts, and

whoever made himself the quickest understood should be crowned victor. The musician played most exquisitely for three quarters of an hour, but the waiter shook his head; the painter dashed out the resemblance of a roast fowl; and the poet at once said he would have a boiled one. It was agreed the poet won; and when Wilkie came to this part, our friend the fiddler rushed out of my room in a fury, saying we had no feeling, and never forgave us to the day of his death.

We wonder what poor Michael Angelo ever did to our English Parrhasius so as to deserve the following:—

Michael Angelo often overstepped the modesty of truth, and gave a swaggering air; every figure of his looks as if he was insulted, and preparing to return a blow; if they sleep, they seem as if they would kick; and they move when they are awake, as if all their muscles were cracking. His art is a perpetual effort; his figures always seem irritated and in a passion.

In another place Mr. H. says:—

I yield to no man in veneration for the immortal name of Michael Angelo.

The following comparison between Reynolds and Lawrence is in our own vein of thinking:—

There never were two men so totally opposite in the art as our Reynolds and Lawrence, and great instruction may certainly be attained by a comparison. Lawrence got his expression and likeness by an intense perception of the individual parts, and keen perception of the best look of a sitter—and I believe no man ever exceeded him in catching the best expression: Reynolds by a masculine comprehension of the masses. Reynolds's men had all the air of rank, without being dandies; Lawrence's were all dandies, without being men of rank. Such were the gentleness, the sweetness, the chastity, the beauty, and bewitching modesty of Reynolds's women, that you would have feared even to have approached without apprehension; while you feel quite sure you might compliment the women of Lawrence to any excess without much fear of offending.

With these remarks we conclude our notice of a book, the contents of which may be compared to Martial's epigrams:

Sunt bona, sunt quœdam mediocria,
Sunt mala plura.

With the exception of his devotion to the Elgin Marbles and Phidias, Mr. H. is not a coherent reasoner; but his book is the work of an Enthusiast and a Genius in his art, and cannot fail to merely amuse but instruct.

I Promessi Sposi; or the Betrothed. By Alessandro Manzoni. A New Translation. *Burns*, Portman-street.

Our own *narrative* literature is so rich that seldom (if ever) have we any occasion to borrow from the productions of our neighbours, and to readers conversant with the dramatic portraiture of Scott's novels, the present work will appear rather prosy and insipid; but still there are some sweet passages throughout these volumes; and if they cannot boast of the graphic power of some compositions in our own language, they nevertheless exhibit a delicacy of description which is quite charming.

The following is a subject for the pencil:—

Lucia had just come forth adorned from head to foot by the hands of her mother. Her friends were stealing glances at the bride, and forcing her to show herself; while she, with the somewhat warlike modesty of a rustic, was endeavouring to escape, using her arms as a shield for her face, and holding her head downwards, her black pencilled eyebrows seeming to frown, while her lips were smiling. Her dark and luxuriant hair, divided on her forehead with a white and narrow parting, was united behind in many-circled plaitings, pierced with long silver pins, disposed around, so as to look like an aureola, or saintly glory, a fashion still in use among the Milanese peasant girls. Round her neck she had a necklace of garnets, alternated with beads of filagree gold. She wore a pretty boddice of flowered brocade, laced with coloured ribbons, a short gown of embroidered silk, plaited in close and minute folds, scarlet stockings, and a pair of shoes also of embroidered silk. Besides these, which were the special ornaments of her wedding-day, Lucia had the every-day ornament of a modest beauty, displayed at this time, and increased by the varied feelings which were depicted in her face: joy, tempered by a slight confusion, that placid sadness which occasionally shows itself on the face of a bride, and, without injuring her beauty, gives it an air peculiar to itself.

The gist of the tale is this:—

Renzo and *Lucia*, a young man and a maiden in a humble rank of life, are betrothed. The day for the marriage is fixed. The evening previous to this event, *Don Abbondio*, the curate of the village, a weak, time-serving, timorous creature, is met by a couple of bravoes, the hired mercenaries of a neighbouring robber-baron named *Rodrigo*. These worthies threaten the pliant curate with the wrath of their terrible master if he should dare to perform the ceremony on the morrow. He promises obedience. Next morning *Abbondio*, under several pretexts to *Renzo*, excuses himself from uniting him to *Lucia*. The cause is discovered. *Lucia* entreats a noble-minded friar named *Cristofero* to intercede with *Rodrigo*. His mission to the local despot is unsuccessful. *Lucia* and her mother are compelled to leave their native village, and seek protection in Milan. *Renzo* accompanies them.

The author of the present translation says he gives, for the first time, "the whole unmutilated work of Manzoni; the only other book in English, professing to be a translation of it, omits and alters, *ad libitum*, many passages and opinions;" for our own part we think that there are many objectionable tenets and doctrines which might as well be altogether omitted in the new version. We cannot dismiss the subject without noticing the introduction, which is full of weak arguments and miserable conceits. The idea of asserting that there never was "an author who *proved so undeniably that he had done well*," (as who? Manzoni? *Quis ille* in the ranks of genius!) is ridiculous. Altogether, we think the work a great accession to the prejudices of a certain portion of our bigotted countrymen, but a comparatively small one to our general literature. It is in great repute upon the Continent, but we should be sorry to see its principles disseminated here.

A Dictionary of Archaic and Provincial Words, Obsolete Phrases, Proverbs and Ancient Customs, from the 14th Century. By James Orchard Halliwell, Esq., F.R.S. Part I. *Smith*, Old Compton-street, Soho.

This work professes to be "a key to the writings of our Ancient Poets, Dramatists, and other Authors, whose works abound with allusions of which explanations are not to be found in the ordinary books of reference." A most praiseworthy undertaking certainly, but a most difficult one, and as far as we can see in this first part, which we hope is not merely experimental, one which has been carried through with diligence, research, and considerable ability. Philology is one of the most delightful studies that the human intellect can be engaged in. Nothing so strongly impresses upon our minds the history, manners, and customs of other countries, ancient or modern, as a consideration of the rise, progress, and construction (dead or living) of their languages. The genealogy of a people can be traced more accurately by their speech than by their individual form or

colour; and identities or connections of nations can be proved more satisfactorily by the affinities of conventional similarities in the names of things, which they use, than by any accidental neighbourhood of the locality of their situations. Old Johnson gave us an advice that we should never be the first to adopt a new term, or the last to abandon an old one —thereby making language a matter of mere fashion, a kind of *long-champs*, as the French would call it; but we contend that a word which ever had any meaning at all, should not sink into desuetude, but, on the contrary, be reverenced as having passed the threshold of our forefather's lips, and be held sacred, if it were for no other sake than Time's— that "beautifier of the dead."

A good word should never become obsolete— fashion, whatever it may have to do with *millinery*, should possess no whimsical influence over literature or language, and therefore we thank the learned and industrious compiler of the present work for bringing back to our recollection and our aid, many a term which has escaped its just retention. At the same time we do not think that provincialisms, or rather vulgarisms, should have been admitted into the work, although they often, certainly, serve as illustrations of some obscure passages in old writers. Corruptions should be avoided, but perhaps they are indispensable as proofs, and, as such, we tolerate them, although we cannot fully give our approbation to the matter. The present part arrives at only AN, but we hope the alphabet and the Dictionary will soon be completed, and then indeed, the work, as has been intended, will "furnish a manual, the want of which has long been felt by most persons who have had occasion to study or refer to the works of our old writers. No general dictionary of the early English language has hitherto appeared, and the student often finds himself at a loss, when probably a comprehensive glossary would at once give the information required. To remedy this inconvenience, the present publication has been projected;" and we feel assured, from the specimen before us, that it will amply fill up a long deplored hiatus in our literature.

EVENINGS OF A WORKING MAN. By JOHN OVERS. With a Preface relative to the Author by CHARLES DICKENS. *Newby*, Mortimer-street.

THE recent death of the author of this little volume —an event but too well foreboded in the kindly preface by which it is preceded—has invested it with an additional, and, alas! painful interest. John Overs was, as he described himself, "a working man," but "he left no calling" for the "idle trade" of an author; he wrought at his occupation stoutly and earnestly as long as bodily health permitted him, and it was scarcely till his hands failed him that he endeavoured to eke out a subsistence for himself and his family by the exertion of his mind. In his leisure hours he then wrote several tales and sketches, which appeared in a monthly magazine, and which were there read and admired, for they have much talent in them, and wake in the reader a wish that he had written more. In a more expanded form, his "Leaves from the Register of the Abbess of Godstow," his "Legend of Runna Mead," and his "Norris and Anne Boleyn," might have taken a place in literature, for they each contain the germ of a novel; necessity compressed them to the limits of a magazine paper; yet even in this form they exhibit much constructive skill and ability in the delineation of character. That he had an observing eye and much descriptive power, is proved by his sketches of the "Costermonger," the "Baker," and the "Carpenter." But what cultivation and practice might have done towards developing each of these gifts, is a speculation, now cut short for ever. The book is a pleasing little volume, even if it stood alone; but, recommended by an introduction by Boz—and never did he pen any pages of his own in a better spirit—as well as by the knowledge of the importance its success may be to those who survive, it can scarcely fail, we should hope, of securing the support of a large circle of readers.

THE LAW OF KINDNESS. *Wiley and Putnam.*

THE issue and extensive circulation of works of a moral and religious character, forms a peculiar and distinctive feature in the literary history of the present epoch. America reciprocates in this respect with England, and the reading public on both sides of the Atlantic reap, thus, a twofold benefit. The unassuming little volume before us is an accession to our religious literature, from the pen of a minister of the gospel, in the United States. To illustrate, by apposite and forcible example, the beauty, wisdom, efficacy, and paramount importance of the divine precept, "Overcome evil with good;" to prove its universal practicability, its benign tendency, and the "twice blessedness," which is a natural result of its hallowing and hallowed operation, has been the author's aim; and, we trust, a wider and more general recognition and observance of the precept will be his reward. The present edition is a reprint of the American, and the gracefully-written preface and feeling dedication which the English editor has prefixed, do equal honour to his head and heart. Published in an elegant, though inexpensive, form, it is, extrinsically and intrinsically, a work we can confidently recommend for circulation to the heads of schools (especially at the approaching season of presents and rewards), to peace and religious societies, and, indeed, to all who are sincerely desirous of carrying out the beneficent principle which constitutes the "be-all and end-all" of the "Law of Kindness."

HAYDN'S DICTIONARY OF DATES, AND UNIVERSAL REFERENCE. *E. Moxon*, Dover-street.

WE cannot bestow too much praise upon this excellent compilation; it must become in usefulness to its possessor what the *Directory* is to the man of business. The information, classical, political, domestic, or general, is admirably arranged, and contains no less than fifteen thousand articles, as important to the learned as to the unlearned. The leading events of every country, ancient and modern, will be found noted here; and every remarkable era in our history, inserted as it has occurred, forming a useful library companion to a whole range of ponderous volumes, saving much time and trouble when necessary to refresh the memory. In fact, no library can be complete without this carefully-arranged dictionary of Mr. Haydn.

NURSERY RHYMES, TALES, AND JINGLES. *Burns,* Portman-street

THIS little book, though not an annual, deserves to be placed amongst them as one of the most exquisite and richly-adorned presents for the young that the season puts forth. We can with much pleasure bestow our meed of praise upon it, and introduce a few of its beautiful engravings, that our readers may have an opportunity of judging for themselves. It is not often that juvenile books like the present are so tastefully illustrated by the genius of riper years. The effect upon the young eye must be productive of the best possible results as to forming the judgment and improving the taste. Still we wish a *little more* consideration had been bestowed upon the intellectual portion; children often remain children all their lives from first false impressions.

1.

Little maid, pretty maid,
whither goest thou?
Down in the forest
to milk my cow.
Shall I go with thee?
No, not now;
When I send for thee,
then come thou

Little lad, little lad,
where wast thou born?
Far off, in Lancashire,
under a thorn,
Where they sup sour milk
in a ram's horn.

3.

One misty moisty morning,
When cloudy was the weather,
I met a little old man
Clothed all in leather,
Clothed all in leather,
With cap below his chin.
How do you do, and how do you do,
And how do you do again?

FOR JANUARY.

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☞ *The whole of the Engravings under the superintendence of* E. LANDELLS.

THE
ILLUMINATED MAGAZINE

FATHERLAND: A TALE OF TWO EPOCHS.

BY J. W. CARLETON (CRAVEN), AUTHOR OF "HYDE MARSTON," &c., &c., &c.

CHAPTER III.

THE LAND AND THE LOOM.

Oh, mortal man! that liveth here by toil,
Do not complain of this thy hard estate:
That, like an emmet, thou must ever moil,
Is a sad sentence of an ancient date,
And *certes* there is reason for it great;
For though sometimes it make thee weep and wail,
And curse thy stars, and early drudge, and late,
Withouten that would come a heavier bale—
Loose life, unruly passions, and diseases pale.

CASTLE OF INDOLENCE.

It was committee-night, and the great room of "The Crown" was occupied by a more numerous and miscellaneous society than ordinary on such an occasion. A stranger whom chance had introduced would have found little difficulty in conjecturing that the matter which brought the company together was neither of a social nor a peaceful character. Individually, the members had as little to recommend them

as it is possible to conceive; collectively, they formed as truculent-looking a band as ever aspired to Botany Bay. The president was in good keeping with the general grouping; while his whole man, or *tout ensemble* according to the polite phrase, conveyed to the eye a concentration of such exceeding scoundrelism, so great a breadth of rascality, that you felt assured he was entitled to the strong relief he enjoyed as chairman. This was the village attorney, who had recently relinquished an Old Bailey practice of several years' standing—or rather ups and downs—in consequence of some impertinent interference on the part of one of the judges, touching a fee with which he had forgotten to retain counsel to defend a gentleman labouring under an imputation of picking pockets. Around the table, at the head of which sat the lawyer, was attracted, as aforesaid, a far from prepossessing circle. On the right hand of the chair sat Hoskins the higgler, a philosopher who held it was the duty of philanthropy, should it see friend or foe on the ground, to help them up—by the watch-chain. This free moralist was supported by a party, with heads and shoulders apparently constructed for the destruction of the cudgels that should come in contact with them. These were trampers: gipsies, vagrant tinkers, and mixed vagabonds of all denominations. The locality itself was principally represented by a knot of loose-looking young fellows in velveteen jackets and leathern gaiters, who made the drinking vessels dance on the table at any allusion to the slavery of the game laws, and the inherent right of every man to the wild birds and animals of chase. There were, however, a few yeomen that seemed to belong to a substantial class, but who took no part in the proceedings beyond smoking their pipes, and taking their pull in turn at the tankard; and, at the further end of the table, lounged an old soldier with a wooden leg and a Waterloo medal; beside whom was a youth who evidently sought to avoid observation. Such was the company which, at midnight, held hot debate upon the political economy of the day at the sign of "The Crown," in King's Oversley.

"There is to be grand doings up at the Hall to-morrow, I hear," said Hoskins the higgler, laying down the can he had drained of its strong beer; "harvest home is a fine thing for them as gets the wheat and the barley, and gives nothing but chaff to those that sowed, and reaped, and gathered. But they'll find out that their lease has expired: they'll be taught that somebody else beside them and their flocks and herds is to be fed off their fat pastures: that men have an equal right to meat and drink with any other sort of live stock: that lords and gentlemen have no longer the privilege of starving their labourers and pampering their pigs: there be them as will learn 'em that lesson, aint there, Lawyer Mason?"

"Ay! and it shall be given to more than the griping land-engrosser," replied the person appealed to, rising from his chair; "the money-mongering monopolist shall have it inculcated after a fashion he won't forget. The fulness of time for you to help yourselves has come: the lord of the manor has taken the last rood of earth left to the poor man's foot: the lord of the mill, the bread and water on which he so long struggled and strove with famine. Are ye content to sell them the labour of your hearts and hands for less than they pay their beasts of burden? Shall their kine fare well, and their kind famish? shall their oxen be carefully housed, and their kith be left without a place wherein to lay their heads? What has come upon us? Look abroad, and in once merry England—in England, still fertile and free beyond all other lands—in England, the garner of the world's wealth, the home of enterprise, the cradle of science, the mine of industry—see the agents of her greatness and her glory left to perish for lack of food! Has it come to pass that the curse entailed on mankind to win their bread by the sweat of the brow, is now a blessing denied to their prayers and tears? And is there no resource for the younger brotherhood of the mighty British family? Verily they have the inheritance of the poor laws: they are born to the birthright of the workhouse, that Bastille, most foul and unnatural, whose fare is worse than that appointed for the felon, and whose slavery is more inhuman than that of the bought bondsman, is *his* sole hope and refuge:

"Whose only claim is this:—
With labour stiff and stark,
By lawful turn his bread to earn,
Between the light and dark;
His daily bread and nightly bed,
His bacon and drop of beer,
But all from the hand that holds the land,
And none from the overseer!"

This address was received with shouts and cheers which lasted till the audience had exhausted its enthusiasm. When the outcry ceased, the old soldier knocked the ashes out of his pipe, took a pull at his mug, and began:

"Well, well, comrades, if it's true as you say, things is a precious sight worse than ever I expected to see. When Waterloo was won, and this here leg lost, I was right glad to get back to old England in hopes I should die in a cotton nightcap, and with curtains to my bed. But be-like there's no such luck for any of us. My word for it, John Bull won't live without beef and beer, leave alone bread; for the matter of that, I know'd as civil-spoken a young fellow as there was among our light bobs, take and blow himself out of a eighteen-pounder carronade all along of their stopping his ration

of rum. I'm bound to say our neighbours here, however, aint so badly off as that there gentleman describes the folks, as be obligated to go about begging for leave to work and starve; no, not by a great deal. I don't think there's man, woman, or child, in this village—no, nor on the whole of the Oversley estate—as hasn't got a bellyful of wholesome victuals every day in the week, and a good suit of clothes to wear at church of a Sunday. Mayhap, indeed, the chaps down in the manifact'ring towns and the like beant doing quite so well; but for sartain some on 'em don't deserve particular good luck. The last quarters ever I was in was Glasgow; and I've heard and seen there of Saturday nights what has made my hair bristle like the teeth of a rake, and that after a pretty good spell at campaigning. More be token, there was Jim Cassidy of ours, that was with the regiment when it went into Lancashire about the riots; and he sent me a letter that was fit to frighten any Christian out of his growth. He said that at the rate the cotton-spinners was agoing on—a-fighting, and drinking, and tearing, and swearing—the end of the world couldn't be far off; and that as soon as it came, it was certain to begin at Stockport or Manchester. Poor creatures, it is not their faults, God help them! for there's scarce a living sinner on 'em knows any better than the beasts as eats grass. It's a sorry saying, so it is, but not the less true for all that—there's thousands upon thousands of our countrymen as ignorant of decency and shame as Hottentot niggers. Where's the cure for that? Show me the man can tell? I've heard say that Africky—where at present the monkeys is by far the genteelest part of the population—in former times was renowned for refinement and luxury. Is our lifting up and letting down, the work of Providence or our own hands? To what end are these changes ordained? Till we understand this, let us be thankful for the blessings we have—for our wholesome though frugal meal—our humble, but peaceful homes; and neither have a hard heart or a hard hand for weavers and spinners, if so be they haven't learnt as yet to live as respectable as our shepherds' dogs."

"I make bold, Mr. Chairman," cried one of Hoskins the higgler's party, with a hatchment over his right eye and the rest of his face in deep mourning—"I make bold to differ in total with what that gentleman without the leg has been saying about the respectability of the manufacturing classes. There aint a better behaved, soberer, or diligenter body of men not in England. And look at what they have to bear—there's the machinery as leaves them nothing to do, and the masters that pays them half price for their labour, and the corn laws that charges them double price for their loaf—that's hard lines or I don't know what purser's slops is. Ignorant, be they? Give the first Lord of the Admiralty sixteen hours a day at the jennies, from the time he's the size of a marlin-spike, and let me see if he'll know a B—— from a Bo'son's whistle. They drink, do they? Show me the man, from the ship's chaplain up'ards, as rises every morning with the cholera in his inside, as wouldn't splice the main-brace if he could. Belay that, messmate! There's no making soft bread out of anchor-flukes. Tell us by what right the mill lord eats and drinks of the best, and hoards up money that he can't find anything to do with, at the cost of the souls and bodies of his slaves, and let us know which has the least shame; let us hear who wants decency most, the naked, shivering wretch that crawls to the gin shop for a dram to keep the little remnant of life in him, or the fine madam, whose flounces and furbelows cost more than would clothe in comfort hundreds of her fellow creatures?"

"Down with the money-mongers," shouted the president, leaping from his seat and glaring with his keen eye on the movements of excitement that manifested themselves on every side, "down with the vampires of gold who find millions to advance any scheme or contrivance which shall assist them to pile riches upon riches, but not a guinea for the cries of want and misery. Let them fall in the pride of their hearts, those men of Belial. They shall be cut off; they must be destroyed, these locusts of the harvest of the poor man's toil, or woe, and ruin, and despair to the land! Hear me, my friends, and mark well what I say. It is your duty to yourselves, your duty to your brothers in need and suffering, your duty to your Maker, to pull down these despoilers from their high places, to take from them the wages of their guilt, and give of their superfluity to those that faint for food, and perish for raiment and shelter. Down with them I say—down—down—down!"

The speaker roared out these denunciations like one possessed. His looks were wild; his cheeks as white as chalk, and his eyeballs glared horribly. The majority of those who listened, appeared as much affected as himself. Some ground their teeth; some smote the table with their clenched fists: some hissed fierce whispers into their neighbours' ears; all seemed wound up to a pitch of desperate violence, except the small band of yeomen who continued to smoke their pipes, and interchange looks of doubt and anxiety with each other. The chairman had made an end of speaking, but still continued to stand, and the flame seemed on the point of breaking out into a blaze, when an old farmer, whose sleek snowy locks swept his shoulders, and whose countenance was the emblem of a bright winter day, "frosty but kindly," arose, and thus bespoke him:—

"Mister Mason, you'll excuse me, but, to my thinking, you go about curing hard times like a doctor that should cut off a leg to heal a broken shin. But talk, now-a-days, is a universal remedy, I suppose, like Solomon's Balm of Gilead, or Dr. Morrison's pills. To hear how they go on at the agricultural meetings one would fancy gentlefolks thought fine words as fruitful as guano. They mean well, I'm sure, and, no doubt, farming has been standing still while the march of improvement was advancing rapidly in all our other national resources. Nevertheless, they neglect the means of immediate relief, a matter of instant and pressing importance, while they speculate upon systems and plans for making the cultivation of the land rich and prosperous at some distant day. Instead of laying all the blame upon the loom, they should inquire whether the land is not also in fault. The root of distress in this country, is, beyond dispute, the taxation; which, in regard of almost all the articles of consumption, falls as heavy on the man who spends sixpence a day as the man who lays out his hundred pounds; upon him who labours and earns nothing, as upon those who live in idleness with full pockets. This is radically ruinous and unjust, and for both reasons it will be remedied, for there is too much common sense and common honesty among us to permit a long career to so monstrous an evil. In the meantime, however, till wise heads and kind hearts shall have discovered the error in our present social principle, and thereby devised some radical cure for it, the wealthy are bound to give of their excess to those who have not enough. Mankind were born annuitants of the soil; it is against the eternal law of nature that with corn in existence they should go without bread. All who can, no doubt, ought to assist in the great work of humanity; let the landowners give us more of example and less of precept. Let the landlords lower their rents; we shall soon see the loom lords raise their wages. The frightful inequality of property is the feature of our position that should give the philanthropist most concern; the enormous capital of wealth as well as the terrible accumulation of destitution. A civil war between those who have nothing to gain and those who have nothing to lose, is a struggle with long odds on one side, to say nothing about the nature and consequences of such a quarrel. We have seen what came of such strife among a neighbouring people within our own experience; God forbid that we should furnish another example. I'm a plain man, Mister Mason, but I've lived three score years and ten in this parish, and always found the suppliers of labour and the consumers of labour understood their own business better than any one could explain it for them. Things might be better than they are, but they won't be mended by making them worse. The poor laws are bad, and the game laws are bad, but they're better than no laws at all. Perhaps it is little to the credit of the great landed proprietors who receive from the produce of the soil a thousand times more than they can use, that their estates should be cultivated by a starving population; and, still less, that, instead of setting the example of improving the condition of their dependants they content themselves with arguing that the great manufacturers treat their slaves worse. But the weaver who wants work will not obtain it by destroying the means of giving him employment; neither is the labourer who wants bread any the more likely to get it by burning the corn from which it is made."

If the stout old yeoman had not been furnished with a pair of iron lungs, he would never have been heard half so far in his oration. As it was, he had to roar out the latter portion of it, like a herald making proclamation, and was still shouting with desperate energy, when his allusion to fire-raising was received with a groan by the majority of the assembly, that resembled the chorus of an earthquake. A furious storm of words raged—its import lost in the tempest, but yet too well interpreted by the outrageous gesticulations that accompanied it. Everybody essayed to speak, but evidently not one to second the views of the white-headed orator so summarily silenced.

The gipsies, tinkers, and trampers seemed to regard the reference to incendiarism as a personal affair, for they jumped on the benches, kicked over the table, dashed out the lights, and brought the night's deliberations to a close with a volley of villanous menaces. Even the vehemence of the president was checked by the rage of his adherents, for while there was yet light enough left to distinguish him, he was seen remonstrating in dumb show with his furious faction. These men had, however, roused themselves by drink, and the stimulant of bad passions acting on savage natures, into a condition beyond the influences of caution or control. Mason, therefore, lost no time in ridding himself of their society, and, accompanied by the higgler Hoskins, walked away quickly in the direction of his own house. The little knot of yeomen also took their ways homewards, without staying to hear or see more of the disturbance; and then, mingled with the native battalion in fustian jackets and leathern gaiters, the trampers reeled down the peaceful village street.

As the last of them disappeared, there issued from beneath the old elm tree, on which the device of the way-side inn offered itself to the traveller's notice, two persons who had been watching the proceedings with apparently the same result. These were the wooden-legged

Waterloo veteran and the youth who had stood near him during the preceding scene within doors. The soldier was the first to speak.

"Master Morris," he said, "yonder goes a squadron of scamps that would be the better for a dance with the drummer's daughter. I mean no offence—not acquaintances of your father, I hope?"

"My good friend," answered the youth, "the worst offence I'm likely to take this night I have had from one that should have been the last to offer it. I have not been at home for some few days, and have never before seen any of those persons; they are strangers; do you know where they come from, or their business here?"

"I'll make bold to say, wherever they live the neighbours aint grieving for the loss of their company," answered the old soldier; "and as for their business in these parts, it's my notion that it isn't good for much. What did that chap with his eye in trouble mean by palavering about spinning-jinnies and looms, and such like? He's no more a weaver than I'm a archbishop. I mistrust the whole squad of 'em, that's what I do—lock, stock and barrel."

"No honest errand brought them here," rejoined the young man; "fair-dealing don't work with such tools. If you should learn anything connected with their doings, or the probable purpose of their being here, let me know it, Gabriel, for I feel strangely ill at ease about it. Good night."

The golden light of a full harvest moon gleamed upon the solitary lane that led from the village to the residence of Mason, the lawyer. It was, indeed, rather a ravine than a road-way, for the banks on either side rose considerably higher than the heads of those who walked along it. These banks, too, were thickly grown over with luxuriant rows of copse-wood, so that, except when the noon-day sun was out, or the moon shining in her zenith, those who sought the house of the man of law were fain to do so "under the shade of melancholy boughs."

Morris Mason, therefore, as he turned his steps homeward, hailed the merry moonlight as a welcome companion, and looked with no complacency upon the clouds which threatened to part him from such good company before he reached his destination. Indeed, by such time as half the way was accomplished, the darkness began to fall thick and fast, throwing into a stronger relief the vista in front, towards which the shadows were rapidly sweeping. On that last remaining spot of light his eye was fixed, and at the instant when the obscurity had overtaken it, he observed the figure of a man gliding rapidly in the direction he was pursuing.

On any occasion such a circumstance would have appeared full of suspicion, because the pass only communicated between his father's cottage and the village of Oversley, but, occuring when it did, it gave rise in him to strange doubts and imaginations. He pressed forward as quickly as the stark darkness allowed, and was soon at the wicket which opened into the cottage garden; but had the person he sought been within arms' length, he would have been safe from detection. Young Mason listened, and presently heard the strong breathing of some one near. He challenged, but no answer was returned; again he listened, and again a respiration close at hand sounded clear and distinct. It proceeded, apparently, from some one concealed in the garden or lurking about the house. He passed noiselessly through the gate, and crept towards the cottage. Voices now, as of persons in excited conversation, caused him once more to pause and listen. They had another auditor, for he could plainly hear a foot moving stealthily close to where he stood. What might this mystery portend?

The young man had gained a spot beneath one of the windows, that enabled him to see into the apartment to which it belonged. At a table supplied with drinking materials sat his father, and Hoskins the higgler. Both were evidently moved by the matter at issue, and spoke rapidly, and in accents of passion.

"Why did I send Morris up to London on a cock-and-a-bull story," cried the lawyer, "but to get him out of the way when I thought they were coming down? How can I tell you what the real object they have in view is, when I know no more of it myself than the man in the moon? I served my time to old Foster, of Furnival's Inn, who, according to what I can put together from my own sources (for you might as well attempt to get anything out of Chancery as out of him) has been in the habit of doing the young Jew's *post obits* and annuities, and the like, ever since they were in the market. Well, his client requested to be furnished with an introduction to a professional gentleman of character in this part of the country—one in whom confidence might be reposed—and, old Foster named me."

"In course," remarked Hoskins, with a hiccup—(for his career of liquor had run rather longer and stronger than was its wont)—"in course. He said you was a regular gentleman—attorney—and no mistake."

"Very soon after that I received instructions for getting up meetings at the Crown, to consider the distresses of the labouring population," continued Mason; "and very well they paid. It was no affair of mine what they were to lead to; they brought in plenty of money; and that was all I cared for. What he's going to make of it now is beyond my guess. I only know

that there is five hundred pounds hanging to the job, and that you shall have the half to help to carry it through."

"Only a flare-up?" asked the higgler.

"No more," replied the lawyer.

"Not a ——," whispered Hoskins. "Honour?"

"Honour," responded the lawyer.

At this moment a laugh, which seemed breathed into his ear, made Morris Mason cry aloud; and then the shrubs among which he was standing crashed as some one fled from the place; and the sound of his footsteps was lost as he leaped the enclosure and alighted on the turf on the opposite side.

Young Mason laid his hand quickly on the latch of the door, and was in the act of entering, when his father and the higgler reached it for a different purpose. The former carried a light, which, falling full on his son, revealed the cause that had excited his fears.

"Is that you?" said the lawyer.

"Well for you it's nobody else," cried the higgler surlily; "and well for me, too, for the luck I had to follow a fool who goes hunting for thieves with a candle in his hand."

"There are those might have been outside who would have saved you the trouble of extinguishing it," he continued, passing the youth, and drawing the attorney abroad with him. "There was more than one of them here, too, I'll be on my cold death. If the younker has been poaching he'll sleep sounder to-night than ever he did! The light—under the window there. That's a broader footmark than your son's dainty boots make, eh? And what's that? A stick, eh? There aint many such in these parts, I'm thinking. Isn't it an old acquaintance?" and as the fellow clutched and glared on it his hand shook, and his face grew deadly pale. . . . . "Sailor Jack's walking cane, by ——," he whispered to his companion. "Ho! ho! there's treason at work, is there? My young gentleman has set up on his own account, has he? and taken Sailor Jack for a foreman, eh? Well, it's not a bad beginning. Master Mason look to your son, or he'll succeed to your business before you retire in his favour. To-morrow, when all the village is up at the harvest home, we'll be with you; the job's as easy done one day as another; no time like time present; so we'll do it off hand, Master Mason. Good night!" "So, Sailor Jack's looking out for squalls, is he?" muttered Hoskins, as he plodded moodily to his bed; "there's them as can keep their weather-eye open as well as yourself, old boy?"

Morris Mason was up before the sun on the following morning, and, after some hours spent in loitering about the paths leading from the village towards Oversley Court, he accompanied Rose Kennedy and the old parish clerk to the entrance gates, as we have already seen. There, having taken his leave of them, he retraced his steps, making the best of his way to the abode of Gabriel Grant, the pensioner.

It was one of those huts which we have all seen grow up on inconsidered spots from inconsidered trifles. Gabriel Grant, the soldier, tired less of war's alarms than the scanty commissariat of a campaign, carried on in a country called by courtesy friendly; and in a spirit that put to shame the fables of knight-errantry, experienced no great regret when the crowning achievement of Waterloo permitted him, with honour, to turn his sword into a ploughshare, as the poets say, but, as he himself expressed it, "His baggonet into a toasting-fork." As soon as he could, by means o his remaining leg and its timber auxiliary, he reached his native village, to find that all his kith and kin had sought their long homes, and left him without one of any dimensions.

In this dilemma the veteran looked about him for a bivouac. There was a corner of the village common dotted with hawthorns and wild rose-trees; where the heath swept down to a little glade of the greenest turf, whose verdure was nourished by a rivulet of the brightest water. To that nook had he full oft retreated in the days of boyhood, abandoning the corn-field, over which he was placed sentinel, to be sacked and pillaged by the remorseless rooks; while he laid him down in the pleasant shade to dream of the glories and wonders he had heard fall from the lips of the recruiting sergeant. Thirty years, whereof ten were spent in hospital—a shilling a day for meat, drink, and clothing—amputations, gun-shot wounds, agues, intermittent fevers, and all the natural *et cetera* the hero is heir to—had, pretty well dispelled those early illusions; but the spot of his reveries was still the same. May came, and clothed it with bloom, and freshness, and fragrance—the same that it wore when the withered old trunk of mortality was as full of life and hopefulness as itself.

Well, every morning after his return would the wooden-legged Waterloo man stump out of his "quarters" to his old haunt on the common. Presently the neighbours remarked him at work there, and by-and-by there was a plat of the sod removed; and before long walls of turf were standing as high as their heads. Upon these a roof of purple heath soon appeared; and by the time autumn had arrived old Grant had enclosed the green glade with the stream winding through it; and the villagers declared he would soon have the prettiest garden in the parish. And so he had; and, if any store might be set by looks, the lightest heart, too. He generally caught the larks abed in the spring; for every morning, as long as the violets lasted, he would take a bunch down to

Rose Kennedy; and it was his boast they were always gathered before daybreak had opened them, and let out their sweetness. As, however, you were tolerably sure to find him soon after sunrise, taking his "morning," a cup of ale and a pipe—on the bench, in front of "The Crown"—perhaps the credit of his early rising was not to be ascribed altogether to the violets. Thus did the hearty old warrior make for himself a local habitation; few knew how—none asked by what leave or whose license.

Gabriel Grant was at work in his garden, when Morris Mason entered it.

"Good morrow, friend," he said, "I am glad to see that last night's late hours have done you no harm."

"I wish I could say you didn't seem to have come by mischief yourself, somehow," answered the veteran, "but as far as looks go, you mightn't had been in your bed for the last twelvemonth. May I make bold to inquire if you have had any breakfast this morning?"

"No," replied the young man, "neither do I want any."

"Your pardon, young Sir," rejoined Grant, "there never was man or beast yet that did not ought to break their fast before noon every day in the seven; come in doors with me and eat a mouthful first, and then let us hear what's the matter—for matter there is—that's certain.

Morris followed the old man into the hut. It consisted of a single room only, of which the furniture was as scanty as might well be—amounting to no more than a most rude oak table, a couple of chairs of the same fashion and material, and a sort of bench in a recess formed by a projection of the hearth, on which lay a large cloak of rich furs.

"That's my bedchamber," said the old soldier, pointing to the corner in which the bench stood, "and this is my mess-room: "let's see what there is to eat and drink in it," and he took from a cupboard a pitcher of milk, a brown loaf, and a small jar of honey. "I can't say much for the victuals," he observed, as he placed them before his guest, "only perhaps you won't find the honey so bad—it was Rose Kennedy brought it to me—bless her pretty eyes."

Very probably Morris had no occasion to find fault with the meal; at all events he ate, and while his host continued chatting, as old age will, he looked about him, for the decorations of the apartment were not of an every-day character. The walls, which owed nothing to the aid of wainscot or tapestry, were hung thickly with warlike instruments, such as ancient muskets, bayonets, belts, cartouche boxes, and so forth. These were interspersed with such curiosities as the proprietor had picked up during his campaigns in foreign parts: wooden Bramins, elephants' tusks, strips of Lahore carpets; specimens of Punjab manufactures, a rusty Toledo, a Picador's lance, a Torero's cloak, and similar reminiscences of the Peninsula.

"You are admiring my curosities," he observed, seeing young Mason more occupied with the museum than the meal, "they're aint worth much, but as old friends. That cloak, which has served me for many a long year as bed and blanket, is the only article of value I possess in the world: the sable they tell me is of a species not to be got now. I brought it from Mysore, where I left my liver, and half the life that was in me, so I had none so much the best of the bargain after all. But I see you've finished your breakfast—indeed, for the matter of that you never began—so let us hear the news. Something about those chaps we saw at "The Crown" last night, I'll be bound for it, and no good neither."

"Gabriel," said the youth to the old man, who sate himself upon the stunted little three legged table from which he had just removed the provender—"Gabriel there's wrong afloat, and worse fortune that I should say so, my father is busy with it. What the mischief meant, or the extent to which it is to be carried, maybe I know not, but this I am sure, a plot is in existence, which menaces the property of those who do not deserve injury of their neighbours. I have come to you because you are one whose faith deserves trust, and whose experience of the world suits him for the matter to be dealt with. Whatever be my opinion of my father's conduct in this, as in other affairs, I am his son, and cannot bring him to shame. I dare not tell him that which has come to my knowledge: neither will I leave in ignorance of it those whom it so deeply concerns. His safety, however, might be compromised, did intimation of the design come from me; therefore I seek your assistance to convey so much as shall put them on their guard. To-night, during the merry-making in the park, go up to Oversley and get speech of Mr. Charles Neville. Tell him there is need of strict watch, for that mischief hangs over his house and danger threatens those who are dear to him. Say, he who sends the warning is ignorant of all save the fact, that injury is intended. Bid him beware—promptly, effectively. I will learn how your errand sped, in a day or two—in the meanwhile there are those in wait about the village on whom I shall keep eye: haply I may thus avert the evil that is at work—or discover the purpose of those who have set it in motion."

Harvest-home sped merrily: the hewers of wood and drawers of water were as gleesome as their companions, the summer birds; while within the walls on which, when they paused from their mirth or good cheer, they would gaze as containing all that hope might wish or

heart enjoy, there was gloom and dread and bitterness. Such is life. Marsena, having recovered from the excitement in which he betrayed such singular emotion, spoke for a short space on subjects of general reference, and then returned to his room, where he passed the remainder of the day. Charles Neville also presently disappeared, leaving the old baronet to his own resources. It would have required a larger supply of philosophy than Sir Percy could boast, to have extracted pleasure or profit from a *tête-a-tête* with self at such a moment and under similar circumstances, so he lost no time in seeking his hat and cane, and sallying forth among the village lads and lasses, for instinct teaches us the natural mesmerism to place ourselves *en rapport* with merriment.

It was the observation of a logician, who studied well in the school of experience, that the issues of life are governed by laws, the very reverse of those of perspective. Difficulties which afar off appear vast,—anxieties that at a distance look gigantic, when they are close at hand, lose much of their size and significance. Upon this principle it must have been that Sir Percy Neville returned from a last seat under his own fig-tree to a last meal in his own hall, with as good spirits and as good an appetite as if he had taken a fresh lease of health and prosperity for nine hundred and ninety-nine years. The absence of all palpable evidence of change no doubt greatly aided this indifference in one whose temperament was naturally torpid. Like many of his countrymen and class, however, he was born to Horace's *nil admirari*—few occasions affected him: none moved. He found both the Jew and his son at the dinner-table—the board was furnished as usual; there was the accustomed service of equipage and attendance, and the descendant of the cavalier of 1660 was too philosophic or phlegmatic to fret about the evil of to-morrow. It were a curious search to inquire into the origin of that indifference to the uncertainty of life and its economy, which is our leading characteristic. Is it an instinct from which springs the eternal well of hope, or the peace of spirit derived from the eternity of the natural world?

> "The night has fallen: the glittering stars come forth,
> Looking down on us with their still, soft light;
> The same to-day as yesterday they were
> As if all to-day were such as yesterday."

In spite of the host's *sang froid*, as regarded his personal position, the polished courtesy of his son, and the quiet urbanity of the banker, it was a great relief to the frigidity of the feast that occasional sounds of hilarity were heard from the groups scattered over the park, engaged in various rural games and exercises.

"I was prevented joining those light-hearted people to-day," said Marsena, as a chorus of glad voices rang from beneath the terrace; "and I regret it greatly,—there are few scenes so wholesome for the man whose course of life lies wide of nature. But the attack which I suffered from this morning prostrated my strength for a time, and I feared a return of it from any unexpected excitement;" and while he spoke, his keen eye glanced at young Neville.

"I spent some hours with them," rejoined the baronet, "and a better disposed tenantry I don't think exists from one end of England to the other. I have not seen so much of them, perhaps, as I ought; but they were none the less hearty in their reception of me—or evidently less well-intentioned. I don't think I saw one among all I encountered in my morning's walk, that I could object to as a tenant—except, indeed, a fellow with a patch over his eye, whom I remarked skulking about by himself, and whose name I forgot to inquire. Charles, send to the steward—but, by Jove! that will be for Mr. Marsena to do: still, it should be looked to;—he's a delegate from some parliament of poachers, I dare say, with a cargo of newly-invented infernal machines in his pocket, to blow up all the preserves in the parish: I hope he'll have a canter on the treadmill."

"I fear my daughter will not be quite so strict—perhaps I should say, so orthodox—a game preserver as you are, Sir Percy," remarked the Jew, again darting a look at Charles Neville; "for myself, I am not a friend to the Game Laws, although not one likely to disregard any of the rights of property."

A dull conversation,—broken, disjointed, and uncordial,—was thus kept alive, while the dessert remained untouched, and a few glasses of claret were disposed of. Marsena then arose, and with an apology for absenting himself during the remainder of the evening, took his leave. The *tête-a-tête* between father and son was speedily dissolved; and the latter, throwing a cloak around him, went forth for a ramble in the rich moonlight. As he passed out upon the terrace, the banker's secretary accosted him with an intimation, that, when it suited his convenience, Mr. Marsena would be glad of a brief interview.

"Say I will be with him in an hour," replied young Neville.

As soon as the moon was up, Gabriel Grant took the path across the common to King's Oversley: "there will be a horn of malt to drink at the Crown," soliloquized the old soldier, "and a timber-toe can't get up much above a slow march. I shall be at the Court none too early after all." Mention has been made of a valley which intervened between the village and the outer park of Oversley. He had reached this spot, and seated himself on a stone by the way-side to light his pipe, when he became aware of some persons being on the other side of the hedge.

"All on 'em," said one who replied to some question; "a hour ago, and pretty well drunk by this time—if they got hold of the strong beer."

"I begin to wish I had never meddled with this affair," said another;—the voice was that of Mason, the attorney;—"I thought all that was intended was to frighten the Israelite; but I have my doubts something more serious is meant."

"To perdition with you and your doubts," rejoined the first speaker—and he rose and walked rapidly away. At this moment four men passed, and a whistle was given by one of them—it was answered, and they continued in the direction of the park gates. "Pass and countersign; here's a regular mutiny: I wish I could borrow another leg," old Grant communed with himself as he made the best speed he could after them. It was near midnight before he had reached the home-park—from which all traces of the harvest-home had disappeared—for the holyday folks had long taken their departure. All was silent and solitary—lawn and woodland sleeping in the still loveliness of a lucid moonlight. The inhabitants of the castle too appeared to have gone to rest—for there was no light visible except at a window in one of the turrets.

"I hope I'm not too late," said the old man, opening a wicket into the slopes which led to the terrace.

"Only a few minutes, by ——, you eternal fool," whispered a hoarse voice into his ear as a grip of iron dashed him to the ground; "move, and your grave shall be the spot you lie on:" and the speaker deliberately seated himself across his breast.

Gabriel believed his last hour was come . . . "finish me like a Christian," he gulped, "but don't squash me like a toad."

"I'll strangle you like a cur's whelp if you stir or speak," returned his assailant. While he spoke the sky on which his eyes were turned became as it were a vista of fire—a sea of flame. The veteran felt his heart faint.

"Will they burn the men?" he choked out, for his throat was grip'd to strangulation.

"Not till the bread they withhold from their brothers is consumed," was the answer, as the hold was relaxed. He now discovered that the conflagration proceeded apparently from the farm—which stood at a distance from the house,—and his hopes revived. It had but a short life, however, for presently he heard yells and horrid noises—and then a body of men with blazing faggots in their hands, beat in the entrance doors—and the castle was presently in a blaze from foundation to roof! Gabriel Grant grew mad; he roared aloud; he shrieked with dreadful imprecations — and in the frenzy of his despair fastened his teeth in the hand that strove to stop his cries, till he bit it through and through.

The fellow who held him leaped to his legs in agony—clapped a pistol to his ear—and as he drew the trigger was borne headlong down the slopes by one who bounded upon him from above. As the old soldier raised himself from the ground he heard the keen ring of a pistol—a groan, and then a rushing sound as of one flying for life or death. Slowly, but with a will that left the weakness of the flesh behind, he made his way towards the raging fiery flood. On reaching the terrace he found the whole building a mass of flame, with the exception of the wing in which he had remarked the light when first he entered the park. It was obvious, if any service at all was to be rendered—it was there—there only could help be offered—or any survive to need it. A small door which led to the terrace had been forced open from without. He entered, and had commenced the ascent of a winding stair, when a man on fire flew down it, and struck him backward. The burning wretch dashed furiously out into the air, and the flames that encircled him blazed with redoubled fierceness. With a yell of despair he threw himself from the parapet of the terrace into the cool green foliage which waved beneath it. Something that he carried fell as he sprang over—and at the same instant there arose a roar of light too dreadful for ear to hear—too intense for eye to look on. With one mighty crash the roof of the vast fabric, till then perfect and entire, fell into the gulf of living flame: it was as though a volcano had burst asunder. Then followed direful noises—hissings and cracklings—and then a silence that was still more terrible

Motionless—almost lifeless—Gabriel Grant stood alone—the witness of all this ruin. Still and stark he stood as one neither conscious of what had been, or careful of what might happen. Without knowing wherefore he stooped to lift that which the burning man had let fall. It was a roll of rich silks, within which lay a sleeping child. Instinctively he replaced the covering, and with his burden took his way homeward. Was not the child thus borne by the cripple a moral well suited to a catastrophe in which the strong was taken and the weak left?

(To be continued).

HYMN TO THE NEW YEAR!

I.

Another course the horses of the sun
Along the viewless zodiac have run,
And all but to commence
Their varied journey o'er again :—
Their hope of resting may be vain,
For many a cycle hence!

II.

Their task began with young creation's dawn,—
The chariot of their ruler they have drawn
Up to this passing hour—
And through the long eternity,
Just like a river to its sea,
Shall be their onward power—

III.

A power that scorns the whirlwind's noisy wrath,
And e'en o'ertakes the light ning in its path,
Slow creeper though it be—
Time is a tortoise that will find
His way and leave far—far behind
All other rivalry!

IV.

O'er aged cities hath he swept his wings—
Entombed in dust the purple pride of kings,
And chronicled a few.
But on he goes, all careless still—
Much less inclined to cure than kill,
Or give desert its due!

V.

Yes! time 's a canker, a most slow disease,
Whose cravings not an antidote can please ;—
There is no cautery
To sear and heal the wounds he makes—
He has no thought for other's sakes—
A selfish thing is he!

VI.

Another year! how many hearts unborn,
And hopes unblossomed yet or on the thorn
Of sharp anxiety,
Will in thy course spring up or fade—
How many a cheek shall be decayed,
And ling'ring—ling'ring die

VII.

But let us trust that, coming year! thou'lt bring
The promise of ripe Summer on thy wing,
And, like the almond trees,
Give us good token of thy fruit
By blossoms, that ere leaves can shoot,
Will scent the wandering breeze!

J. AUGUSTINE WADE.

OUR CHRISTMAS DREAM.

OUR DREAM.

We have dreamt a dream—a jolly dream—a Christmas dream! Never was there such a dream. Bottom's dream that had no bottom was nothing to it. Not that it had anything to do with a Midsummer Night's Dream. It was a Midwinter Afternoon's Dream, and it was, like the cold weather, seasonable—very seasonable.

To explain and describe this dream would be bootless. The pencil is more apt for such a task than the pen. And the pencil has achieved the feat. The cunning hand of the artist hath seized the phantasmagoria of the vision. With a spell which genius draws from black lead, he hath arrested the flying, flitting, glancing creatures which surrounded our venerable head as with a halo. Our dream is there in black and white—all the little men and women are in limbo—all the world may see them dancing on the paper as erst they danced in thin air—we can answer for the very portraits. The dream is there, then—Marry study it. We shall not describe it—but we shall tell how it came about—how it stole upon our raptured senses, how it fluttered over our marble chimney-piece.

And thus it was:—

The time was dinner-time—after dinner in fact. The place was our parlour—the very snuggest of snug parlours. Everything about was snug. The curtains were snugly drawn—the table was wheeled snugly to the fire—the burning Black-diamonds crackled and blazed with a marvellously snug voice—the whole parlour was rich with the essence of snuggery.

We said that we had dined. A comfortable winter's dinner had gone the way of all dinners—a comfortable winter's appetite having officiated as unseen high priest at its sacrifice. The odours of good things were yet rich in the balmy air. The smoke of the Irish stew yet curled aloft—a spicy vapour. Talk of smoke wreathing over a hollow beech tree, with a woodpecker tapping it; or rearing its rolling columns streaming from the censer upward to groined Gothic roofs, and turning ghost-like round clustered pillars; or rising up in a black column of dissolved essence of genies melted into air by the spells of Solomon, as it did from the copper vessel in the Arabian Nights, when the poor fisherman looked on with greater astonishment than if he had caught a whale; talk of all these—talk of any picturesque sort or degree of smoke you like, from the smoke of a magician's charm to the smoke of a Pickwick cuba—there is no smoke like the smoke of a good dinner!

So did we deem as we inhaled it, bursting in a gush of fragrance from the uncovered dish. And still its breath lingered around, rich and luscious, feeding the almost satiated nostril with a balmy content.

But it had a friendly enemy to combat with. Wine—rich, red, and rosy. The cork had leapt out of the bottle with a "melodious twang" as the old ghost seer described the sound with which an "apparition at Cirencester" vanished, and a captivating, titillating, odorous richness proceeded from its glass prison, at first hardly perceived, then spreading palpably abroad the treasure of its influence.

The room was sombre—nearly dark. No candles or unhallowed gas glared unflinchingly upon us. A holy shade was everywhere. So ought a winter after-dinner-time to pass. The fire gives light enough, and a hearty healthy ruddy light, redolent of broad Rembrandt-like gleams and deep dim shadows.

'Tis a light and a time favourable for musing—quiet, pleasant musing—not brain-racking. Thinking, for example, what sauce goes best with goose; or what would be a pretty dress for Jane's complexion; or dimly passing in mental review the jokes in the last farce; and imagining — you are sure to do that — that you could make better ones, if you had been the author. 'Tis a time for making yourself intensely comfortable—for hugging yourself mentally—for muttering lowly, "Oh, that this twilight calm would last!" After dinner, before the candles come, is the time for all this. Ask Leigh Hunt, or read his "Sonnet to the House-Cricket;" that is a most eloquent answer.

Well, we were acting then—that is, upon the occasion of the dream—as we are preaching now. We were leaning back—oh! how luxuriously!—in that old, easy, yielding, springing arm-chair. Our feet were upon the fender—the tiny blazes danced in jets from between the grate bars, as if to look at their supple forms reflected in our polished slippers; our eyes were half shut; the glass darkened with its brown treasure in our hand; a few buttons of our waistcoat—no use in saying how many—luxuriously set free; and so we sat in delicious reverie—our half-sleeping gaze mechanically fixed upon the burning embers.

We hate people who don't enjoy themselves after dinner. We hate people who don't enjoy themselves at dinner: affected prigs who pretend they don't care whether the fare be split

peas or venison pasty; the drink—sour swipes or Lafitte of the vintage of twenty-five. These men and women are spoiled in the making. As rational beings they are failures—pitiable, contemptible failures—the neck of a woman of the sort is like a scrag of mutton: the hairs of a man like the bristles of a dry blacking brush. The contour of their forms is angular and scratchy. They are always bilious, and perpetually putting on bad faces as if they had their noses at a bottle of black draught. To sum up all—they never get fat, and they invented trousers tight in the waistband.

But we are of a different mould; we felt it; we never felt it so deeply, so passionately, as on the evening of the dream. There we sat; we gazed pensively on the fire; the little flaming jets burst out, and the smoke curled. It was soothing, a moral opiate. We thought of Christmas coming, of pantomimes, of carols, of compliments of the season, of boxing night, of rows in the gallery, of flagons of beer, of beer bills, of Lord Brougham. We don't know how we came to lug him in, but we don't pretend to coherency after dinner. Well, we thought of this, and still gazed wistfully on the fire. Two little jets of flame were playing in front of the bars, and a nasty-looking piece of Wallsend, of slaty appearance, was near them. The jets played, the slate crackled, and we mused. Gradually the jets became jets no longer, but were palpably and evidently Adèle Dumilâtre's legs—without a body—dancing the *pas d'ombre*, and the ugly piece of slate took to itself the exact form and shape of Lord Brougham's nose without a face. The legs danced, and the nose twitched: never was anything so remarkable. We were highly pleased with the exhibition. The nose appeared to approve of the legs, and sniffed its satisfaction. We agreed with the nose, and were faintly murmuring "bravo!" when suddenly the members of the dancing girl on the one hand, and the feature of the speaking man on the other, were pushed aside, and a face—an actual red laughing face, with a merry squint and a sparkling eye, and a conical cap on the top of all—was protruded from the grate, and the eyes winked audaciously at us from between the bars—first the one, and then the other.

We were astounded; but we were doomed to be still more so. The face suddenly disappeared amid the glowing coals; then shot out again—but this time jumping clear away from the grate—followed by the body too, and the next moment there was a small hobgoblin sitting on our toe; his conical red cap cocked jauntily, his arms coolly crossed, his legs dangling, and his audacious eye winking.

Never was such a hobgoblin: we thought we were in the Adelphi, looking at Wieland through the big end of a telescope, but he looked even funnier than Wieland. We know a number of goblins by sight, but this was a new one—quite a stranger.

We gazed on him; he did on us.

"Merry Christmas!" said the goblin.

"The same to you," said we. "How did you leave them all below?"

"Tolerably jolly," replied the diminutive demon; "I'm jolly myself. Do you want a Christmas-box?"

"Don't we wish we may get it?" murmured we with a sigh.

"Yes, you shall," screamed the imp, "here goes; I'll let you see my show-box—free gratis, and for nothing. It's in the fire, there," he continued, giving a jerk to his head; and almost with the same motion, to our utter horror, jerking himself between the bars back into the blaze.

"Just a-going to begin," he screamed, from a red-hot cavity among the coals.

And the deuce take it if he didn't begin to whirl all the burning fuel out of the grate.

"Hillo, hillo," shouted we, in a furious state of alarm, "you'll burn the house down, and it's not insured."

But not a button did he care, even although he burnt the street down.

In a moment the grate was empty, but the coals did not fall on the floor. Ah, he was too knowing for that. Did you ever see a street conjurer keeping up a flying circle of balls? Of course you have. Well, our goblin friend did the same with the blazing coals. Our eyes were dazzled with the sparkling whirl. It circled round us, a halo of flashing fire-balls—the old room, the pictures, the books, jolly folios, were illuminated with the strange flickering dancing glare. We gazed, spell-bound. All at once the goblin screamed out—

"Presto, change."

The grate faded from our sight; its diabolical tenant disappeared; the flying coals flew, but no longer as coals. They became little men and women, symbols and shapes, types of Christmas. They were all dancing, rollicking, coming — going — appearing — vanishing, at once. Snapdragons, and mistletoe-boughs, invitations to Christmas dinners, and grisly crowds of Christmas bills, country dances, and prize beef, champagne bottles, and fat cooks, jolly old codgers, and buxom young girls, tempting tit-bits, and—but hold—we said we would not describe our dream. It is done for us. Behold it! As you see it, it flickered round us, as you see us we placidly smiled, the smile of the contented. Jumped and danced the airy little men and women; bounced the phantom champagne corks, till the sight fled and the vision sped, when a voice, a female-housekeeping sort of voice, rung through our sleeping ears—

"Please don't you want tea?"

BROAD·LEA·FARM.

BY JAMES SMITH.

Age does not wither beauty more effectually than winter withers all the pleasantness of our old rural haunts. Paths that in the flush and lusty prime of summer, were bowery cloisters, pillared and roofed with rustling boughs, vocal with bird-notes or the murmuring hum of insect-life, and filled with a green twilight that sunset used to kindle into gold, are bleak and bare, silent and desolate, open to the sky above, and carpeted with sodden leaves beneath. Rippling runnels have lost their silvery voices, and utter hoarse responses to the wailing wind. Silver sheening ponds that were such faithful mirrors of the changeful heavens, are now mere miry reservoirs, turbid and dank—black blots upon the blank and dreary landscape Trees that were lately garmented with lavish leafiness, wear now the spectral aspect of grim and grisly skeletons; and through their rude and leafless branches we obtain a glimpse of cottage roofs and fair white walls, that have been hidden from our eyes since April's leaves were young and green.

Yet, even now, a cold uncertain gleam of wintry sunshine steals through the rifted clouds, —drops here and there a diamond sparkle on the surface of the water—glances on the bare Briarean trees, with all their manifold varieties of bark and branch, lichen and moss—glistens on twinkling casements and on snowy walls, and tempts us to expunge, *totidem verbis*, our precipitate disparagement of winter. Nay, under the influence of this cheerful glimpse of sunshine, working a marvellous metamorphosis

upon the outward forms of nature, we are almost disposed to conceive that there are features in our local scenery which lose not one iota of their picturesqueness,—whose picturesqueness is, indeed, enhanced by contrast with the ordinary concomitants of the season; and to point, in illustration, to the ruddy walls and glittering window-panes of Broad Lea Farm, shining out from between the warm and compact belt of evergreens, by which it is in part surrounded; while those ample "wind-pipes of hospitality," as some old writer has quaintly designated them—those

> Quaint, fantastic chimneys, with their store
> Of twisted, carved, and lozenge-shaped device,

pour forth their dancing wreaths of whirling smoke as energetically as though they were the pipe-bowls of a pair of veteran and inveterate smokers.

The Broad Lea homestead is, perhaps, the finest specimen of the old manorial farm-house and its appurtenances that we possess in our immediate neighbourhood: the habitation massive, solid, and substantial, with wide bay windows and a porch projecting from the centre, continued upwards to the roof, where a stepped gable, with a crocketted pinnacle at either angle, and a rudely sculptured image on the summit, appropriately crown this most picturesque and characteristic feature of the edifice.

Within are chambers of a goodly altitude and area, with panelled walls, ceilings embossed with fanciful designs, and huge fire-places, set in as huge a framework of elaborate carving, not always strictly true to nature; long rambling passages, and winding staircases, with banisters and hand-rails that consumed more timber in their fabrication than would suffice to build a modern dwelling-house—a kitchen of the true monastic standard—stone entrance-hall, and vaulted cellars of unlimited capacity.

Before it, lies out-spread a green fore-court of smoothly-shaven sward, darkened by the shadow of a young and vigorous cedar, fenced in by richly-berried holly bushes, and opening on a winding lane, laved on its outward margin by the waters of a limpid spring. A hazel hedge severs this shallow runnel from a broad sweep of pasture-land, alive with sheep and oxen, and sloping with gentle declination to the river's edge, from which another tract of pasture land again ascends, dotted with trees, and traversed by a sinuous lane, skirted with here and there a barn, a wayside cottage, or a prominent knoll of hardy firs, projected boldly from the lighter green of the receding uplands.

Behind the house, appears a little suburb of barns, sheds, stables, outhouses, and all the miscellaneous pens and piggeries, stacks and straw-yards, which make up the not incongruous picture of a well-appointed homestead; to say nothing of a populous dove-cot, and a pond as populous with feathered bipeds of another class; while right and left and far behind expands an undulating interchange of arable and pasture, woodland and lea: spires peeping up at intervals, and isolated farms begirt with yellow stacks; and, bounding all, a range of misty hills, blending by imperceptible gradation of hue and shade with the horizon's vapoury rim.

The master of the Broad Lea Farm is no mean sample of his order—the old substantial yeomanry of England; an upright, indefatigable, fair-sailing, and plain-spoken farmer; well principled and strong-willed, with a certain sturdy stubbornness of opinion, and a tendency to hasty prejudice, peculiar to an imperfectly educated mind. Almost a Farnese Hercules in bulk and stature, with a bluff and ruddy countenance, expansive forehead, keen grey eyes, a voice that might be heard above the roaring of a tolerable tempest, and with a gait and carriage that befit the portly owner of we know not how many broad acres—Philip Langley, as he walks abroad with half-a-dozen greyhounds at his heels, or ambles through our winding lanes upon his favourite grey cob, appears to realise *in toto* one's ideal notions of an "English yeoman bold."

Philip's fair ally in the empire of his household—and in all respects the opposite of himself—is one of the pleasantest matrons of our acquaintance; slight, and small in stature, with much of her early beauty lingering in her features; a soft persuasive voice, a quiet unobtrusive meekness of manner, a wide and comprehensive range of sympathies, and a hand as open to "melting charity" as her heart. Then, too, she hath consummate skill in cookery—maketh delectable pastry—is deep in the mysteries of the dairy—manufactures delicious mead—and is without a rival in the preparation of jellies and preserves.

There is, besides, a reduced copy of our friend the Farnese Hercules, in the person of Philip Langley the younger, a tall and handsome fellow, some four or five-and-twenty years of age, of a nature more plastic than his father's, and inheriting—in common with his sister Katharine, a bright-eyed, merry-hearted girl of seventeen summers—much of his mother's sweetness of disposition, and equability of temper.

Two years ago this youthful bachelor—the very last whom rumour would have pitched upon as likely to hazard such a step—on whom, indeed, the most imaginative of gossips had never fastened the imputation of an attachment, irrevocably committed his heart and happiness to the keeping of pretty Mary Hazeldine, the eldest daughter of the keeper on the H—— estate, by an adroitly planned and secret wedding. If there was little worldly policy in the

match, so far as *he* was individually concerned, it proved, at least, that Philip's judgment of female beauty was perfectly unexceptionable. Mary Hazeldine, with her large glittering black eyes and oriental countenance (there was a gipsy cross in her humble pedigree), her small and delicately chiselled features, and the thoroughly Grecian outline of her head, was, certainly, a pre-eminently lovely girl, whose chief, perhaps whose only, fault was — poverty.

At an event so startling, the whole village was, of course, aghast with wonderment. Curious and amusing was it to observe how, straightway, every gossip, young and old, simultaneously recalled to mind with what incessancy young Philip Langley had been seen to wile away whole summer days angling in the little trout stream which flows hard by the keeper's cottage; or squirrel-hunting in the adjoining copse; or strolling down the bordering lane with gun and dog, yet shooting nothing, and returning always with a tasteful nosegay in his button-hole, the floral components of which bore a most suspicious similitude to the flowers which flourished so luxuriantly in the keeper's garden; but "to suppose that he would ever fling himself away upon an upstart minx like that!" and then the speaker's indignation and contempt grew very much too strong for utterance, and a superlatively disdainful toss of the head pantomimically and expressively concluded the sentence. To Katharine Langley, the acquisition of a sister was a source of intense delight, while, upon the placid matron, her mother, devolved the task of mollifying the anger of her husband, who stormed, and, like the army in Flanders, "swore terribly." The farmer's pride was wounded, his own private views and projects had been completely foiled, and hence, this stolen wedding was productive of a wide and serious breach between the father and the son. All the efforts of the latter towards effecting a reconciliation, backed by the mediation of his mother and his sister, were utterly abortive, and, after a fortnight's residence in the keeper's cottage, the newly married couple removed to a farm in an adjoining county, on which a relative had procured for Philip the situation of a bailiff; and our farmer, "still nursing his wrath to keep it warm," heard little more of his offending son.

On Christmas morning last, as the portly owner of the Broad Lea Farm sat basking by the warm fire-side, an enormous log crackling and seething in the grate, and a venerable pointer couched upon the rug—as he there sat pondering upon the sermon he had just heard, or perhaps ruminating upon a more secular subject, to wit, the price of wheat last market-day, his reveries were broken in upon by the entrance of his daughter Katharine, who solicited his attention to "the little angel of a fellow" she carried in her arms.

"More little angels, Kate? Why you brought me four or five last week to look at, and each of those, according to your showing at the time, was, wings excepted, a miniature angel. Whose bantling may this be?"

"'Bantling,' Papa! It is a little cherub. I am sure I never saw a handsomer boy, and so large, too, of his age! and such a sweet temper! And to call this little beauty a bantling! Fie! fie!"

Luckily Kate's indignation found a harmless vent in lavishing a perfect hurricane of kisses upon the infant thus maligned; and then, relenting somewhat, she laid her childish charge within her father's arms, confident that the loveliness of her helpless favourite was certain, in the end, to win upon the farmer's heart.

The child smiled, stretched forth its dimpled arms, and manifested the same degree of delight in gazing on the ruddy countenance of its stalwart nurse, as it would have evinced in the immediate contemplation of a ruddy fire.

"But you have not told me whose it is Kate."

"I will do so, by-and-by. They say it is so wonderfully like you, Papa!"

"You are a chatter-box, Kate, and are always wandering from the point. Once for all, whose is it?"

Kate glided to her father's side, laid her soft hand upon his brawny shoulder, and, fixing her eyes on his, with a look of irresistible witchery —a look that might have "won an angel down"— whispered:—

"You won't be angry with me, if I tell you? You'll promise me you won't?"

"Oh, certainly; and in return, Kate, you must promise *me* to leave off talking riddles, and eschew romance and mystery."

"Well, then, Papa," said Kate, with the grave and measured accents of one whose mind is charged with some important secret, the profundity of which the speaker is desirous of impressing on the auditor, "It is *your* grandson, and *my* very dear nephew, Philip Langley."

"'My grandson'—'Philip Langley.'"

"Yes, Papa, quite true: Philip and Mary are in the village; the baby and I are their ambassadors; and," she continued, in tones of mingled jest and seriousness, flinging herself upon her knees, "we humbly sue for their forgiveness and crave"——

"A lasting treaty of peace," chimed in the farmer's gentle partner, as she entered the apartment, and opportunely joined her plea to Kate's.

Philip was staggered. He had been taken at a vantage—out-generalled—beaten by strategy —wounded in a vulnerable point: the child had stormed his heart, and Kate and Kate's

mother dexterously combined to batter down the citadel of his supposed impregnable resolution. What could he do? Capitulate with a good grace? Make Christmas-day a day of festival, indeed, and welcome home again discarded kin? Some such suggestions conscience whispered to his heart, and Philip's better angel "whipt the offending Adam out of him," and forced him to consent.

Kate (who petitioned for the post of messenger as a special favour and peculiar privilege) hurried immediately to the keeper's cottage for her brother and his bride, and the delighted trio reached the farm in almost breathless haste.

May we not pass over the meeting, and all its tearful, happy, varied, and embarrassing concomitants? You may be sure there was, at first, a perfect briny deluge—a copious overflow of pearly tears, shining like beads of dew upon the peachy cheeks of Kate, and glistering like diamonds in the lustrous eyes of pretty Mary Langley; even the elder Philip caught the infection, and brushed away two big round drops with as much vehemence as though they had been ugly blood stains on his cheeks. Rainbow-smiles presently succeeded to the showers, and then there was an infinitude of happy gossipry; so much to be inquired—so much to be explained—so much had happened—so many little projects were presented for discussion—such an opening of the flood-gates of pent-up, suppressed affection; Kate's arm, the while, wound lovingly round Mary's waist, and Kate's untiring tongue pouring into Mary's ear a world of confidential chit-chat, with all the graceful sympathy and total unreserve of girlhood—our farmer fondling his grandchild, while he held a never-ending colloquy with Phil; and Mrs. Langley, good soul! vibrating between the kitchen and the parlour in such a delightful flutter of excitement, that one almost feared she never would regain her old habitual equanimity.

Thus hours flew by like moments, and when the great hall-clock rung out the dinner hour, and the savoury steam of the roast turkey came floating in from the adjoining room, they one and all protested that the flight of time was really magical; and then, with Mary on his arm, our farmer led the way to table, and never did the old oak dining-room at Broad Lea Farm gather within its walls a merrier, happier, or more united group than that which made its echoes ring with their exuberant glee last Christmas-day.

THE LOVERS' LEAP.*

A ROMANCE.

I.

Oh! have you not heard of that dark woody glen,†
Where the oak-leaves are richest and rarest,
Where Connal the chief and the foremost of men,
Loved Eily, of maidens the fairest?
She plighted her faith, but then quickly withdrew
For a rival, who slandered her lover;
She left him in wrath, but how little she knew
That her peace at their parting was over!

II.

He met her in vale, and he met her in grove;
At midnight he walked by her dwelling;
But he said not a word of the truth of his love,
For his cheek the sad story was telling.
He found her one night by the rock in the glen,
Where she first swore to love him for ever;
He gazed till she murmured, "Dear Connal!" and then
He leaped from the rock to the river!

III.

The summer passed on, and the chief was forgot;
But one night, when the oak-leaves were dying,
There came a sad form to that desolate spot
'Neath which the brave Connal was lying!
She gaz'd on the deep foamy stream 'mid the rocks
As she leaned the wild precipice over,
She looked a farewell to the glen of the oaks,
And Eily was soon with her lover!

W.

* The County Wicklow, in Ireland, can boast of its Leucadian leap as well as Ionia. A precipice of some two to three hundred feet high, in the glen of the Dargle, has relieved the pains of more than one modern Sappho.

† The Dargle. Various derivations have been assigned for this word: it is most probably a compound of two Gaelic words, signifying oak and glen.

TRAVEL AND TALK.

BY LUKE RODEN, M.D.

THE PILGRIM.

N a quiet ramble round St. Peter's to-day, in the midst of my reverie of calm admiration, I had become so abstracted from all the mundane concerns of the moment as almost to persuade myself I was a denizen of the Cinque Centi, and I had nearly *re*-created the existence of Leo X. The illusion was still further increased by the appearance of a most picturesque Pilgrim with his broad-brimmed hat with taper crown, his long staff, his short cloak, ornamented with scallop shells, and his gourd to contain water, slung over his shoulder, with the scrip for his provisions, the exact costume of the Palmer, so familiar to us in the histories of the Crusades, and so vividly brought before us in the descriptions of Walter Scott. I noticed his air of wonder and reverence, and his abstraction from all but the feelings of awe and devotion, and gradually became so interested in the man, that, without being observed by him, I contrived to keep near him, determining to profit by the first decent opportunity of entering into conversation. I shall never forget the expression of his countenance when he knelt at the balustrade which guards the descent to the tomb of St. Peter, round which one hundred and twelve lamps are burning night and day. It was evidently the first time he had been in this vast cathedral, and his devotion was almost hysterical. Indeed, unless when some prosaic companion reminds you that it is time to dress for dinner, or that you will be too late to call on the bootmaker, or some other still more ignoble reason for quitting the place is suggested to you, it is not difficult for a youthful sexagenarian like myself to annihilate both time and space, and "hark back" to the days of Luther. My Pilgrim was about fifty years of age, with a countenance covered by minute wrinkles, a head of the finest proportions, with deep set blue eyes and a thin wiry mouth and compressed lips that spoke the stern command of emotion.

Apparently St. Peter was his patron saint, for he remained a long time at his prayers at the tomb, and crossed himself incessantly; and then once more returned to the bronze statue in the centre aisle and kissed the toe with the greatest veneration. This curious figure is said to be nine hundred years old, and, for the period of its creation, is by no means a contemptible work of art. Every Catholic who enters the cathedral goes directly to this statue, kisses the toe, and then presses his forehead against it, and I observed that all the children who could not reach it were lifted up by their parents for that purpose. The toe is almost entirely worn away by the numerous devotees. No opportunity of engaging in conversation with him occurred, but, on the following day, I saw him walking round the gallery of the Vatican, and ventured to ask him a few questions; unfortunately his *patois* was so unlike genuine Italian that I had considerable difficulty in understanding him. All I could gather was that he had walked from the furthest extremity of the Abruzzi, that he had led a wicked life, that his wife was dead, and that, in remorse for his conduct to her, he had vowed a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, and was in Rome for the purpose of obtaining the proper sanction. I fear, from a few ugly words that escaped him, that had I been able to comprehend the whole narrative, a good deal of the romance and the interest would have vanished.

Strong emotion of any kind, occupying the whole soul of man, even if it be an emotion we disapprove, has still in it something of the sublime, and there is a sort of dignity in this self-inflicted voluntary penance. It is, at any rate, better than a resort to the alehouse to drown remorse by intoxication. Lord Panmure once narrated to me the tragical end of one of his tenants, who, having had his whole flock of sheep washed into the sea by a violent storm, and finding himself thus utterly ruined, went directly and *ex-proposito* to the public-house and drank whiskey night and day till he died. It required about seventy hours of continuous drunkenness to accomplish the object, which was as deliberate a suicide as if he had divided his carotids. It was certainly not remorse which thus instigated him to self destruction, but had remorse been his portion he would probably have resorted to the same expedient for subduing it.

With how deep a knowledge of the human heart has the whole Catholic system been framed. With all its defects, and they are many, there was a time when the Church was the only safeguard of the poor against the tyranny of the rich and the powerful; the only defence against the feudal rights of bold bad men; the only check on the wicked volitions of sovereigns; nay, the only obstacle to the efforts of the crowned banditti to trample out the last spark of liberty and civilization.

In its turn the Church became the oppressor and the obstacle to civilisation, and, no longer counterpoised by temporal power, degenerated into the shameless and disgusting corruption which necessitated and produced the Reformation. Thus runs the cycle—less brief than the cycle of the sun, but not less certain and inevitable.

Another change, as mighty as that produced by Luther, is taking place in our own days, and it is to me a proof that all modifications of society result from original moral laws laid down by the author of nature (as certain in their effects as the physical laws imposed on matter), that these vast changes are apparently brought about by men so personally insignificant and even contemptible. The intellect of our modern innovators, and especially of some of the leaders among them, is of so very humble an order that one wonders how such men could ever have attracted even the most evanescent notice to their silly vagaries. I have attempted to peruse some of the sermons on the new controversy which divides the church, and having in vain tried to extract a meaning from the words in the order in which the author had placed them, endeavoured to read them backwards in hope of being more successful, but found that, although quite as intelligible that way as the other, they were essentially devoid of all meaning whatever. These unseemly pimples on the skin, these dirty bubbles on the surface, are only indications of the fermentation pervading the whole mass.

CASTLE OF ST. ANGELO.

The round Castle of St. Angelo at the end of the bridge has a very imposing appearance; the square platform on which it stands is so mutilated and changed by buildings and garden walls that one scarcely recognises its original form. When Adrian, in the very height of the power, splendour, and extent of the Roman Empire, founded this mausoleum (for such you are aware was its original destination), it was cased with marble, surrounded by innumerable columns and statues of exquisite merit, and had a dome surmounted by an enormous cone of brass, something like a pine apple. At such a period who that looked at the apparently immutable grandeur of that mighty empire, could have anticipated that it would be despoiled of its ornaments and turned into a fortress? Nay, that the very statues would be used in defence of it, and thrown down on the heads of the besiegers. How beautiful were these statues may be judged by one of them recovered from the rubbish of the ditch—the celebrated Barberini Faun, at Munich.

But who indeed can look forward four hundred years; a long immortality in the mutations of empires! We seem destined to see changes as great several times in a century if the present ungovernable appetite for "Reformations" shall continue.

Took a walk in the garden at the foot of the Castle, full of oranges in profuse bearing; the trees five-and-twenty or thirty feet in height; lemons were also in great abundance; they seem less hardy and are nailed against the walls. I have not yet seen one a standard. Not having a regular permit from the Government, we were not allowed to visit the interior of the Castle to-day, so must defer it till our return from Naples.

THE VATICAN.

What an enormous mass of building is the Vatican; it measures more than twelve hundred feet by a thousand feet; the rooms are innumerable; it is impossible to give even a passing glance at them; they are reckoned by hundreds—I might almost say by thousands. I must confine myself to a very few of the objects of interest it contains.

While my companions rambled about St. Peter's, for the fifth time, in a sort of quiet fascination, which seemed to occupy every sense, I strolled up the steps of its almost interminable staircase, which leads to the Vatican. It was one of the public days, when the galleries of Pictures and Statues are thrown open to the people, but a small number of whom, however, seemed inclined to take advantage of the permission.

The first thing which struck me with surprise was, that there should exist so great a number of genuine authentic statues and busts of ancient personages, executed during their life—domestic portraits, in fact, not only of the great men of antiquity and of their wives and children, but of the unknown vulgar. Portions of tombs and other monuments to the dead, with their inscriptions, testify again and again to the identity of the motives and feelings of the human race, in all ages and countries. There are epitaphs as tender as the connubial or parental feeling of modern times could inspire, and although the insincerity of such testimonials has passed into proverb, it is evident that they are often dictated by the most affectionate devotion; one cannot read these inscriptions without a very vivid feeling of admission to the inmost sentiments of the men of other days. The large hiatus between Roman and modern History, seems filled up, and our own Kings follow in natural succession the Emperors of Rome.

Noticed my old friends the Apollo and Laocoön which, with the Venus (now at Florence), I had assisted to pack at Paris, in the midst of indignant scowls of *sans culotte* patriotism, in the year 1815, when about to return to their home. The Laocoön,

I looked at with increased admiration; it is one of the few statues to which the cast (however carefully executed) does not render justice. I remember an expression of Canova, that the *idea* of the sculptor was best appreciated from the plaster model, because the semi-transparency of the edges of the marble took away something from the severe correctness of the outline, although some contend that this soft outline is itself a source of beauty; I am inclined to agree with Canova on this point: the only exception is the Laocoön. No cast approaches the intense expression in the countenance of that figure, nor even of the two subordinates; but the Apollo, the Venus, the Antinous, the Dying Gladiator, and many others, may be appreciated acutely and correctly, by those who have never seen the originals.

Having named Canova, I venture to remark that the excessive prettiness of all his productions seems to me an indication of anything but poetical genius. There is a mannerism in all his works which resembles that of Westall, and I do but echo the opinion of many of the best sculptors in the world, in prophesying that a single century will efface his name from the list of great artists. You can scarcely see one of his figures where there is not a very pretty and formal curl on one side of the forehead, and another exactly corresponding on the other—then lower down another curl with its twin-fellow on the other side, and so on throughout. Nature certainly intended him originally for a hairdresser, but altered her mind and added a bit of the clay of which she makes sculptors. His Perseus in the Vatican, is I believe considered his *chef d'œuvre*; it is certainly beautiful, too beautiful—so beautiful that it is utterly without character, and the head of Medea which he holds in his hand is also as beautiful, as placid, as tranquil, and as vapid as himself. The only word that thoroughly designates the character of all his works is *pretty*—Perseus is *pretty!* Perhaps his figure of Hebe comes out best, because his style is here appropriate.

In going to day, from the Piazza del Popolo to St. Peter's, I noticed a long row of boys on the banks of the Tiber, near the bridge of St. Angelo, sitting on a high wall, and occupying themselves in angling; I say *angling*—not *fishing*, for the prey was the rubbish floating down the muddy river—sticks, rags, bits of board, hay, straw, and a thousand other things were the reward of their patience and industry; from time to time, as a prize of greater magnitude or value was lifted aloft, a loud shout from the others testified their delight, and showed their unselfish dispositions; to be sure the party might have been gregarious, and seeking their prey in partnership; but when a thing admits of assigning two motives let us take the best.

The amusement will give some conception of the beauty of the "yellow Tiber," as it was called twenty centuries ago—a more disgusting and filthy ditch cannot be found. It appears that these boys, like the chiffoniers of Paris, form a regular class of the population; and it is strongly suspected that while some are fishing below, others are occupied higher up the river in throwing in the prey; a very safe kind of robbery from its difficulty of detection, and the impossibility of identifying the thief and the receiver of the stolen goods.

In passing along to ascertain what was the kind of fishing going forward, I came to the spot from whence the Panoramic View of Rome was taken, which formed so strong an attraction last year in the Surrey Zoological Gardens, and was delighted with the magical fidelity of the picture, which has given to tens of thousands as vivid an idea of the Eternal City as could be obtained by a visit in *propria persona*—so much of it at least as can be comprehended in a single view.

Every Englishman whose memory can go back thirty years must be conscious of a vast improvement in the habits, manners, intelligence, information, taste, and morals, of the lower and lower-middle classes of his fellow-subjects. In London especially the advance has been most extraordinary. The very topics which interest them now, are such as even twenty years ago, would have been shouted down with contempt to make way for subjects of coarse brutality and filthy merriment. Some part of this change may be attributed to the prevalence of humanizing exhibitions like these. The invention of lithography, of engraving on steel, of steam printing, and a hundred other things, have also made the productions of the highest minds in literature and the fine arts accessible to the very poorest; and the improvement thus produced in the general taste has heightened the starting point from whence the possessors of great talents and genius take their spring. The daubs, for example, which formerly ornamented the walls of cottages, of farm-houses, and inns, in the country, have given place to elegant engravings, at the price of a few halfpence, such as formerly could be found only in the cabinets of the wealthy. Among other things, I have been peculiarly struck with the influence of such prints as the landscapes of Allom and others. They give to the humblest inhabitants of the country a *new sense*, a new source of quiet and innocent gratification, always at their command; a group of trees, which in former days passed utterly unnoticed, or was thought of only as so much capital fuel if they were but allowed to cut it down, will now be observed as a picture, and afford positive pleasure. I have heard remarks from such people, when assembled at their wakes and fairs, which show that an appreciation of these costless pleasures is becoming universal wherever the peasantry are out of the reach of the accursed demoralisation of a manufacturing town, on which be anathema.

In walking round the gallery of the Vatican to-day, I found myself much embarrassed for want of a catalogue, and observing a young gentleman apparently making but little use of that which he held in his hand, I went up, and said, "You are, I presume, an Englishman, Sir?"

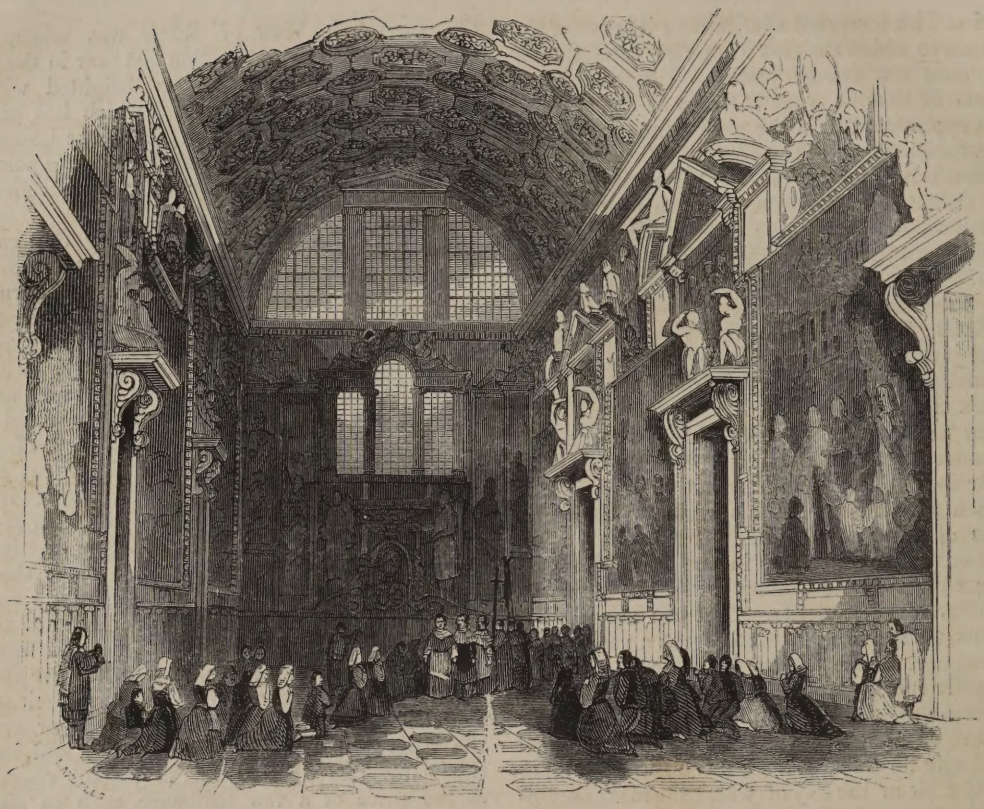
"Yes," said he.

"Then will you permit me to refer to your catalogue a moment?"

"With pleasure," he replied. "I said Englishman," added he, "but I am an American—it's all the same."

I told him it gave me pleasure to hear the expression, nor could I conceive how any but the rabble could feel otherwise.

I mention this incident, though so trifling, as one among the hundreds of corroborating proofs that with educated Americans, fed with the same literature, and protected by almost the same laws, the metropolitan country must ever excite the sympathies of the honourable and the good. It is obvious that



CEREMONY IN THE SISTINE CHAPEL, ROME.—*See page 79.*

they feel the triumphs and the glories of Englishmen as the triumphs and glories of *their race*. Newspaper patriots must appeal to less civilised sentiments; and amongst these the pugnacious propensities of the mere animal are the most universal and the most emphatic; they are part of the feelings of the savage which are latest shaken off by advancing refinement. England throws so vast a shadow over the nations of the earth, that one does not wonder at the growth of jealousy, whenever at least the interests of the two nations happen to clash; but to suppose that America, with the same origin, the same language, the same laws, the same religion, and the same literature, does not feel pride at the honour of England, is a libel on human nature itself. With a Government less dependent on the favour of the populace, and where property and education had their due preponderance, the union of the two countries would be firm and lasting. As to the quarrels and mutual injuries at the time of the separation, they are about as rational motives of enmity in the present day, as disputes between the descendants of Normans and Saxons would be in England. What man of common sense cares one straw on which side his ancestors fought in those days, or the days of James II., and William III.?

But I cannot go on with my rambling descriptions of Rome, and of the feelings excited by its many new and interesting objects, for many of the remarks I then committed to paper have reference to events which occurred during my voyage and journey. Another glance at the beautiful Sala Regia which forms the head-piece of my paper, and I must suspend my observations till the reader is acquainted with the earlier part of my progress. I cannot but hope that they may be equally interesting. I must therefore go back to Paris, and re-commence the account of my peregrinations; after which, we will return to Rome, and thus regularly invade the country. I hope to escape the accusation that my tale is like "The House that Jack Built," where at every step in advance we repeat all that has preceded. When we leave Rome, and travel to the South, the reader will follow me with greater zest: he has had "a taste of my quality" already, in the description of Naples in a previous number of the Magazine.

FRANCE.

Although my promise to write to you from Italy is not yet in course of fulfilment, you will not be sorry that I anticipate the matter by a few words on the country we pass through. Even in so hackneyed a route as this a different mode of viewing what strikes the eye of the mind as well as that of the body may present a familiar picture in a new light, and give rise to reflections corrective or confirmatory of previous impressions.

I could not pass through Paris without a visit to the Bois de Boulogne, now cutting up for the new fortifications; being desirous of comparing its present appearance with that which it presented in the year 1815, when I saw it filled with red-coats. On that occasion ninety-five thousand men, under the command of THE GREAT DUKE, occupied the ground. The wood, which was a sort of coppice of twenty years' growth, had been more than once set on fire, either accidentally or intentionally (the latter was suspected); and orders had been given to cut it

all down. The army, however, had taken the liberty of evading the command where the trees grew conveniently, and had tied them together into shelter for the tents; or, cutting them half through, wattled them into regular barracks. Some of the huts were built of broom, or of turf, and of basket-work formed by the living bushes, and thatched with twigs, furze, or straw. Others were formed of long poles leaned against a tree, and covered with tarpaulin. The white tents, with the verdant foliage meeting over them, and the long ranges of plaited huts, gave the whole more the appearance of a migratory horde of uncivilised wanderers than the encampment of a regular army. The soldiers were rambling about in all directions; some playing at quoits, some at goff, some at foot-ball, wrestling, or racing. *Here* were blacksmiths shoeing horses; *there* saddlers at work in the open air; *here* squatted a congregation of tailors, sheltered by the boughs tied together over their heads. In another place they were cleaning their accoutrements. Then a row of noisy washerwomen; further on a group of raw recruits, perfecting themselves in the alphabet of war, under the cane of a sturdy sergeant; or a troop of newly-enlisted horses training to the same deadly art; a circle of troops round one who had the good fortune to obtain an English newspaper; others dancing, fluting, gambling, swearing. Vast numbers of French men and women rambling about the camp with ribbons and laces, pastry, toys for soldiers' children, sausages, pies, fruit, shirts, shoes, trinkets, and ten thousand other things; screaming out their various wares in every note of the gamut, and in many others not to be found there. Still further on were bands of music, ballad-singers, hurdy-gurdy grinders, parties of troops firing at marks; while a row of fires of apparently a mile in extent against the barrier wall was occupied in providing an unlimited variety of food for this motley multitude.

The noise—the continued movement—the variety of objects—the recollection of THE CAUSE which had collected such vast numbers of men from all parts of Europe in a place hitherto the peaceful promenade of the Parisians—the striking example it presented of the instability of human grandeur—the sight of men who had just displayed a degree of courage and constancy which our history (fertile as it is in glorious events) can scarcely parallel,—these, and a thousand other ideas, produced an impression on my mind so deep and lasting, that, even at this distant date, and after an interval of almost thirty years, I cannot think of it without a thrill. Now, what a contrast! It needs not, however, thirty years to obliterate the traces of man's devastations. Nature has been vigorously at work for that purpose, and the surface is once more covered with trees of considerable size.

It is curious to notice the site of great battles, and in how very few years all marks of a combat become invisible. On a second visit to Waterloo, only two years after the battle, the scene of slaughter was restored to its pristine, and more than pristine, fertility and verdure. Man alone was anxious to preserve remembrance of the catastrophe by the gigantic mound and the tombs to the heroic dead. Nature had done her part to efface the stain.

Long, long may it be ere we witness a similar exertion of her power! The present gigantic fortifications of Paris have a bloodless object.

THE JOURNEY.

We left Paris in the *coupé* of the diligence—the best of all modes of travelling, if your dignity be not offended by the lack of your own carriage. Cushions, swings for the arms, and ample room for the legs, give every facility for sleeping which these detestable roads admit of; still, sleep can rarely be persuaded to visit you in these situations, though certainly till you have nearly crossed France it is the best possible employment of your time. To look at this most prosaic, tame, and uninteresting country, cut into little strips like a tailor's book of patterns, one cannot but admire the force of patriotism which can bestow on it the endearing title of La Belle France. The windows of the coach, however, took compassion on my ill temper, and hastened to exclude disagreeable objects by covering themselves with a coat of mud, which, had we been passing through Paradise, would have made it equally invisible; so that the termination of daylight was no interruption to the prospect. Our horses, which on setting off were three white, one bay, and two black, in less than half an hour were so uniformly plastered with puddle, that I would have defied the best jockey at Newmarket to ascertain the original colour of any one of them.

I had books but no light, so set myself to the wise and interesting task of watching the curious figures formed on the front glasses by the shifting surface of mud thrown up by the horses' heels. Our single outside lamp shone through the parts most lightly coated, and as the rain occasionally aided in the process, there were formed a variety of landscapes and waterfalls, which might have afforded useful hints to a painter.

Two dreary nights and days were passed in this prison before we arrived at Chalons sur Saone. The only thing worth noticing in the transit through this most emphatically ugly country, was at Montreau, where the traces of Buonaparte's great battle with the Russians were conspicuous. I noticed many cannon balls still sticking in the walls of the houses.

We staid at Chalons two days and visited the hospital, solely managed by the Sœurs de la Charité. It is in the form of a Greek cross, and the centre, where the four long wards unite, is occupied by a high altar, so that the service of the mass can be seen and heard through the whole extent of the four enormously lofty apartments. I was conducted round the building by one of the sisters, and as these ladies are not allowed to receive money personally, I thought it incumbent on me to drop a franc into the *trone pour les pauvres*. At the moment of letting it slip from my fingers (but too late to stop its descent) I observed that it was a Napoleon, and, of course, requested that the *box* might be opened and the money returned; I was informed, however, that, as the lady president was at dinner this was impossible, and that I must come again in the evening.

On presenting myself a few hours afterwards, a very fine old gentlewoman, of the *ancien regime*, in the stiff and stately habiliments of the reign of Louis the Fifteenth, rose with great dignity, and, taking a most ponderous bunch of keys, proceeded to the chapel with me; but as she was attempting to open the wrong box, I pointed out her mistake. Oh, monsieur, said she, as to *that* box (where I had dropped the Napoleon), *that* box has not had a sous put into

it these seven years; the lock is broken and the key is lost; it is too late to send for a locksmith, nor should I dare to do it without permission of the governors, but they will assemble the day after to-morrow, and then your money shall be returned to you. Of this I could not avail myself; she was *fachée, désolée, au désespoir, &c., &c.* I relieved her anxiety by requesting that she would bestow the Napoleon in charity, and exacted no other condition than that it should be given to widows. She assured me that even that small sum would make a great many light hearts—so I hope it will be set down to me as a good deed.

At Chalons, staid two days, because the rise of the river, by filling up the arches of the bridges, prevented the passage of the steam-boats down the Saone. It is an ugly and uncomfortable town, although a place of great traffic. It was a delight at last to change the dull monotony and confinement to one position in a diligence, for the freedom of motion on the deck of a steam-boat, and although the river had scarcely subsided sufficiently to make it safe, we determined to venture the first voyage of renewed intercourse.

We had some narrow escapes, our chimney, though lowered to the horizontal position, scraping the top of the arch in the old structures, but the new suspension bridges allowed us more space, and we arrived in safety at Lyons.

All through the voyage the inundations on both banks were so extensive, that we only knew the course of the river by the tops of the trees above the surface of the water. The inundations of the year before last had done enormous mischief, and the present forms a climax. Hundreds of thousands of acres of corn and grass land are rendered useless for years, from the quantity of mud deposited upon them, and a large portion covered with so deep a layer of gravel that it can never be reclaimed. Long rows of houses building to replace those destroyed by the last inundations, are undermined by the present floods and sinking into the water, another proof (if proof were needed) how much stronger is the influence of Hope than that of Fear—a blessed provision. If this were not our nature, what man would go to sea again after shipwreck; or after a continued run of misfortune stake his last guinea at the gaming-table.

These poor creatures have been building their houses in the exact spot where they were placed when the former inundation levelled them, hoping that *it would not happen again*, though a similar devastation to a less extent takes place almost every year, and at short, but uncertain intervals the whole is again destroyed.

Now, in England, all these evils would have been remedied long ago. Even here, a plan to prevent the possibility of future inundations has been pressed on the Government, time after time, since the days of Voltaire, but never put in execution. A tenth part of the sum wasted in the unholy warfare of Algeria would have remedied the evil, and enriched the country to as many times, in the produce of this otherwise fertile district.

But so it always is in France; the calm with which this and similar catastrophes are contemplated by those who are not immediate sufferers, is quite heroic!!

By the greatest good luck we had a fine day for passing down the Saone to Lyons; the river is pea-soup, from the composition of the banks between which it runs, and from the stratum of cultivated and cultivable soil from the inundated fields which it is carrying down to the sea, depositing a part as it goes along in the beds of this river and of the Rhone, which it joins at Lyons; and thus, by diminishing the space for the water, rendering future inundations inevitable. After such incessant rain, ever since we left England, this, the third sunshine we had experienced, was peculiarly acceptable. French sky was become a novelty. In Paris the houses are so high as effectually to prevent you from seeing the sun in winter.

But for a smokiness, which has a little the odour of Liverpool, and which arises from the same cause (the fuel being coal), I should say that Lyons was the most beautiful town I had seen. It is a combination of Edinburgh and Bath, but on a grander scale. Two enormous rivers, the Saone (pronounced Söne) and the Rhone, pass down each side of the town, and meet about a mile below it. Each, at this time, in consequence of the rains, is larger than the Thames at high water at Waterloo-bridge; but the Rhone is so much deeper, that after their junction, it seems barely increased in size. Twelve splendid bridges span the two rivers in this town alone; the high rocks which almost surround the town are covered with houses to their summits, and as they are built in large masses, look like palaces in the clouds—clouds, indeed, always envelop them, for if Nature does not form them, the gas manufactories and steam-engines supply the deficiency. Higher still, the rocks become more vertical in their fronts, and form a continuous range of eminences, each surmounted by a most imposing fortification of Gibraltar batteries, while the roads which lead to the summit are enfiladed by numerous detached forts, to arrest the progress of assailants. All these fortresses are bristling with cannon, which, with a garrison, rarely allowed to sink below twenty thousand men, are sufficient to reduce the town to ashes in a very short time. These precautions are quite necessary to keep in check the turbulent population of two hundred thousand disorderly people, whose dreadful outbreak in 1834, which caused such an awful destruction of life and property, was renewed with less success in 1838. The Government has taken effectual means to prevent a third.

After two days' rest, I ventured to ascend the steeps to look at these gigantic fortresses, and was guided in my tortuous course by a very intelligent artisan, of advanced age, and broken constitution, who was climbing with difficulty to visit the great cemetery on the summit. I accompanied him to the spot, which is certainly more beautifully situated than the celebrated Père la Chaise; in summer this place must be delightful—you look down on the town with its two grand rivers, and numerous bridges, and its masses of houses and fortifications—turrets and spires. The cemetery is one vast garden of roses, jessamine, honeysuckles, and flowers, which even at this season are beautiful; my poor companion, who was only a journeyman shoemaker, laid out at the gate the sum of eightpence, a large sum out of his scanty earnings, to purchase some of the dried flowers called *immortelles*, to ornament the grave of his only child—the child of his old age, who had died three years ago;

he tied, with trembling hands, the little crown of flowers to the wooden cross at the head of the grave, carefully picking away the dead leaves, while the tears continued to drop on the ground, as he ran over the list of amiable and affectionate qualities of his lost son, with a pathos that dimmed my own eyes.

"Ah, Sir," said he, "it is a sad thing that I cannot afford to buy this little bit of ground, and keep it sacred; at the end of the seven years that I have paid for, they will dig a spade into my poor child's body and shovel him away to make room for others. The rich escape this, but *they* have so many things to console them, and, after all, perhaps, they don't know their blessings."

My companion pointed out to me the modest tomb of poor Mouton Duvernet, who was shot here like Ney, for aiding Buonaparte in 1815; what made the case so deplorable, was that the General's pardon arrived a few hours after his execution; Louis XVIII. had always intended to grant it, but the Duc de Cazes had anticipated him, by dispatching orders by the telegraph; the Duke has never been quite forgiven for this act even by his own party.

CONFLUENCE OF THE RHONE AND THE SAONE.

I do not know when I have been more struck by natural objects, than in going down to the confluence of these two rivers, which although now almost within their natural boundaries, are still of imposing magnitude; the right bank of the right hand river (the Saone) is bordered by a ridge of high hills, almost mountains, dotted over with white houses and trees, and covered with vineyards, whose formality must in summer be concealed by the foliage; the left bank of the other river spreads out in gentle undulations, till at the distance of almost a hundred miles, the view is bounded by the snow-covered Alps, with Mont Blanc still further off, towering over the nearer chain of mountains, and shining brilliantly in the purple rays of the setting sun. On turning myself round the view was almost equally imposing—the city of Lyons, a huge dark mass, with its houses, churches, and fortifications, piled up into the clouds.

This district, by-the-by, seems rapidly passing back to the good old days of miracles and indulgences; the Frères Ignorantins are building themselves a gigantic convent on the heights.

AVIGNON.

But now having completed my recollections of the journey which I have been anxious to commit to paper lest they should fade away from my memory; now let me attempt a description of the place I am in, which is well worthy of a better pen than mine.

Avignon is situated at the junction of the Rhone, and has the reputation of a place of vast antiquity; it was, as you know, sold by Naples to Pope Clement VI., and was a residence of the succeeding Popes, or their deputies, till the year 1793, when it was seized by the French. It is curious how such an *imperium in imperio* could have existed so long. Lady Mary W. Montague took up her abode here, and describes the curious state of a town and small territory shut in within another, with which it was not allowed to have the slightest commercial connection. It is as if Chatham were held by a foreign power, and compelled to depend on the resources to be procured by the river Medway. She contends that the whole town is subsequent to the Romans, and calls it Gothic; better authority is on the other side. She says that when she visited the town there were two hundred noble families in it; among others the Dukes of Crillon and Guadagna (who, by-the-by, has a palace at Florence, where I am recommended to go, if it were only to see two of his pictures by Salvator Rosa). "All the gentlemen," says she, "keep their lands in their own hands, and sell their corn, wine, and oil; their estates are untaxed, the Popes drawing no revenue from Avignon. The Vice-Legate, who resides here, has a Court of Priests; and there are fourteen large convents. The town is so well situated for trade, and the silk so fine and plentiful, that if they were not curbed, they would certainly ruin Lyons; but, as they can sell none of their manufactures out of the walls, and the ladies here, *as everywhere*, preferring foreign manufactures, the tradespeople are very poor, and the shops ill-furnished."

Well, "Nous avons changé tout cela," as the doctor says. These people are now French: Lyons is not ruined, but flourishing; and this town is going to destruction. Neither the old *dog-in-the-manger* policy, nor its abolition, has had much to do with this; but time, the great innovator, brought on the French Revolution, and the consequences have been spoliation, destruction of capital, ruin, and permanent distress. A century will be required to remedy the mischief of that fatal event.

Avignon has a curious history, and exhibits, perhaps, one of the strongest examples which can be adduced of the abuse of the Papal power. After numerous vicissitudes, it passed into the hands of the Counts of Toulouse, descendants of Charlemagne by the female side. One of these, Raimond VI., was successfully invaded by the Pope; and in order to obtain the restitution of his power, he was obliged to submit to appear before the Legate Milon without shoes or stockings, naked to the waist, and a cord round his neck, led by one man, and flogged on the bare back by another, and this while the Legate was tranquilly at dinner, but it availed him nothing. The Pope (probably disappointed that he should have submitted to the indignity) still persisted in devastating his territory, excommunicated him as heretical in his opinions, destroyed his towns, and reduced him to the greatest distress. Raimond died before the war was ended, His son, who was not suspected of heresy, was, however, the *son* of a heretic: it was all the same: his *father* had muddied the water—like the wolf and the lamb—so the Pope continued the war, and forced him at last to sign a treaty at Paris; by which, on condition of being permitted to retain his estates, he agreed to pay 10,000 marks to the legate, 2000 to the Abbey of Citeaux, 500 to the Abbey of Clervaux, 1000 to the Abbey of Grand Selve, and 300 to that of Belle Perche—all for *the good of his soul*, as was specified in the treaty—besides the cession of part of his territory. It became afterwards united to France by various deaths and marriages; again possessed by Counts of Toulouse; given again by France, without a shadow of right, to Pope Gregory X.; seized by Louis XIV.; restored, seized again, restored again, and finally incorporated with France during the first gush of the Revolution; the miscreants who profaned the sacred name of Liberty, committed atrocities so awful, that

after another generation or two shall have passed away, the best historian will not succeed in obtaining credit when he narrates things which seem contrary to human nature and absolutely impossible.

The town is a wonderful mass of ancient buildings, some Roman, and some long before the Romans. It is surrounded by a picturesque circumvallation, turretted and battlemented in a style, which to me, who am ignorant of architecture, appears Moorish. There is at the top of a steep hill in the town the old palace of the Popes—a noble cathedral, a magnificent tomb of Pope John XXII., and various other objects of great interest. A high rock which rises in the centre of the town, on which formerly stood a fortress which was presented by the town to Lady Montague, and which she turned into a Belvidere, is levelled at the top, and put into an architectural form and used for a public promenade. From this eminence you really do see *La Belle France*. The view is delightful; there are few spots in Europe presenting within the same space so many objects of physical and moral interest. The hills are covered with vines and olives; almost a hundred miles of the noble rivers Rhone and Durance are visible. There are chateaux, castles (the words are not synonimous, for the former might be translated manor-houses), extensive meadows (so rare in France), picturesque islands, gigantic mountains, Roman antiquities numberless, and on the most inaccessible parts of the hills vast enclosures, fortified and castellated, the refuge of the different parties during the horrid religious civil wars which desolated the country ages ago, each the scene of some heroic event, or interesting legend. In the distance, is seen the recess which holds the celebrated cave and fountain of Vaucluse, immortalised by Petrarch. I was not aware that any spot in France contained so many interesting objects in one *coup d'œil*.

In coming down the river, yesterday, from Lyons, in the comfortable and well-managed steam-boat, which the junction of the two rivers allows to be now of considerable size, and what may be called sea-boats, my ears were struck by the words of command, "Stop hare," "Ease hare." On asking the captain how he happened to have English engineers and stokers on board, he said, "we French don't like to trust ourselves to Frenchmen on these occasions; our countrymen make too much noise, and don't mind their business, which is a serious thing in a steam-boat; these men do their work quietly, they have gone on ten years without a single accident, and the engines, which are English also, are as good as at first."

The right bank of the Rhone, all the way from Lyons to this place, is a long range of rocks almost perpendicular, and cultivated with vines to their summits; they are so steep that the earth can only lie by building a wall every three feet, and thus making every mountain a flight of steps; a curious monument of industry and perseverance. The famous Cote Rotie wine is produced here. We passed a great many splendid suspension bridges, all new I was told within seven years, and of great magnitude. The river is here very broad and studded with islands, which have been taken advantage of, in some places, to divide the suspension bridge into two. The rocks of calcareous stone, on the right bank, are almost separated into portions by deep ravines; each has its white ribbon of a waterfall, which, in wet weather, becomes a torrent. Even at this season the view was very beautiful, and in summer must be delightful. Were France generally like this I would concede to it the title of "*la belle.*"

The people, from all I could see and learn from the great numbers who came on board, are intensely poor and miserable, each man having just capital enough to make half a pair of scissors, no one can spare the other half, even as a loan, and there is no sufficient inducement to make the rivet; the public vehicles, which we saw from the deck, were most contemptible; it was as if every man were the maker of the coach he drove. To-morrow we shall descend to Beaucaire, on the other side of the river, and from thence take the railroad to Nismes, come back to Beaucaire, and again cross to the left bank still lower down at Arles, which, I am told, is the richest spot out of Italy, in Roman and still more ancient remains. Seventy miles further and we arrive at Marseilles.

Marseilles, Dec. 23, 1841.

I believe it is the characteristic of savage countries that the women do the work, and the men pass their time in dissolute idleness, alternating with war and the chase. If this be a true definition, then for the last six weeks I have been traversing a country *emphatically savage*. My blood boils with indignation at what we daily witness. The poor women are absolutely old and withered—worn out and cast aside before they are thirty. Women dig the ground, serve the masons with mortar and stones like bricklayers' labourers with us. Women sweep the streets, mend the roads, carry the manure to the fields on their backs, clean the horses, and carry the sacks of corn. The men drive a cart, and smoke, and play at dominoes, shoot birds and talk of killing Arabs and Englishmen.

To day I saw a man walking round the town with a tin measure and funnel, and his little wife staggering by his side under a heavy barrel of (I suppose) wine, which he was retailing in the streets. Is this thing policée? pooh—"polissonne."

"Out upon thee, hypocrite—'tis the moat and the beam," you will say; and I do confess to have often expressed still louder condemnation of the cruel treatment of the workwomen employed by milliners and others in our own country. Mr. Fox, I remember, when comparing the cruelties of Buonaparte with our own doings in India, used to close every step of his sarcastic enumeration with, "But this, I allow, is all on the other side of the Cape of Good Hope." So *I* take refuge in the old adage, "De non apparentibus et de non existentibus eadem est ratio." *These things are all out of sight and go for nothing.* Young anatomists, when performing experiments on the living animal, always mercifully begin by *cutting the recurrent nerve*, which deprives the poor creature of voice, and then, of course, as he makes no noise he feels no pain!—mute as a fish; and who minds tearing a fish's jaw to pieces with a hook, and smothering him in air? It is a great consolation that the manteau-makers' girls *don't cry out*. If they did, indeed, I fear we should be compelled to come to their assistance. How comfortable it is to discover a reason for keeping a quiet conscience. No doubt many of our enthuisastic philanthropists—all whose energies are occupied as opponents of negro-slavery—will thank me for this suggestion.

My companions (some of whom were Americans, who, by-the-by, visit the Continent in great numbers) on seeing the wretched, withered, and squalid appearance of the attenuated women, exclaimed, that it was *a country of resuscitated mummies*. Strange to say, some of these women, like the Indian squaw, seem to take a sort of pride in the exemption of the husband from degrading labour. Another proof that they are still uncivilised.

The old lady at the hospital at Chalons gave me a piteous account of the state of the lower classes in that neighbourhood. She spoke of the oppression of the women with tears, and of the total absence of religious feeling and morality among the men; but dwelt with emphatic eloquence on the intensely atrocious wickedness of the boys. She seemed to think that the youths from twelve to twenty were real incarnations of the devil. Her details were interesting, like all the black pages in the book of Nature, but they are too long and too numerous to be committed to paper.

A Bishop of the French Church, and another ecclesiastic who was accompanying him for ordination to Rome, afforded me much delightful conversation on board the steam-boat. They agreed in the general depravity, but gave statistical and unanswerable proofs that it was steadily and rapidly diminishing, and that if the mania for war could be kept in check a little longer, there were great hopes of a substantial restoration of morality and respect for religion. One proof of this, indeed, was afforded at the moment. The men, who in another apartment of the boat, had been talking with the usual laxity upon such subjects, now listened respectfully and attentively to a long theological controversy between the Bishop (or rather his companion, for the Bishop was not the leading orator) and myself, which I could neither avoid nor evade, and which ended as such controversies always end, in each party retaining his own opinions. A few years ago, these men would have insulted both the speakers.

One thing struck me forcibly—the entire conviction of all parties—including the πολλοί who listened to us, that a very short time would elapse before Queen Victoria would join the Houses of Lords and Commons (including the whole bench of Bishops) in a solemn recantation of the errors and heresies of Protestant delusion, and return to the bosom of the only true Church, and the protection of God's Vicegerent at Rome. There was such an abnegation of pride in the announcement, such a deep sense of gratitude to God, and such a genuine kindness in the feeling which rejoiced at the anticipated change, that had I not at once abandoned the hopeless task of rectifying their convictions, I could scarcely have prevailed on myself to destroy an illusion which evidently excited in a high degree their pious and philanthropic benevolence, and contributed largely to their happiness.

Let me here venture a remark, that to return contemptuous railing at dogmas, for the generous sentiments thus expressed, may suit a hired controversialist, but is neither the conduct of a gentleman nor a Christian.

On arrival at Beaucaire the other day, I was much surprised to find that a town celebrated all over Europe for its great fair, which equals that of Leipsic, should be such a squalid and insignificant place, though more than a hundred thousand persons are on that occasion lodged in tents, beyond what the beggarly town can accommodate. We hastened to leave the uninviting spot, and set off by railway to Nismes, (about twenty-five miles). There are great hopes that the French will ultimately become as punctual in their public conveyances as the English, for the train started *barely half an hour* after the time fixed —wonderful advance!

The railway led through olive orchards; it is a most disagreeable and sombre-looking tree, the shape of a pollard-willow, with the top branches hollowed so as to expose all the fruit to the sun; the leaves are small and sparse—white on the under side, and on the upper a dull leaden-blue green, altogether ugly enough, and being planted in straight rows did not add to their beauty; however, the country is assiduously cultivated, though with a soil apparently so sterile that were it a few degrees further to the north it would produce nothing. The people of this district would be excusable in worshipping the sun, for they owe everything to it; a great expanse of olive grounds was under water from the overflow of the Rhone.

(*To be continued*).

MUSINGS OF A WANDERER.—No. VIII.

I HATE sweet music ever when I'm sad,
When I have mournful memories on my soul
(Like ling'ring spots of Eden scatter'd through
The desert wastes of this degenerate world),
It seems an echo of the happy past
And mocks me in my present misery!
The wandering exile from Helvetia's land
Becomes affected thus, when on his ear
The strains of native valleys fall and bring
The recollections of his early home,
Where once their melody was joy and peace,
But now seems funeral knell or doleful dirge
For some departed hours of happiness!
Unto the sorrow'd heart a joyous air,
First heard when life was like an op'ning rose,
Brings melancholy musings and regrets!

W.

PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE.

BY A WIZARD OF THE WEST.

FAREWELL, yes farewell! with the tear in my eye,
I take my last leave, of my friend *Forty-four!*
It rendeth my heart, for to bid thee "good bye,"
Alas! I shall never shake hands with thee more;
I shall think of thee—hear of thee—read of thee—true,
But *see* you, ah! never, old fellow—adieu!

And thus, every year I grow older I lose
A friend who for *twelve months* was always beside me,
Who smiled on myself, and who fostered my muse,
And with health, fun, and frolic, had daily supplied me,
Yet I sigh—so I should—when I sadly remember,
That he never *survived the last day of December!*

And then, in despite of myself, I must seek,
An acquaintance with him who may be his successor,
Whose first introduction is chilly, and bleak,
Ay, e'en to the Queen, in her palace—God bless her!
Yet in duty, I'm bound to admit here, in rhyme,
The *coldness* wears off in a *very short time!*

Dear old *Forty Four!* eh, what "larks" we have had,
What scenes we have witnessed, in hut and in castle,
Now sober and serious—now joyous and glad,
From the peer to the peasant—the lord to the vassal.
We knew all their secrets, enjoyed all the fun;
Was there ever a pleasanter season?—not one.

Wern't crowned heads as plenty as Jews in "Ragfair"?
We had Emperors, Monarchs, and Grand Dukes in dozens;
There was *Stuffinall here*, Baron *Suppitoff there*,
And Windsor, beleaguered in fact by *our cousins*!
Having found out the "difference essential" no doubt,
'Twixt the English roast-beef, and the German "sourkrout."

Didn't Freddy of Prussia, come visit our Queen?
And boarded and lodged in her Majesty's palace,
Where he *saw* all the *sights* that were worth being *seen*,
And bought lollypops for young Albert and Alice;
Same time there were two or three splendid reviews,
And a glorious "turn out" of the Life Guards and Blues.

Didn't Saxony's King just "drop in" for a while,
To warm his jolly old nose down at Windsor?
Poor fellow he sported a "shocking bad tile,"
And while he was there, tippled nothing but gin, Sir,
The Prince, who they say is an excellent "feller,"
Has a capital stock of "Old Tom" in the cellar.

But oh what a "*sell*" upon going away,
He called all her "Majesty's servants" around him,
To some he gave snuff-boxes, brilliant and gay,
To some diamond rings—But may furies confound him,
Only think—if it's true, he's for ever disgraced;
The jewels he gave them were nothing but *paste!*

And didn't the despot of Russia come o'er?
But the Queen wouldn't have *him* at all as a lodger;
For NIC 'mongst the fair, when in England before,
Was always considered so "artful a dodger,"
'Twas feared he to whom *gallivanting* a trade is,
Might be flirting away with the "Bedchamber Ladies!"

The "King of the French" was the next paid a visit
To Britain's fair isle, with the Duc de Nemours
(His trip was well etched, both by Landells and Phiz; it
Does credit, indeed, to those artists of ours).
The Queen didn't come, as his Majesty thought her
Too old to be knocking about on the water.

But it was not the visits of Monarchs alone
That made the last year so remarkably pleasant;
It helped to keep up the excitement, I own,
Yet, we'll have just as many, perhaps, in the present.
No, no; there were many more things I could mention,
Which on the *qui vive* kept up public attention.

There were some things can ne'er be forgotten, I swear—
Except by those folk who don't choose to remember—
For instance, her Majesty's visit to BLAIR,
'Bout the middle, I think, or the end of September;
'Twas there that she clambered o'er mountain and heather,
Nor cared a *bawbee* for the state of the weather.

'Twas there that she donn'd the gay Tartan and snood;
Danced a two-handed reel with the "Laird of Glenlyon;"
Strolled with Sandy M'Carra* through glen and through wood;
Bought a *shelty* to ride (when the day wasn't dry) on,

* One of Lord Glenlyon's *gillies*, who had the honour of guiding her Majesty through the Highland fastnesses.

Despite the remarks of a long-visaged crew
Of Cantwells, led on by Sir Andrew Agnew.

'Twas there, with a braw pair of buskins upon her,
Ten miles of a day she thought nothing of walking;
She'd give the "go by" to her Maidens of Honour,
And keep up with Albert when he'd be deer-stalking.
'Twas there that, at night, just when going to bed,
She'd "tak' a wee drap" of hot *brose*, it is said.

And hadn't we sights, too, surpassingly strange,
In the City, as well as the country? Was ever
The splendid display at the Royal Exchange
Surpassed by an Eastern spectacle? Never!
To the age of Old Parr, if to live I be let,
That gorgeous affair I shall never forget.

But what shall we say of the new Lord Mayor's Day,
'Bout the Aldermen, Lumbermen, City Police,
With the Councilmen, Staffmen, all looking so gay,
While the people were hissing like so many geese
At poor Lord Mayor Gibbs, who was pale in the face.
Has he cleared up his most un-*account*-able case?

Talk of Antony sailing with Egypt's *fair* Queen,
In galleys of gold, down the Nile or the Cydnus,
Where the pride and the wealth of the Orient was seen,
And all was luxurious, superb, and libid'nous;
But 'twas nothing, tho' all very fine in its way,
Compared with the "row" on the Thames of that day.

Still creeps on the year, dreary Autumn now comes;
November arrives—Hark! the heralds proclaim,
"Victoria approaches, sound trumpets, beat drums!"
The welkin re-echoes the much beloved name;
There's magic, there's loyalty, witchery in it,
For each head is uncovered in less than a minute.

But where is she going? Believe me you'll find
'Tis to mix with her subjects without ostentation,
Leaving pageantry, pomp, and court splendour behind;
That's the way to secure the warm hearts of a nation:
And surely if ever a monarch has been
Adored by them all, 'tis our own darling Queen!

Yes, Chatsworth, and Burleigh, and Woburn, all
Have thrown open their doors to their well-beloved guest;
And the fête, and the banquet, in castle and hall,
Have attended her "progress" from eastward to west,
And many, Oh! many long years may she live
To enjoy all the pleasures this world can give!

And thus 'twill be seen, since the allies were here,
A time I should think now some thirty years past,
We ne'er had so many crowned heads in one year,
And "right royal sport" as we had in the last.
What wonder that I then should sorrow and sigh,
When I think on those days now for ever gone by!

The Spirit of 1845 appears.

But lo! a new friend now appears,
Offspring of six thousand years,
Cold and frozen is his brow.
Ice-lock'd are his tresses now;
But ere long a sunny thaw
Shall unbend that frosty paw;
Soon the earth, now iron bound,
Soft and pliant shall be found;
And the seed of vegetation
Fructify throughout the nation;
Wholesome bread, and juicy meat,
Shall the poor then have to eat,
Hushed shall be the infant's cry,
Dried shall be the widow's eye;
But tell me thou who thus inspires
My joyous heart with such desires;
After all our woes—Alas!
Shall, oh! shall this come to pass?

1845, loquitur.

Mortal! every word you've spoken
Of the future is a token,
Whilst I reign and am alive,
That is during Forty-Five,
Peace and plenty shall exist,
Ruthless landlords must desist;
Tenant now no longer pressed,
Honestly will work his best,
With an interest in his farm,
Happy wife and children warm,
Harvest-home and safely made,
Gladly will his rent be paid;
Men at last now getting sense,
Rally in their own defence.
Party-spirit nearly dead,
Faction now must hide its head,
For the people you will find,
Won't remain for ever blind,
And, as I have said before,
Ere my year of power's o'er,
Britain shall the Country be,
Of Plenty, Peace, and Liberty! *

MORTAL.

Thrice happy day! when thus I hear
Blest tidings of the coming year.

SPIRIT.

Mortal! now listen, I am well aware,
What all your usages and customs are,
'Tis New Year's Day, a day on which I know,
Gifts on your friends you're anxious to bestow;
Say what you wish to give to *him* or *her*,
And speak out boldly; be there no demur;
I'll grant them all—ay all—I will indeed,
I'm all attention—prithee friend, proceed.

* Oh that this may prove to be a veracious prophet, and not one of those "juggling fiends, who keep the word of promise to the ear, but break it in the sense."

MORTAL.

A thousand thanks, kind generous FORTY FIVE,
Thou surely art the friendliest soul alive;
And though you look so freezy as you do,
I'll ask a NEW YEAR'S GIFT for one or two,
So first, as I have ever loyal been,
I'll ask a present for our royal Queen;
Pray let her have before the year be ended,
A little boy or girl—but when you send it,
Give to JOHN BULL *his* "Gift," a well filled purse,
To pay the expenses of the "young un's" nurse,
He says of late, his cash is very low,
And 'tween ourselves—no wonder it is so.
There's that confounded income tax you know,
And * * * * oh!
He looks in those grey whiskers such "a guy,"
I'd give to Louis Phillipe some "tricosian" dye,
To Joinville's Prince the sword of Gen'ral Thumb,
With which he'd strike the foes of Gallia dumb;
To *Nic* of Russia, some commiseration,
For the brave persecuted Polish nation.
And as I have at heart my country's weal,
I'd give consistency to Robert Peel,
To his *own* * friends to act with less asperity,
To friends and foes with little more *sincerity*.
Give to Lord Brough'm—you're able I suppose—
Some potent charm to *mesmerise* his nose,
Should you th' ingredients not exactly know,
Get them compounded by Miss Martineau!
To Wellington, that paragon of men,
Give a renewal of his life again.
Death—even death, would fear to strike the blow,
That lays Britannia's, Europe's, saviour low.
As soon as England's Lords and Commons let it—
Give Irish Dan (I wish that he may get it!)
All that he *seems* to wish for, that's *repale*,
With some good situations for the "*tail*;"

* YOUNG ENGLAND, to wit

Give poor Tom Steele—for he's a jolly cock,
A keg of whiskey, and a new blue frock.—
Give to "Ould" Ireland *every* thing, and *more*,
And give Lord Heyts'bury *patience*, I implore.
Give to Tom Duncombe the "*tribute*" *he's to get;*
Ye men of Finsbury have you *shelved* your "pet?"
Give Graham a patent for *unsealing* letters,
And to LORD GEORGE an "Act" protecting *betters*.
Give Father Mathew—good and pious man!
Oh! give him all the assistance that you can.
Teach Gibbs of Walbrook how to *keep* the pence,
And give Lord Ellenborough a *leetle* sense.
Give——

1845.

Mortal, I cannot grant such gifts as these;
In fact you've asked impossibilities.
What! all those miracles in one *short year!*
For recollect that's all my tenure here.
I'll surely keep old Wellington alive
Until at least the end of *Forty-five!*
As to the Queen, before *my* year's expired,
The "little lady" 'll have what you desired.
But 'bout replenishing poor John Bull's *tin*,
I can't in common decency "give in."
If people will have families, 'tis fair
That they themselves should pay at least their share.
I shouldn't mind it much, for once or twice,
And would "come down" genteelly in a trice;
But to be "blessing us" at railroad speed,
I can't stand that; I really can't, indeed.
Now I must hence. Be here the *Seventh*, my hearty,
And we'll make up a little Twelfth Night party.
(Vanishes.)

MORTAL.

Well, he speaks *warmly* tho' he looks so *cold*—
May the New Year be happy as the Old!
May Commerce flourish—Agriculture thrive,
And PEACE the watchword be of FORTY-FIVE!!!

THE FICKLE LUTE.

How comes it that beneath your touch
My lute sings happy strains;
But let me try it ne'er so much,
I've nothing for my pains
But elegies of woe?
Your fingers bid it speak of joy,
Mine wake its chords to grief;
You can its sadness all destroy,
I cannot bring relief,
Or any charm bestow!

It *will* wail on when *I* essay
Its merry tones to sing,
I well remember that one day,
Just upon Music's wing,
I thought I had its mirth;
But it flew off and left behind
That melancholy trace,
Which memory prints upon the mind,
And hope cannot efface,
Through all the breathing earth!

Oh! teach me, lady, to unbind
The magic chains that keep
My lute in bondage so unkind,
Making its master weep
In sadness o'er its chords;
There is one charm can make it gay,
Can turn it from its woe,
Can make its night most glorious day,
And that you can bestow
By one of love's least words—
YES.

ROYAL FUNERALS—PAST AND PRESENT.

A Royal Funeral used to be a grand and solemn pageant. Its mournful splendour spoke to the imagination. The rich profuseness of its trappings of woe was emblematic, not so much of the rank and dignity of the deceased—for all worldly things are nothing, alike to the prince and the peasant, when laid in the cold arms of death—as of the vastness of the funereal train, of the millions who mourned—not perhaps the man or woman who had died, for of them they could know nothing, but the loss of one of the pillars of the regal throne, of one of that majestic line of kings and princes, the endurance of which is so bound up in the affections of a loyal people. The English, as a race, have always been remarkable for their respect for the dead. It is one of their many household virtues. Those domestic affections which reign without restraint during life, show themselves with equal power after death. The son who should neglect to bury his father would be disgraced in the estimation of all, the lowest as well as the highest. No rank exempts man or woman from this duty. When, a short time since, the representative of one of the most illustrious ducal houses in the country was said to have refused to defray the charges for his father's funeral, he sank at once below contempt. A life of folly and extravagance, of political tergiversation, of oppression towards the poor, might be overlooked, but disrespect towards the memory of a deceased relative stamps a man, in this country at least, with infamy. The English feel an honest pride in regard to their funerals. They spare no expense: they disdain mean savings: they shrink from anything like a guage of their respect. If there be a little ostentation mixed up with their profuseness, it is at least a fault on the right side. They wish to do honour

to the dead: they do not calculate degrees of relationship, and open their purse strings wide for an uncle, to close them when a second cousin dies. A funeral is with them a solemn pledge to the deceased. It is a compact with his spirit. It is unworldly in its nature. It is the last offering of an affection which yearns to be generous even in death.

As with private, so with Royal Funerals. The funerals of George the Fourth and of the Duke of York were scenes never to be forgotten. All that the decent gorgeousness of mourning panoply could lend of awful solemnity to the last rites that were performed over the deceased monarch, was cast around the ceremony, to typify the grief of the nation at the departure of the Chief Magistrate of the empire. The funeral of his illustrious brother was on the same scale of magnificence. As mere spectacles they dwell in the memory, but they were more. The solemn, slow, procession: the troops, their glittering corslets looming out of the darkness under the red glare of torchlight; their weapons and banners wrapt in the black insignia of woe: the hour of midnight, which invests even daily trifles with interest, lending a deeper awfulness to the grand and imposing ceremonial in St. George's chapel; and, above all, the presence of so many illustrious men; of the dignitaries of the empire who had been the companions of the deceased monarch in life, and had shared with him the cares of government; of the Knights of the Garter; of the Princes of the Blood Royal: these were features which prevented those great celebrations from being hastily classed with mere exhibitions of human grandeur,—which rendered them symbols of the grave, earnest, dutiful character of the British race.

Such were some of the Royal Funerals within the memory of us all. They were worthy manifestations of the public grief of a great nation.

But, in the present day, if we are to judge from a specimen still fresh in the memory, a change has come over the practice of royalty in this respect. The same spirit of petty economy which rumour says has found its way into royal palaces and curtailed the privileges of royal retainers, appears to have begrudged a Royal Princess the funeral honours so lavishly awarded to others of her high race and lineage. It is to be hoped that the circumstances attending the funeral of the Princess Sophia of Gloucester are not to be regarded as the precedent for future royal obsequies.

The situation of Royal Personages is by no means to be envied. Amidst all the splendours with which poor humanity can be surrounded, they too often want all that can render life happy. They die, and even if they are followed to the grave with external solemnities and the symbols of grief, they too often depart from the world without that spontaneous affection and sincere regret which are the only true honours that can be paid to the dead. While alive, princes are the objects of selfish adoration: when dead, they are too often exposed to equally selfish neglect. Happily, they are insensible evermore to worldly joys or sorrows, or the picture, could they view it, would strike them with a cold horror that would make even the grave a paradise.

The Princess Sophia of Gloucester, during her short sojourn on the earth after her spirit had departed, might have received more of those formal honours which beseem royal relations and loyal people. It was a circumstance remarked at the time, that although the Princess died at an early hour in the day, no intelligence of her decease *could* have reached Windsor Castle, or the royal festivities would not have been, as they certainly were, continued as usual on the same day. The Court Newsman, in recording the proceedings of the royal party, states that the arrangements for the dinner continued the same, and that her Majesty's band attended and played as usual. Of course this would not have been the case, had the news of the death of so near a relative of the Queen been duly conveyed to the Palace. For, though the sudden cessation of all amusement, even of the most innocent and ordinary kind, on the occasion of death in a family, may be a practice puritanical in its origin and spirit, yet it is the custom of the country, and the Court should, in its etiquettes, typify as much as possible such customs.

But it is to the ceremonial attending the funeral, that our remarks are more especially applied.

A funeral procession is an act of great solemnity. In its character it is a deep, deliberate expression of grief. In all ages men have associated with it the idea of a slow, sustained, continuous movement. Grief is in its nature stationary. The mind is absorbed in sympathetic suffering, and the body loves repose. It is with difficulty that those who are overwhelmed with this species of woe can be brought to move at all. They cling to the mortal remains; or, if not to the body, at least to the memory of the dead. If they are at length induced to move, there is a sober, subdued, decent action in all their steps and gestures. A funeral procession is only the same listless grief in the act of following the departed to the grave; and it has always partaken of the same gentle character. The instincts of humanity have given rise to the custom. It prevails throughout the world. Tartars, even, do not gallop to a funeral, nor do Laplanders skait to one.

All Royal Funerals have been conducted on the same principle. They have uniformly proceeded,—be the distance what it might,—at a walking pace. Hours have been occupied by the passage of the slow and melancholy pageant from the place of death to the place of burial. No pomp of mourning has been considered too great, no time too much to occupy in the peregrination of the sable cavalcade. Night has been chosen as being the appropriate season for sorrow: midnight has been the time of burial, as suggestive of awful thoughts, as the hour of the passage of night into day, and as typical of the passing of the spirit, blessed by the holy observances of religion, from darkness into light. All the accessories of the solemn scene were born of gloomy thoughts—of pain, of blackness, and of death.

How different was the ceremony of the interment of the Princess Sophia, on the tenth of last month! It was said to be what is called a "private" funeral. Yet there was no character of privacy about it. Had it been "private," much that in our opinion tended to public scandal would have been hidden from view. But why should it be even "private?" Was there any cause disentitling the deceased to the usual marks of public respect? Was it because she passed a life

of unostentatious piety, of active benevolence, and charity to all around her; because she did not fill the ear of the world with the rumour of magnificent follies or monster improprieties? Is secluded virtue held of less account than open shameless vice?

Passing over the supposed privacy of the interment, passing over the absence of any member of the Royal Family, that is to say, of the blood royal, either in the procession or at the actual interment, passing these over as capable of justification on some obsolete plea of court etiquette, though always obnoxious to the feelings of humanity,—look at the mode in which the mortal remains of the Princess were conveyed from Blackheath to Windsor.

The mournful cavalcade, it appears, left the former place at one o'clock, and proceeded at a slow pace to Paddington. It must have gone at the decent and seemly speed whch becomes a funeral procession, because it occupied nearly four hours and a half in accomplishing a distance of little more than nine miles. So far all was well. But why go to Paddington? Still more, why to the Railway Station? That is not in the road from Windsor to Blackheath.

They went to Paddington, it seems, to avail themselves of the railway! After coming nine miles with grave and stately paces, so slow and measured as scarcely to shake the nodding plumes with which the hearse is dressed, suddenly the coffin is hoisted upon a railway truck; the mourners, all veiled and shrouded, nun-like as they are, in deepest black, so that their faces are not visible, are first paraded at the station, and then handed like every-day first-class passengers into the railway carriages; and the whole *disjecta membra* of the procession, which but a few minutes before was so solemn, so awful, so imposing—boxed up in this Pickford's van style of conveyance—are whirled down to Slough, at the rate of five-and-forty miles an hour!

Can anything be conceived less accordant with the feelings we bear towards the memory of the dead, or with those ideas of mournful, slow, and listless melancholy, which are almost inseparably associated with a funeral procession? All continuity was broken—all the poetry of the solemn ceremonial utterly destroyed. Nay, it is with difficulty that the sense of the ridiculous can be prevented from arising. Such a disruption of customary form shocks the feelings, and alarms the prejudices. Think of so sacred a duty as the funeral obsequies of the dead being hampered and interfered with, by calculations of station masters, and engine drivers, about up-trains and down-trains! Suppose the procession—dispersed and packed up in this way, like the properties and company of a travelling theatre—suppose after its having come from Blackheath to Paddington at two miles an hour, then being shot along the rail at forty—suppose, after this sudden change from woe at a slow movement to woe in a desperate hurry, that the whole affair had been brought to a dead stop at some intermediate station, to save the living members of the cavalcade from being suddenly hurried into eternity by a collision! It seems that between Ealing and Hanwell the down-trains are obliged to run upon the up line, on account of repairs. What if, with the experience of the Beeston accident before our eyes, an up train had run into the special train and—horrible thought!—scattered the remains of the deceased Princess upon the roadway, or mingled them with the mangled limbs of those who had them in charge!

This is by no means an improbable supposition; but reject all such considerations, and still there is something revolting to the feelings in this mode of conveying the dead to their resting place. It would be bad enough in private life, in some case where economy was a duty to the survivors, but in the case of a Princess so nearly related to the Crown, it is unbearable, from its effect on public decency. Would a court sculptor, modelling a statue of grief, place her reclining in a railway carriage, with the windows up to keep out the strong draught of wind?

Arrived at Slough, the clumsy and unseemly process of shifting the hearse was gone through once more, the mourners being detained nearly an hour while all the carriages were being moved off the trucks, and the necessary arrangements made. And all this vile mechanical business was accomplished in face of her Majesty's troops, drawn up in solemn array. What an unnecessary and harsh contrast was this of the military with the peaceful and commercial! How unworthy the stern dignity of personified war, doing homage to deceased royalty with reversed arms and colours hung with black, to be standing for three-quarters of an hour watching the wheezing and fuming of a discharged steam-engine, or the fussy energy of a score or so of undertakers' men!

And now recommenced the solemn mockery of a funeral. Once on *terra firma*, decency and custom resumed their sway. All the paraphernalia were unfolded, and paraded in solemn order along the road to Windsor. From five-and-forty miles an hour they dropped down again to two. And thus the Ostentatious Sham entered Windsor, winding its tedious way by torchlight up to St. George's Chapel.

Within the chapel, just as much was done as was absolutely necessary, and could not be dispensed with; no more. There was a close-cut, "skimping" air about the whole ceremonial. It seemed to say, "A Princess has died; and she must be buried; but she is only a second or third cousin or so to the Crown, therefore we are not very particular." The character of the ceremony was quite consistent with the patch-work kind of locomotion by which the corpse had been conveyed. It struck you more as being an act of enforced duty than an offering of love. The small sprinkling of nobility (two peers) in the stalls, and the absence of all the great officers of the country, were singular facts. Why, too, was the time altered from 12 to 9? The solemn and affecting service of our church sanctifies even the naked selfishness of a parish funeral; and it threw a halo of holiness over the scanty obsequies of this departed Princess. That, at least, could not be curtailed. But all the rest expressed a want of that domestic, household spirit of reverence for the dead which marks the British character. It must have been a deep humiliation to that amiable and excellent lady, the Countess of Gainsborough, to be there in the prominent position of chief mourner. That very fact, though justified by precedent, was a solemn mockery. What was she to the deceased Princess? Were there even ties of personal gratitude or affection to bind her to the memory of the departed? No; she was a stranger to her household, and almost to her person. She was "appointed" to the office—she was a mourner by power

of attorney. Was there no blood relation of the deceased who would pay her the last sad honour? Of all that prolific family, springing from the hoary-headed monarch who in life was such a pattern of the domestic virtues, was there not one Prince who would look into his cousin's grave before it closed for ever? Who represented the Royal Family on the occasion? A stranger—a stranger at least in blood, not, happily, in the hearts of the people—Prince Albert, who has already endeared himself to the English nation by the example he sets as a husband and father; he could leave his home and family to pay the solemn tribute of respect to Her Majesty's relation. Yet, by a strange fatality, even his attendance was almost a mockery, because he had no direct tie of blood with the deceased. Where was the Duke of Cambridge?

It is unnecessary, we hope, to add that no reflection is here intended on our beloved Sovereign. Custom has long excluded her sex from attendance at funerals; and in the case of royalty there are many other reasons justifying absence. But when gazing on the fine features of the Marquis of Exeter, as he stood in his stall by the side of the Prince as a Knight of the Garter, one could not help the reflection—"Had your great ancestor, Cecil, been the adviser of his great mistress, Elizabeth, on such a solemn occasion, he would have better understood the hearts of the English people than to have allowed his Sovereign to have appeared to participate in any proceeding that seemed like disrespect to a deceased relation." Elizabeth, with all her economy and sordid love of money, would never have closed her purse-strings to such a claim.

THE ORPHAN GIRL.

BY JAMES BRUTON.

I.

For us it was a sorry day
When our poor mother died;
For we were turned from home away,
And scattered far and wide.
Father took to drinking then,
And everything went wrong;
With wicked and with horrid men
He spent the whole day long.

II.

For rent behind that we did owe
The landlord came one day;
We had it not to give, and so
He sold our goods away.
With sister, hardly three years old,
We wandered from the town,
And under hedges from the cold
At night we crouched us down.

III.

To see my sister droop her head
It was a sight most sad;—
Her cheek grew pale, she asked for bread,
But bread could not be had.
My brother could not bear to see
Of want a sister die;
So forth with fearful thoughts went he,
When darkness veiled the sky.

IV.

He met a rich man in his course—
In vain he told his tale;
And gold at last he got by force,
When tears and prayers did fail.
He hastened to the town away—
His spoil exchanged for bread;
Then hied him back to where we lay—
But sister then was dead!

V.

They placed her in the churchyard lone,
And told us not to weep.
I know her grave—it has no stone—
But daisies o'er it creep.
Since then I have been sisterless,
By want and anguish wrung;
Yet oft I Heaven's mercy bless
For taking her so young.

VI.

My brother for the theft was ta'en,
All sad, and worn, and pale;
Upon his limbs they put a chain,
And thrust him into gaol.
That rich man swore his life away;
He was too bad to live.
They hung him—and, oh, God! I pray
That rich man's heart forgive.

A LEGEND FOR CHRISTMAS TIMES.

BY ANGUS B. REACH.

RING! Tug! Strain! put out your force—make your sinews crack with the fibry twists of the old bell rope: ha! a merry peal! Send it forth yet clearer—yet louder—yet quicker! Swing, men, like bounding balls, to the ends of the switching, jerking ropes! Hark to the tumult in the belfry; every inch of metal is thrilling, quivering; little bells and big bells are leaping and whirling like mad things; sending forth further and further, and quicker and quicker, the rattling clang of their merriment. Keep them to it, men! No flinching; never mind stiff arms and aching legs to-morrow. Tell the world that it is Christmas Eve. Shout it into the world's ear. Make it hear; make it acknowledge the tidings. Ha! a yet merrier peal. No rest now, not a moment's. But by-and-by—Home—where the fire is leaping and roaring as merrily as the bells, and where the steam of Christmas fare is rich and luscious; where games

are going on, and laughter and long stories, and kissing under the mistletoe — all that will come in good time. But now the bells! the bells!

There, a lusty pull! Ha! ten yards up the steeple you would be deafened. To it again! Many a mile off is that peal heard ringing and jangling through the frosty air. To it again! Ye are not ringing alone. The old tower is not chiming a solo when other old towers are mute. Not a bit of it. It is but one in the concert of the bells. In every steeple, in every tower throughout the land, are ropes jerking, and bells swinging, and a rattling chorus pealing aloft. Make your bells then give jolly tongue. None of your tinklings. A clang —a roaring brazen clang—thundering from dancing bell-metal, from iron tongues wagging faster than women's. Hush! well! that was a volley of sound. Again, and louder too, and clearer! The very stones are quivering; the old stones, hewn by chisels of the Saxons; the vast oaken beams are trembling like willow wands. Hurra! the very birds are frightened amongst the ivy, and cower and shiver as at an earthquake.

Ring then stoutly—merrily! Greet Christmas!

The wolves howl at midnight; they pay a sort of beastly worship to the lone hour. It is their carnival, and when midnight comes upon wild deserts, and lonely woods, and snowy defiles where wolves are, there ascends to the heavens their long echoing howl; sometimes loudly heard by shuddering travellers, ringing in the quiet silence of the night, sometimes blending with the upraised voices of the waters and the winds!

But midnight is not everywhere at once. Round spins the earth on its whirling axis; and the solemn hour—most sombre of the four-and-twenty sisters—walks around the globe, from land to land, from continent to continent; and, as she passes she hears the wolves sending up their accustomed cry. Across the wildernesses of Asia and America, from the banks of one great ocean to those of another, goes the cry; loud when midnight passes over the land. From east to west it echoes; travelling over mountain chains and unknown woods. As it dies away in one kingdom it rises in the next. From river to river, from hill to hill, it journeys on; forests and ravines pass it from one to another. It is as if one huge ghostly wolf were the attendant of midnight, and with her passed over the globe, raising in every savage place its cry to proclaim the advent of its mistress.

And so doth Christmas come—jolly Christmas! But merry bells herald him—not wolfish howlings. In how many lands is he thus welcomed? The swift earth whirls—the hours move in their endless procession; and, as the Christmas hour comes by, the bells lift up their voices. All over Europe rides the brazen welcome. From city to city, from village to village, ascend the notes that tell of Christmas coming. A skirting river stays the dominion of a language; and a narrow sea, or even an imaginary line, tells the frontiers of its neighbour's power; but bells ring a common tongue. No need of interpreters for their pealing. Hark to the summons telling people to rejoice and be glad in the coming mirthful time; it approaches from the east and goes to the west. It passes over kingdoms and islands. It is heard in due time by distant dwellers in colonies. Wherever civilisation exists the herald does not speak in vain. In fortified places, far away in India, bells ring, and soldiers think of home. Amid the cotton and the coffee groves of Southern America, bells ring and planters think of home. In lonely islands in the sea, bells ring and settlers think of home. Even at the Antipodes, bells ring and exiles and guilt-stained men think of home! Think of home! Ay, and of old, happy, innocent times. When that peal was rung from the church tower of their native place; and when they listened gleefully, for they knew full well what was coming, and remembered—a long stretch for children's memories—what happened last Christmas, and thought how vast a time had passed since then. Yes, Christmas bells do all this. To many there are sad tones in their merriment, but softly, sweetly sad, awakening old feelings, old loves, old hopes, old memories; sad, but healthful to think on.

Then ring, ring, I say! Christmas is at the gate, would ye be churlish in your welcome? Swell the uproarious clang echoing through the heavens as the hour advanceth; bear aloft the joyous burden of the sound till the thin air be musical; till every breeze come laden with the harmony; till the embracing, pervading atmosphere be quivering with the notes of Christmas bells!

There is a hall of the spirits of the seasons. There Spring, Summer, Autumn, Winter, alternate reign. They sit upon four thrones, but the throne of each in turn is the highest; they wield four sceptres, but the sceptre of each is in turn the most potent.

The hall of the seasons is a silent shadowy place, but not dim or mournful. Who can tell its dimensions; they shift and change; or what are its walls or its roof; they shift and change also. It is an aërial, phantom place, indistinct to mortal eye, summoning up vague ideas, not to be grasped by mortal mind.

And yet it seemeth when Spring sitteth upon the high throne and smileth on her sisters, that the hall is most light, and the mind becomes more hopeful—Spring is busy on her throne. From out the shadowy halo which surrounds her, go forth mysterious influences, subtle vivifying emanations, and lo! over the world the torpid earth revives, the deadlike roots and seeds feel the spell, and green fibres come forth from the cold earth and woo the sun! And the hall of the seasons is now brilliant with warm gushes of light, and round it are seen springing forth, self-forming from the shadowy expanse which stretches beyond it, all sorts of lovely, and pure, and good creations; things of animal life and vegetable life; a blended phantom picture of the annual reproduction of the animated things of our world; and, while the busy scene is weaving, there is renewed hope, and energy, and patience, for toil or suffering, springing from the mystic charms of Spring!

But her reign is over, and lo! Summer is on the high throne. Bright, dazzlingly bright is now the hall. Full of strength and burning passion, and teeming fancies, and wishes, and desires, is now the Queen. She inherits the fruits of her sister's labours. A sound—faint, but still to be heard—wavers in the hall. It is an echo from the world; an echo of abounding life and busy enjoyment; all creation is now thrilling with the most perfect existence, and not an insect flutters its wings in the sunbeam, but the tiny sound is blended in the low, but deep strain, which proclaims Summer in the Hall of the Seasons!

It is Autumn's turn! She assumes the high throne. The bright light dims, the busy hum waxes

faint; the hall becomes more and more shadowy and undefined, and pale vapours circle round the drooping queen. She weaveth not busy spells like Spring, nor nurseth great passions like Summer. She seemeth faint, yet not sickly; resting, but not idle. The low echo from the world becometh low apace, until it is heard no more. Nature is sinking asleep. Clouds close round the Queen of Autumn.

And then cometh WINTER—a serene and majestic shadow. No smile is upon her lips, and her robes are dark and sombre. The hall is still more gloomy; cold clouds float in within its precincts, but rays of ruddier light than yet glanced through them, flicker on the features of the sisters. The Queen of Winter is sorrowful, for she hath seen her sister pine and fade away; she sits in gloom, but all at once a smile comes upon her dark face. For Autumn, from out her circlet of pale clouds, whispers that she is not dead but resting, and joyous Spring saith that her sister speaketh true. A ruddier gleam of light than yet sparkled in the hall, gleams forth, and a low murmur floats by. Have the tinge of Christmas fires, and the hum of Christmas bells, in truth, reached the Hall of the Seasons?

The Queen of Winter stretches forth her wand. Instant fly towards her joyous spirits, spirits of good wishes, and hopes, and thoughts. Winter has heard that Autumn is not dead; that Spring will again come, bringing with it cheerful hopes, happy visions, reviving aspirations. And shall not the world, too, hear the glad message; shall it not, too, be taught that the bright hour will always come again; that the ruling power is good, and that mutual wishes for happiness, and joyful recognitions of worth, and hearty vows of friendship, are pleasant to those who look down upon this sphere? Assuredly—Yes. So the Winter Queen again waves her wand, and away fly the good spirits on their good mission, to calm affliction, to prompt awakening, and to reward tried virtue and worth.

And as they bend their rapid flight over the kingdoms of the earth they hear the sweet chiming of the bells. Some fly to lonely houses; some to ships at sea; some to populous cities. But, always mingling and making sweet harmony with the rustle of their wings, comes floating, in silver cadence—the pealing chimes of the Christmas bells!

Then ring, my men, for Christmas. A hallowed sound is that of the Christmas chimes!

The mighty heart of London beat to its core with the warm tide of Christmas feeling. Its pouring swarms greeted each other merrily in the streets. Snug parties assembled in warm chambers. Hardy evergreens—the flowers of winter—clustered from ceilings and over windows, mocking, with their rich warm green, the cold white of falling snow.

Christmas-eve came on. A biting frost had prevailed during the day, but with the evening there was a change. A feathery fall of snow flakes lighted silently on the city. In the great thoroughfares the snow was speedily trampled into slushy mud, churned by thousands of paddling feet. In more unfrequented places—in haughty, silent, west-end squares and terraces—it yet lay whitening the flag-stones; the traces of a stray passenger, marked in brown footmarks, upon the pavement, like the print in the sand which terrified Robinson Crusoe.

To such a street the legend proceeds.

There are footsteps on the pavement, and voices. You can hardly hear the former, for they are light, and the snow is too wet to crackle under foot; but the latter are shrill and plaintive. A boy and a girl are passing. The boy is a mere urchin; the girl who holds his hand is his sister, and ten years his senior. Are they passing along to a Christmas dinner? If so, hurry, hurry—shelter is pleasant to-night. Alas! no. No one has bid them to a feast, and they have not the means to provide one for themselves. Shelter! The street is almost as good as their fireless dwelling; walking, at all events, keeps the blood in circulation. But theirs was more a totter than a walk. Sometimes the girl leaned heavily upon her little brother for support, or stopped and supported herself against the area railings; then her brother looked up wistfully in her face. It was a poor, thin face—very thin, but still smiling, with a faint, tearful smile—and then, again, becoming as sweetly and placidly composed. There was little beauty of feature, perhaps; but oh, what their expression told! modesty—resignation—cheerful good-heartedness—beaming love for all things pure and good. But the death-light of hectic fever looked out from the eyes, and consumption was throned in that blood-red spot, seeming as though painted on the paper-white cheek. What a night for disease to be abroad in! The girl was thinly clad, too; the worn, threadbare shawl, closely drawn round her, showed the emaciation of her form, and she shivered violently, for the soaking snow was fast oozing through her worn-out shoes. The boy was as poorly clad; but there was neatness in the poverty—touching neatness. A faded pocket-handkerchief was tastily tied round his neck, and, as he held his sister's hand, he tried to chafe and warm her long, thin, trembling fingers.

"Do you think, Emmy, we shall get that sixpence to-night? I am so hungry."

"Oh, yes, dear; yes. Are you very hungry, Charley?"

"Oh, yes—no. If we don't get it, you know, we can't help it. I must wait."

"Oh, God! oh, God!" exclaimed the girl, "for a loaf of bread!"

And as she spoke the clang of a merry chime came ringing through the snow, and a burst of light gleamed ruddily from a warm parlour opposite.

"Emmy, Emmy, don't talk so; we—we'll have better times, we will. I am sorry I said that I was hungry; only you know it is Christmas time, and I thought of the old dinners at grandfather's."

The girl suddenly stopped, and looked steadfastly on her brother. Drawing him to herself, she said, slowly and solemnly—

"Charley, what will you do when I am gone?"

The boy looked curiously into his sister's face.

"When I die, Charley?" she added.

His lips moved, and then, bursting into a passion of tears, he hid his face in his sister's bosom, and cried violently.

She bent over him, and put her thin arms round his neck, and they remained motionless.

And all the while the snow was falling, and the merry Christmas bells were ringing.

"Emmy," said the child, "why do you speak so? You don't mean it."

The girl shook her head, and drew her brother still closer to her.

"You are worn out, sister, and tired and nervous. You worked so hard—oh! so hard—all last summer, and all through the autumn and the winter, and never went out because you had a cough; and you said you were afraid. And then you lived so hard; only bread, and not enough of that; for you always made me take my share, and most of your own, too. And then, sister, you did not go to bed for the last three nights, but worked so hard to finish the flowers for the lady's dress. Oh! I saw you, when you thought that I was sleeping, crying over the satin you were embroidering; and so you are worn out; and that makes you think of such things. Is it not that? Do, tell me, sister Emmy?"

It was a child who thus spoke, but a child of poverty and hardship; and such have no childhood. Theirs is a melancholy precocity. Their situation makes them calculate and think. A great man has remarked, that at an age when the child of the rich man cares for nothing but a gaudy toy, the child of the poor thinks of household management, and the prices of what it eats, and by what it is warmed. Most melancholy! but most true!

"Why did you not let me go alone for the money, sister? I am old enough to go through the streets alone; and you should have tried to get some sleep.

"It is too cold to sleep," she replied, shivering. "Come, Charley, come."

But her poor limbs, frozen and cramped, tottered under her. She grew sick and faint, and leaned heavily on her brother.

"Charley," she said in a low tone, "Dear Charley"——

The sentence was drowned by the rattle of a carriage. Down it came, whirling along the street; its lamps gleaming through the falling snow like fiery eyes, and the champing and snorting of the horses almost drowning the rattle of their trappings. Within the carriage, reclining in all the luxuriance of velvet and silk, which yielded to the slightest motion of the figure, like masses of eider down, sat a lady and a gentleman. She was young and beautiful, her fair forehead crowned with diamonds; and the slim outline of her form set off robes rich with the skill of embroidery, and gorgeous with satin and lace. She turned affectionately to her husband, who sat beside her——

"George," she said, "I do long for the light;—you have not seen my dress yet."

"Indeed, but I have, vain one," he replied in a tone of fond reproach.

"Impossible, or you would have praised it more. The embroidery is so beautiful, so very beautiful; and it was done by one person in three days. I could not have believed it, but my maid said it was true. I should have thought it a week's very, very hard work."

"But it was done in three days."

"Yes! What are you thinking of, that you look so grave?"

"Of the poor girl who wasted her strength for three days, to make a dress sufficiently gay for a gay dinner-party. Three days', probably three nights' toil. How should you like that, Adeline, yourself?"

"Now, George, don't be foolish. There are creatures, you know, who do these sort of things—it is their business; they are paid, and—and"——

"Paid for wasting health, and eyesight, and life itself, in weary vigils, that our ladies may outstrip each other in gauds and gewgaws at heartless balls and banquets."

"George, George," said the young wife, "you never spoke so to me before;" and the tears stood in the lustrous eyes of Lady Adeline.

"I did not reproach you, dearest; you are thoughtless, not cruel."

"No, no, George; not cruel."

There was a pause. The husband spoke first:—

"Here we are at his lordship's. Be gay, and look your best. Do justice to my choice, Adeline," he said fondly.

She tapped him on the cheek—laughed—the little cloud passed away—she was as radiant in her smiles as ever.

A sudden drawing up, a swing of the coach upon its springs, the thundering echoes of a footman's rap, the blaze of lights as the wide portals were thrown open by liveried lacqueys, and Lady Adeline stepped lightly from the carriage.

Emma and her brother were close to her. The exhausted girl was only prevented from falling by the nearly as wearied child; but as the brilliant form of the lady, visible in the stream of light from the open doorway, met her eye, she murmured in Charley's ear, "The embroidery! there is the dress I embroidered."

The boy turned quickly round to look, and for a moment withdrawing his support in the action, his fainting sister sunk heavily to the earth, and lay outstretched upon the snowy pavement.

An exclamation from the boy, a faint shriek of horror from Lady Adeline as she stood upon the doorway, and then with instinctive feeling turned and stooped to raise the poor embroidress, and then the voice of her husband:—

"The poor girl has fainted. Hush! I will take care of her. Go in, dearest Adeline; you will catch cold. There, away!"

These sounds lasted but for a moment; they passed like a dream, and the next moment the Lady Adeline stood the centre of a gorgeous group of ladies; while soft music murmured, and bright lights flashed around.

It was a high banquet; rich were the wines and meats, soft the music, and brilliant the wit which sparkled around. But the Lady Adeline heeded not such attractions; she was wrapt and silent. The image of the fainting girl and the snowy night rose in her soul, and the festive scene around became dim and indistinct, for she looked at it through tears. She longed for silence, for solitude, for self-communion; and seizing the first opportunity of withdrawing, she escaped from the brilliant circle, and threw herself upon a couch—to think.

Every object of luxury, every refinement of art, surrounded her. She gazed upon the beautiful in every shape. All that could tempt the eye—that could delight the touch—that could excite, and, at the same time, satisfy the imagination—were there. She gazed upon them all, and thought of the snowy pavement, the ill-clad girl, and her terrified brother; and all the time the chime of bells from distant steeples came faintly and subdued upon the ear.

Who shall say that there is not a subtle, good, working influence in Christmas time? That good

spirits may not then exult, and bad spirits shrink before its power? Come all ye sprites of good thoughts, and hopes, and wishes—despatched by the Winter Queen, in her great joy when her sister Autumn whispered, "I am not dead!" and her sister Spring, "I shall again reign!"—to your mission all the world over; lurk in secret corners of hearts; dive deep into souls; help the good germ to expand; make manifest all the pure, and bright, and exalted longings, and tendencies, and aspirations, enshrined in our humanity!

The eyes of the Lady Adeline rested upon a statue which stood beside the couch whereon she lay. It was a priceless gem of Grecian art. It might have represented the household divinity of an Athenian poet; and for centuries it had been enshrined in the marble halls of an Italian merchant prince. The serene purity and bright majesty of the ancient art were typified in its faultless outline. The sculptor, burning with the sunny poetry of his land, had conjured it into deathless marble.

The lady looked long and eagerly on the Greek-created figure; but yet ever and anon were its proportions hidden by a shadowy vision which rose between. There was the worn shawl instead of the antique robe, the faded bonnet instead of the antique head-dress; and, most wonderful change still, the meek, care-worn, pallid face, instead of the severely grand classic countenance. Lady Adeline was loath to break the spell, and banish the vision; she gave herself up to its influence, and lo! the marble statue seemed to melt away, and in its place stood the image of the dying girl she had seen stretched upon the pavement.

Oh! most poetic, most noble was the chiselled marble, and high the thoughts of him who framed it; witching was its influence—a spell to bend the soul to Art-worship. The very chasteness of poetry pervaded it, the dignity of purity, the ideal of grace. In the figure which took its place, that ideal was wanting. Features and outline were no longer faultless; but at the moment when they became so, features and outline sunk into insignificance. Expression, then, wrought the charm; resignation, meek hope, yearning love; the stamp of a most heroic fortitude rising in the spirit as energy waned in the body; a glance, a look which spoke of sufferings endured, of duty accomplished, and of purity preserved through all. And let such a seal be impressed on human face, and oh! how vain become the triumphs of art; how puerile the mere harmony of feature—the mere wavy grace of outline. Then it is beauty and grandeur of soul, not of form, we have to do with. There must Art stop, and reverently incline;—for when such an image is traced, its sculptor is its God!

The form of the girl stood before the lady. It bent its eyes sadly, but not reproachfully, upon her. How thin were these poor cheeks? How white and worn and wasted the taper fingers clasped upon the bosom! As the lady gazed, every thing around her, except that one figure, appeared to become dim and confused, and gradually to disappear in vacancy—till all was dark and troubled, save the moveless phantom statue.

At length it, too, moved: and as it waved its thin arms on high, a voice rose up in the lady's soul—a voice solemn and harmonious; it was not heard, but felt; and it stirred the very depths of her being.

"Look, and listen, and learn," said the voice.

The girl moved her arms, and beckoned. Soon emerging from the vacant darkness, came gliding shadowy troops of girls like her who called them. Pale, and wan, and worn ghosts they were. The merriness of youth was quenched upon their features; their faces were young, but their looks were old. They wore no ghostly drapery, no white winding sheets; their raiment was that of life, such as is seen in streets and chambers, and this made their corpse-faces still more ghastly. And the silent troop of ghosts glided round the chamber, and formed an awful circle about the lady. She gazed in awe and terror. But, like their leader, their looks were sad, but not wicked. Some were there with fair forms bent and crooked by long and unnatural hours of work; others moved gropingly, for their bright eyes were quenched for ever, and their sight wrested from them by weary nightly vigils. All were shrunk and emaciated, as though they had been born and reared in dark dungeon places. No stamp of health, no trace of embrowning sun-beam, or fresh renovating breeze, was upon their faces; but, written on all—not in human, but in nature's characters—was the legend—"Victims to Vanity."

And the voice again spoke in Lady Adeline's heart:—

"Woman, behold your sisters—flesh of your flesh, and blood of your blood; see what you, and such as you, make them!"

The lady groaned in very anguish of soul. She would have spoken.

"Hush!" said the voice, "I know what you would say: yet, again behold!"

The darkness which shrouded in the scene opened—the phantom groups separated, and flew right and left, and the lady looked wistfully upon a dim troubled light which shone before her, and through which could be faintly distinguished outlines of moving forms. These became more and more defined, assumed regularity and substance and meaning, and at length a living picture was presented to Lady Adeline.

Its materials were simple—a bare, almost unfurnished room, with two human figures. It was a small chamber with a sloping roof—a garret. The plastered walls were stained into a thousand fantastic shapes by oozing damp, and here and there the plaster had crumbled away, leaving naked to the sight an unsightly array of mouldering lath-wood. A fire-place was in one corner, and around the hearth lay one or two simple cooking vessels; but the fire was extinguished, and the little pile of grey ashes left within the grate was cold and sparkless. One window—a little aperture of two panes—admitted light in the day-time; and on the narrow sill, in company with one or two books and pens and ink, was a little flower-pot, containing a few faded violets. A table of common deal, two dilapidated chairs, a chest or two, and a bed uncurtained and most scantily furnished with necessary drapery, formed the furniture of the apartment. But all was scrupulously clean; not a cobweb hung upon the dank walls; not a speck of dust blackened furniture or floor. It was night; and by the light of a small candle—the flame of which wavered and flickered as draughts

and eddies of cold wind blew through the room—a girl sat stooping over needlework. The light was dim and inconstant. She pressed her eyes with her fingers, and then bent resolutely down to her task. Sometimes a shiver ran through her, and an exclamation wrung by the pinching cold escaped her; but the complaint took no form of words. Her white fingers moved with unnatural dexterity, and as she laboured, flowers of gayest hues grew from her handiwork upon the glittering satin she was embroidering. A boy sat upon a stool by her, gazing into her face, and sometimes laying his head upon her lap.

It seemed to be the girl whose image had displaced the Grecian statue, and Lady Adeline turned quickly to look for her; but no—there she stood still, and seemed to view her other self with a faint smile.

A sound of bells come upon the night wind—One—two—three!

"Three o'clock," said the boy. "Do, sister—won't you go to bed? it is so late, and you are so tired; this is the third night you have sat up."

"Presently, Charley, presently; but you see I must first finish the flower."

"That is the eighty-fourth. How much will you get for embroidering all these?"

"Sixpence,"* said the girl.

"Oh, but if the lady knew how you were paid she wouldn't think these flowers adorned her."

"Hush, foolish," said his sister, "the lady knows nothing of us; we are born to toil, and we must do our duty. Perhaps if we were grand and rich, we, too, should forget that there are poor and struggling in the world, as well as others do now."

A sharp fit of coughing interrupted her.

"It is nothing," she said, when it passed away, "don't be frightened, Charley, it does not hurt me now, it only makes me faint and weak; but I think I am getting better than I was."

Alas! those eyes flashing with inward fever, the hectic plague-spot on the cheek, the feet and limbs so cold and clammy, did they not tell a tale to make the demon of consumption smile with a ghastly consciousness of its power and its wiles.

"Perhaps some time I may get to the country, Charley, and that would make me quite well."

She spoke this with a smile of hope, but her heart sunk when she said it.

"It's a long time, Emmy, since we saw green trees and walked on green grass; Oh! how you used to play with me then, and laugh, and sing, and how happy we used to be. Do you remember, Emmy?"

"Yes," said the girl, in a choking voice.

"We have been here since father and mother died—a long sad time."

The boy spoke in a tone of melancholy sweetness, and his sister hid her face in her hands.

"Oh, Emmy," he continued, "could I not do anything—anything to help you. You are wearing yourself out. You are killing yourself by inches in this dark hole. You have no light or food; nothing but work, work, work!"

The girl raised her head, and said, in a solemn tone—

"Charley, you must never forget me—your poor sister."

* Fact—See a recent Police Report.

"Forget you!" said the boy.

"Yes, you will have a long—oh, I hope, a happy life. I have done for you all a poor girl could, and you have been a great comfort to me, Charley. You have been a good boy. You are a good boy. You have not repined and fretted when we were cold and hungry; and you have believed me when I said that at last there would be a recompense for all."

"Oh, yes, yes," sobbed the boy, "for you—especially for you. Oh, you are a good angel; you never murmured; you ever endured. You kept me from thinking wicked thoughts—ay, Emmy," said the child, his voice assuming a particular expression, and his eyes gleaming through their tears; "ay, Emmy, and when I was hungry, and cold, and wretched, you kept me from thieving in the streets!"

"God be praised! God be praised!" exclaimed the girl; "be a brave boy; die first; better to die young, honest, than live old—a thief!"

"Yes, yes, cried the child, "I will think of you when I am tempted; and when I think of you I never can do wrong!"

She drew him fondly to her and kissed his forehead. There was a pause.

"I am getting idle," the girl said at length.

She addressed herself again to her work. The boy remained with his face hid in her lap.

Busily plied that ceaseless needle—rich the ornaments that rose under its creative power. The child sobbed at intervals, and then sank into a deep sleep, his head still reclining on his sister's knees.

The low moaning of the wind, the dash of the sleeted rain against the window, the rustling of the rich satin, and an occasional shivering moan of cold, were the only sounds that broke the silence.

Four o'clock: Still glanced the needle through the rich stuff before the embroideress; only now and then were her aching eyeballs pressed by her trembling hand. The child still slept. She looked glad of it. But weariness was fast overcoming her. Long she seemed to strive against it; but nature cannot be utterly set at nought. Her hands faltered; her head sunk on her bosom; it was lifted with a start, again to sink; and at length a gradual stupor-like sleep came over her, and she remained motionless.

As her hand strayed in its last mechanical movement, the chimes of five o'clock were heard on the wind.

The picture became dim, clouds and vapours grew before it, the outline became confused, and the shadowy vision passed away.

"And in what is the guerdon of this toil—this godlike endurance?" said the lady, with streaming eyes.

"In Death!" said the voice in her soul.

"Death!" it was repeated by the phantoms around. Gathering in a circle, their thin lips moved, and seemed to gibber forth "Death!" The sound came rolling out of the darkness, "Death!"—it murmured in the air, "Death!"

Oh, horrible! but, more horrible yet, the rustle of the satin dress seemed to repeat "Death!" Every cunningly-wrought flower which gemmed it turned into a pallid, dying girl's face, or into the semblance of a fleshless skull; and the faces and the skulls all spoke together, and made up an awful chorus with

the spirits around, and the voice within of "Death, death, death!"

The Lady Adeline started up. The spell was broken—the vision gone! Around her were gilded saloons, gay with mirrors, and paintings, and rich draperies, and beside her the Grecian statue, majestic in its spotless marble.

A face was close to her, and an arm upon hers. It was her husband.

"Heavens! what a dream! George, George, come near me!"

"You are excited, dearest. Hush! let them not observe it. I see it all. I watched the impression the poor girl made upon you. I was delighted to see it. Come with me; I have ascertained her address from her brother; she would go nowhere but to her own poor home. I said I would follow to relieve her; will you go with me?"

"Oh, yes, yes! with my whole soul!"

In five minutes the splendid equipage was dashing through the snowy streets, rapidly approaching a low and densely-crowded quarter of the Great City; and on the way Adeline told her husband her dream.

Leaving the carriage in a narrow street, they proceeded through others still narrower. The white snow had been trampled into mud, a chilling wet wind blew in gusts, and foot passengers well muffled up made for shelter as fast as possible; still there were symptoms of the festive season around. From uncurtained windows came streams of light, and through half-opened doors issued harsh music and rude sounds of merriment. It was coarse, ribald, sometimes drunken mirth, but it was mirth, for all that. Now and then the shrill sound of children's noises, screaming an unmusical carol, came piercingly down the street; and again it was answered by the deep gruff voice of a half tipsy man returning home in a jolly mood, with the echoes of the song he had last heard, and the catch he had last joined in ringing in his head.

The Lady Adeline and her husband at length stopped at a battered, mud-encrusted door, and, after hesitating a moment, pushed it open, and ascended the staircase. It was a work of some peril for strangers. In many places the bannisters had been broken off, probably turned into firewood by some free-and-easy lodger; and there was only the light of a wasted flickering tallow candle, the wick half drowned in its own grease, to show the slippery footing. The walls were streaming with damp, and traced over with hundreds of uncouth figures, and villanous scrawls in chalk and charcoal. Yet amid all this discomfort and wretchedness there was still an attempt made to pay the due offering to the festive time. Over the tin sconce in which the candle flickered, and from which the melted grease hung like bunches of icicles, there was nailed to the wall a branch of mistletoe. Somewhere about a dozen families, large and small, inhabited this domicile; and as the visitors passed each landing-place they heard sounds of uproarious jollity echoing from within.

At length they reached the top of the house. A faint light issued from a closed door opposite. They stood and listened. There was a low choking sound within, as of a child's sobs; in a moment it was drowned by the slang chorus of a drinking song roared out below.

The door was unsecured by latch or lock; so they pushed it open and entered. Lady Adeline started back, and uttered an exclamation of surprise and horror. There was the chamber she saw in the dream—the bed, the table, the chairs, and the occupants, the boy and the girl.

She was stretched upon the wretched bed, still wrapped in the wet shawl she had worn during the evening. Her needles and thread, and little articles of her craft, lay unheeded upon the table. The boy was kneeling by the bed, and his sister's face was towards his. There was a calm smile upon the features; one hand rested upon her brother's forehead, and the other was clasped in both of his. The candle, almost sunk in its socket, faintly showed the scene, and in its changing light the features of the girl seemed to move and quiver, but they did neither.

The new-comers advanced reverently and noiselessly.

"Emmy, Emmy! sister, sister!" cried the child; "one word more, Emmy—one last word!"

The chorus of the drinking-song heard through the open door was the only reply.

He chafed the hand he held in his mildly.

"She will soon be better; it is only a faint. She fainted to-day already."

Adeline was deeply affected.

"My poor boy," said her husband.

"Ah! have you come? I thought you would; you looked so kind," said the boy. And then resuming with a broken voice, but speaking very fast——

"She lay down when we got home, and looked at me a long time without speaking; only she clasped my hand; and hers was—oh! so wet and cold. And at last she said, 'Charley, be a brave, good boy; don't forget me, your poor sister Emmy; kiss me.' And I kissed her. And then she put one hand on my brow, and I took the other in my own, and she smiled and closed her eyes. She has fainted, she is so weak. Poor sister!"

The visitors stooped over the outstretched girl, and felt her forehead and her hands. Cold—cold! dead!

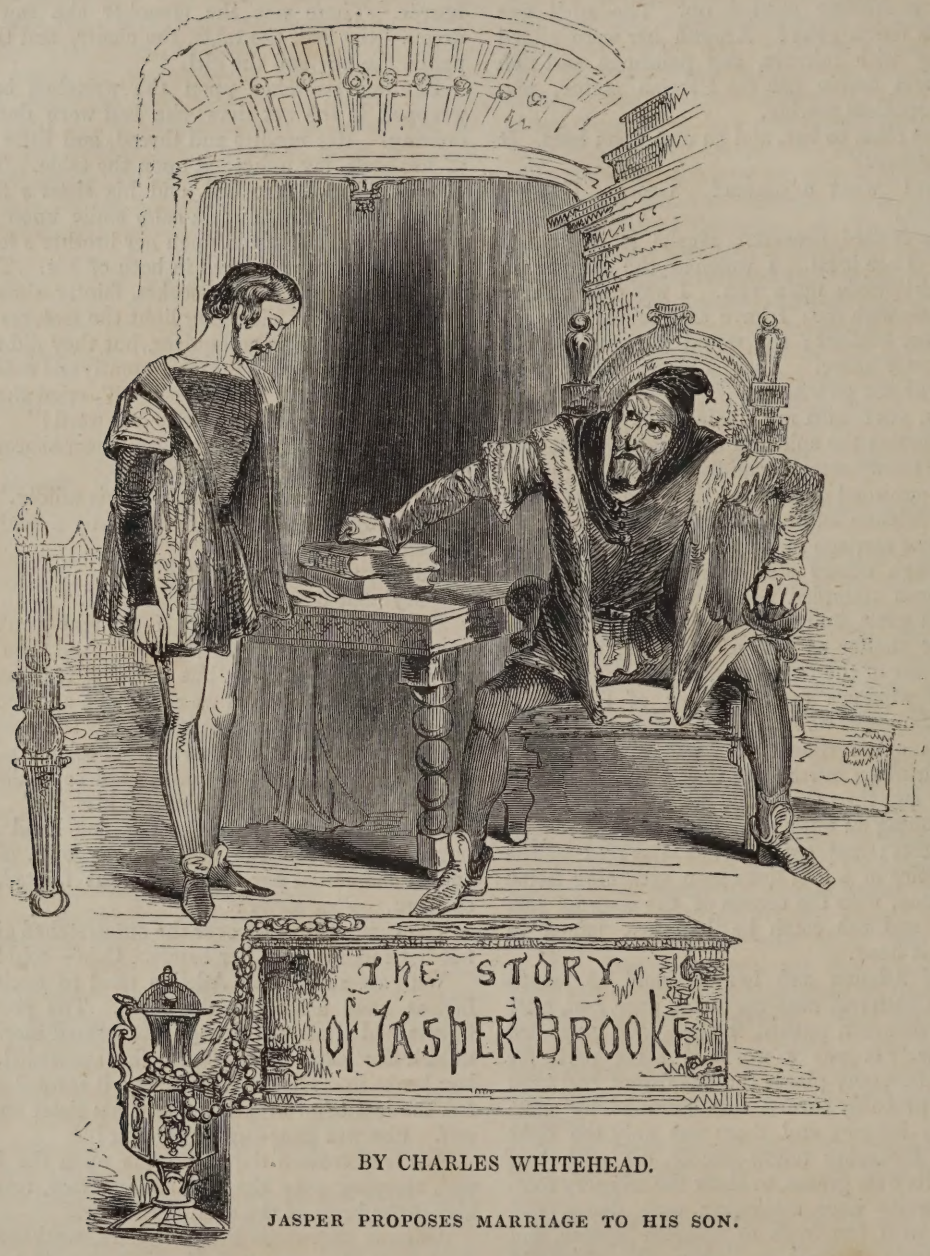
With streaming eyes Adeline tried to unclasp the lifeless hand locked in the boy's. The poor dead fingers had already stiffened. It seemed sacrilege to unlock the clasp. At length she succeeded. The boy broke into loud lamentations: it seemed as if he felt the last bond broken between his sister and himself. She was gone—gone for ever!

The lady crossed the thin arms upon the bosom, and, stooping over the still smiling face, reverently kissed the brow of the dead needle-girl.

An hour afterwards the poor child, weakened with want of food and rest, had cried himself to sleep. But it was not in the lonely garret with his sister's corpse, but in a rich bed, in a silken-curtained chamber, and watched by the Lady Adeline, who hung over his couch, and tended him like a mother.

Her husband was there too, and they spoke in whispers of the dead sister.

"Ay," he said, and he drew his wife towards him; "this will be a really eventful Christmas, Adeline. It has read you a great lesson. You have seen the end of a noble heart; but it has its great reward—meek, firm, pure, loving heart! Wherever there are such—whatever blood they may beat with—whatever creed they may trust in—they will be the champions and the chosen of their kind—or the very name of justice is a mockery, and every pure, and bright, and ennobling aspiration of humanity a living lie!"



BY CHARLES WHITEHEAD.

JASPER PROPOSES MARRIAGE TO HIS SON.

It was a dark and ancient room
In which old Jasper sat alone;
Within, the sun had never shone:
But Jasper was cheerful amid the gloom,
As a light that burneth in a tomb.
"Ha! ha!" he chuckled, and rubbed his hands;
"The sunshine that the ripple bears
Casteth its colour on the sands,
As yellow as harvest ears;
And why are we young, or why are we old,
If we see not our sunshine turn to gold?"

There was an opening of the door:
"Timely thou comest, my son, in sooth"—
(He spake unto a fair-haired youth,
Whose years were scarce a score):—

"Come, sit thee down, and sit thee near;
I have that to whisper in thine ear
Which—or my hopes will do me wrong—
Shall not be a secret long.
Thou knowest Master Barton? Well;
That he is rich I need not tell;
That he hath honey in many a cell.
Such honey as the summer bees
Gathered in the Hesperides.
But Philip, my son, thou hast been blind:
Of Master Barton's is there aught
Thou hast not seen, or hast not sought,
Which is for thee designed?"

The young man took a moment's thought,
But it entered not his mind.

"Your pardon, Sir; aught sought or seen!
You are merry; I guess not what you mean."

"Pshaw!" cried old Jasper, peevishly,
"Thou canst not see a star in the sky,
If downward thou wilt bend thine eye.
Its shadow, that frolics in the water,
Is marvel enough for thee, I wot;
Say, Mistress Alice hast thou forgot,
And is she not his daughter?"

There was a something in Philip's eyes—
It was not wonder or surprise;
And yet it made his brows to rise.
The old man gazes on the boy,
And well he sees it is not joy,
As slow his son replies:—

"What words of my poor speech can raise
A fitting tribute to her praise?
She is indeed a lovely maid
As ever grew to womanhood;
But is more worthy to be woo'd
By one who, when against her weighed,
Is held as virtuous and good.
Be his the prize whom schools refine,
In whom all nobler virtues shine;
I dare not hope it may be mine."

"I see," cried his father, "and well I see;
The tale has been often told;
There was a maiden of low degree,
And—but the story's old:—
'Twas a quaint play made out of a song.
I saw it presented, and it passed;
How love is deep, and the hill is steep;
How love is strong, and reason is wrong;
And the old man's outwitted at last.
But, oh! false wretch! that wouldst to me
Make thy humility thy plea!
Thou durst not hope! Well, then, refer
Thy fears, hope's counterparts, to her.
Thou durst not hope! thou mean'st, I ween,
Thou fearest lest thy hopes be seen.
Wherefore that face of blank dismay?
Have I not seen before to-day,
A traveller on a crooked way?
Hear me: Twelve years my memory dates,
Since a good ship, from Genoa's port,
(Would it had been the tempest's sport,
Wrecked in the fell Gibraltar straits!)
Sailed hither, bringing with her one,
By woe and bankruptcy undone.
Carlo Uberti was his name.
He sought me; urged a piteous claim
Of former merchandise consigned;
(Weak fool! to think within his mind,
Who eats the fruit must love the rind).
I was the fool. His story wrought
Upon my heart—his child he brought—
A little tender, touching thing,
A summer cheek, an eye of spring.
What more to move me *could* he bring?
My house received him and his child;
The father wept, the daughter smiled;
Thus, like a fool, was I beguiled.
He died. What more? The child remains;
The child whom I have fostered still;
And how does she requite my pains,
My care repay, my hopes fulfil?
And thou, would'st thou, of simple wit,
Lure a poor sparrow to the sill,
And frame a cage, and cherish it,
As though its russet feathers vied
With birds, the sun's adopted pride,
Of scarlet plumage, golden-dyed?
Thou lov'st this Julia; spare the lie
That rises in thee to deny,
What thy cheek tells me, and thine eye."

Philip stood mute, abashed; nor durst
Meet Jasper's taunting glance at first;
For he was timid; had been nursed
Upon a mother's breast forlorn,
And rear'd at pious knees pray'r-worn.
Oft blest with tears, in tones that spoke
Through sighs that more than language spoke;
And all the mother had been shed
Upon his young and thoughtful head;
He was in union with the dead.
Wherefore his gentle aspect took
(His nature being hers) her look,
Its patient softness, mild and sweet;
A home for sun-bright candour meet,
Too pure a dwelling for deceit.

And so upon his knees he fell
Entreatingly, hands clasped, and said,
"I have been rash, I know it well;
Yet blame on me alone be laid,—
On me alone: if we have loved"—

"Ye are two fools," cried Jasper, moved
To laughter; "ye have both done wrong;
And now for pardon would ye sue?
First to do ill, and next to rue,
Is to tie knots in censure's thong,
Then beg exemption from its smart.
Rise, boy of an ignoble heart!
Groveller, against ambition proof,
Dreamer of visions weak and vain;
Content with straw will thatch his roof,
When Enterprise has seized the grain:
Be thou the latter of the twain.
Seek Mistress Alice, and transfer
Thy vows to Julia, unto her."

"O, Sir, it cannot be undone;
Look not so sternly on your son;
The holy priest hath made us one."

Never was cheek so sudden blanched
As Jasper's; never withering curse
Restrained, throat-strangled ere 'twas launched,
As that which, bursting as it dies,
Throws up its fire into his eyes.

"Thou liest, boy; those words recal;
Thy priest at the confessional,
If thou speak'st falsely, shall apply
His absolution to the lie;
If thou speak'st truly, priest nor Pope,
With dispensation sealed and signed,
Can give thee joy, or peace, or hope,
Or cheer thy heart, or clear thy mind."

He flung him from his feet—"Begone;
Leave me; I will—*must* be alone."

The youth confounded and dismayed
By wrath to violence betrayed,
His father silently obeyed.
'Twas well; for Nature had been loth
To hear the deep and fearful oath,
With which, upon his impious knees,
The aged man his vengeance arms;
It was an oath the blood to freeze,
But Jasper's blood it warms.

JASPER SEEKS VENGEANCE.

What noise, what uproar in the street?
What wide-diffusing rumour fleet,
Hath brought those thousand gathered feet?
At Jasper's house the people stand,
Awaiting something yet unknown;
Anxiety on every hand,
In every gesture, look, and tone;
While one the other doth beseech
"What news?" "The matter?" and while each
Hates all inquisitiveness shown,
In neighbour's nudge, or twitch, or speech,
Because unsatisfied his own.

But if without this dizzying din,
There is sufficing cause within:
Sin working with imputed sin.
Behold! two men, alert, yet grim,
Of ordered face, and strong of limb,
And active deeds, not idle words,
Bind Philip's passive arms with cords;
And a young girl, poor, strenuous thing!
Clings to the youth, and still must cling;
And calls on every saint to save,
And man to hear, and Heaven to spare,
How vain, how bootless, though she rave!
Blessings are won by prayer.
"Good friends, in God's name list to me;
If you will set my husband free,
My life and all my soul is worth,
Thanks endless, and from this day forth,
Slave's service till my dying day,
Cannot—you must not say me nay—
The deed of graciousness repay."
Then with sheer hopelessness possest,
By the two faces blank and dense,
Her heart ceased throbbing, and the sense
Of life went from her vacant breast,
And she was carried thence
Gently, by one of those rude men,
Who was not in his function there.
And whom doth yonder room contain?
Him whose cold heart and heated brain
Have wrought this wickedness amain—
Old Jasper; and, with trembling knees,
And rheumy eyes, and palsied hands,
One, whom fourscore hath cursed with these,
Before old Jasper stands.
So old is he who speaks, 'tis well
That, having such a tale to tell,
He is so old, and weak, *and here;*
For even his voice too shrill and clear
Rings in the startled Jasper's ear.

"Master, I dare not do this thing;
'Tis poison added to the sting
Of Death, who soon will fold me round,
And leave my body in the ground.
Thoughts have come on me unaware,
Thoughts unsolicited by prayer.
The little lad; I see him now;
'Twas the first time his pretty brow
Was ever bent by sorrow's stress;
His blessed mother, as I guess,
Who was all grace and heavenliness,
Had told him I was like to die——"

"Yet, Kirke, good Kirke," but Jasper's eye
And teeth tight-clenched with malice fell,
Suit not with soft persuasion well;
"Hast thou not promised? would'st begone
From what we have struck hands upon?"

But Kirke took up his former strain:
"The little lad; I see him now;
How did he tend me—soothe my pain,
And bring me cooling drink, and how
For hours and hours watch by my side—
Would 'twere God's pleasure I had died!
I have done sin for you, but this——"

"The holy book hath had thy kiss,"
Cried Jasper; "and to be forsworn,
Better that thou had'st ne'er been born.
Thou'rt outcast by thine own consent;
An oath when broken is not sprent;
But with a curse of Heaven re-knit;
For angels have attested it.
Dost thou forget, dost thou regard
What I have pledged—that rich reward
Which hath been, during fifty years,
The texture of thy hopes and fears,
Which makes thee lord of time, with power,
Blithe, sprightly as a paramour,
To turn to pleasure every hour?"

He had deemed it strange, who had beheld:
Nature, which in Kirke's breast had swelled,
At once his avarice expelled:
And his eyes glimmered, and his face,
Expanding, put on hideous grace.
His palm in Jasper's coyly slid
Told he would do as he was bid:
He sighed, and said, "I am content."
Jasper knew well his implement,
And had him fast; and forth they went.
The senseless girl, as still as stone,
Is tended by a household crone,
And Philip to his fate is gone.
Fast bound, 'twixt the two keepers led,
None see upon him guilt or dread,
For on his breast his face is bowed,
Passing through the fissured crowd;
Whose eyes the following twain engage:
Never were seen such types of age;
Jasper collected, cold, severe,
Kirke past the consciousness of fear,
His hearing numbed, his eye-sight blear—
Filled, as it seemed, with many woes;
The people bless him as he goes.
Yet ne'er was bosom vainly crossed;
Mistaken blessings are not lost:

Pious intention sanctifies
What to its object Heaven denies.

But how is this? Old Brooke abroad!
Like to a drover with a goad,
Who pricks a beast along the road,
Following his son, the gentle youth
Whom they have bound in felon guise!
Why this is wonder, shame and ruth,
Here is a sight for eyes!
Who can explain what this should mean?
Sight like to this was never seen:
Each asks, but none replies.
So all drive onward; all are bent
To know the cause and its event;
All press along the sultry way,
As each for his own welfare strove;
While casements fraught with life above
Give it a look of holiday.
The multitude with heaving sway,
The sun-motes dallying with the dust,
Which is as full of warmth as they;
Who would not take the scene on trust?
Had Philip's face been rais'd, I ween,
It had not looked so gay a scene.

And they are come to the Guildhall,
And silence on the crowd doth fall,
Silence as at a funeral
For a moment. Cancelled is the hush,
And rude the clamour and the crush,
When they behold a narrow slit,
Which sideways only will admit
One singly; and the cautious door,
Having received its destined five,
Sharp closes, and will have no more.
How with the parties do they strive,
Face-flushed, whose crown-surmounted staves,
Held transverse, he is bold who braves!
"Back! turbulent, disloyal knaves!"
Cries the head door-keeper in heat;
"Seek ye committal to the Fleet?"

JASPER FINDS VENGEANCE.

And now before his Worship stands
Philip; and they unloose his bands.
Aloft, of sage head, slow to err,
The Justice sits in gown of fur;
Beneath, a solemn officer,
Who lifts his sudden lids, and then
Again to his assiduous pen.
"How, Master Brooke," the Justice cries,
At first distrustful of his eyes,
"*You* here! Your son, too, in this wise!
What should this mean? How should this be?"

"May't please your Worship, ask not me;
My faithful servant, standing by,
He will depose"——An usher straight
Hands Kirke the sacred book to kiss;
While, with a bitter emphasis,
Sighs Jasper, "Blest had been my fate
To die; too long I live, and late,
Since it hath come to this!"
And staying speech, as though perforce,
Folds hands. Let justice take its course.

Then Kirke heaves up his voice to tell
A tale which he had conned too well;
No lesson had he wont to spell,
Which, when 'twas learn'd, and turned to deed,
Gained brave broad pieces for its meed.
"May't please you, my good master here,
Whom I have served this fifty year,
Had lost—mislaid at first he thought—
Treasures from foreign countries brought.
He asked me knew I of them aught?
God's mercy! *I!* I do protest
Methought my master spoke in jest.
A rope of pearls; a Venice chain,
Which on a King's breast might have lain;
A golden cup a King might drain.
He question'd me of these—alack!
No wish of mine could fetch them back,
Unless I owned a magic ring,
The lost, or like the lost, to bring
Safe, by a genie, as they sing.
I watched, as Master Brooke beseeched;
My honesty in part impeached,
My duty, my fidelity,
Quickened my sense, sharpened my eye;
And what at length did it descry?
That I should live to see so clear!
That I should live to tell it here!
Heaven aid me as I hope to thrive!
Young Master Philip, as I live,
Have I not sworn it? and 'tis truth—
True as the creed—I saw the youth,
Myself behind the arras hid,
Saw him creep past me where I stood,
And softly raise the casket-lid,
Wherein lay, by the Holy Rood!
A ruby, red as fairies' blood,
Telling whose worth, belief would fail,
Priced at its caracts by the tale,
Committed to the goldsmith's scale.
This did I see him filch; he fled,
I following, filled with grief and dread.
And to his chamber did he go,
And in his trunk the gem bestow.
Now, when I told this work of woe
To Master Brooke, as duty bade,
Beshrew me, he was well nigh mad;
Called me opprobrious names, and swore
I did belie the youth, traduce
The virtuous mother who him bore;
Cursed me, and the pernicious use
He had put me too; in fine, we clomb,
Like wretches to a midnight tomb,
Trembling, to Master Philip's room;
And there the wrenched trunk rendered up
The ruby, chain, and pearls, and cup."

Old Kirke has told his tale at large;
What thinks the Justice of the charge?
He knows not what to think, perplext;
What comment fits so wild a text?
His inmost soul is sorely vexed.
"Bethink you, Master Brooke," he said,
"You stand in awful case herein;
Yourself against your son arrayed,
Makes justice look as black as sin.
This boy should be your age's staff,
Should grave and gild your epitaph;
Yours—but his mother claims him half.

Let me adjure you in her name,
Strive to awake him, and reclaim ;
Justice by mercy is enhanced ;
The sore of sin by mercy lanced,
Knows a blest healing ; angels bent
Out of the skies watch the event,
And weeping, teach the penitent.
Think twice, I say."

"Your worship speaks,"
Said Jasper, "to draw tears down cheeks,
As witness Kirke ; but, for my part,
I lack that impulse, or that art.
Think! say'st thou? think! think twice or thrice!
I have thought enough ; let that suffice.
Justice must not be nipped, or nice,
But irrespective, like to Him
Who arms the glowing cherubim.
Breath must not stain its sword, or dim.
Thou know'st this well, and know'st it true.
What did the rigid Roman do?
And do we call him beast, or rather,
From his illustrious bearing gather
How justice best becomes a father?
I have thought my thought, and said my say ;
Bear I this shame as best I may."

Now, when the worthy justice heard
This speech of Jasper's, he was stirred ;
And plucked his gown, and well nigh rent,
To know his reason gave consent,
To what his gentle heart abhorred ;
And each unanswerable word
He hates ; but, self-rebuked, anon——
"What says the boy?"

He asks a stone.
Nothing. How oft is dear blood spilt!
Preach, prying casuist, as thou wilt,
How oft looks innocence like guilt!
When Philip had awaked to sense,
So that he heard Kirke's evidence,
He was so wrapt with wonder round,
So scared by that, ne'er sought but found,
Hell's doings on Heaven-ransomed ground,
That his own hearing he denied ;
'Twas that, not his accuser, lied.

The tender Justice's appeal
To Jasper, what did it import?
To shriek "Not guilty!" through the court,
And with an oath the assertion seal,
Was his first motion ; but the steel
Drove home, when Jasper speaks : accused—
Nature, humanity, abused—
Truth outraged, Heaven renounced, defied—
The warm blood, in a gushing tide,
Was from the poor boy's heart effused ;
And to his mind doth glide
The hellish practice, plain and clear,
As though himself were standing near,
When each into each whispered ear,
Fashioned the plan, and shaped the plot,
As round and sable as a blot.

And now (O! holy weakness!) came
A feeling of reflected shame.
Here was his father : must he take,
Even for his life and honour's sake,
The measure of *his* acts, and make
Such replication as, allowed,
Sends his own sire, a monster bowed
With shame, through a remorseless crowd?
Then, detestation in his breast,
Then, fear lest, impious, he detest
Him whom his mother once loved best.
Then, desolation in his mind,
Nature, and woe, and mercy, joined
With thought of her he left behind.
So he said nothing ; but sank down
A leaden grief from sole to crown,
Into the anguish of a swoon.

"He stands committed!" This—no more,
The Justice said, and to a door
Points Kirke and Jasper, and—'tis o'er.
And thence the two old men depart
By a bye passage, light of heart ;
One, that revenge is in his way,
And one, that he hath earned his pay.
Of the two hideous passions say,
Thou who canst human hearts unfold,
Which sooner will itself allay,
The thirst of blood, or thirst of gold?
They are not quenched as men grow old.

LEILA AND LOVE ; OR, SOLICITUDE.

A BALLAD.

I.

The sunbeam is low and the moonbeam is high,
And the stars are all peeping from out the blue sky ;
In the fall of the twilight HE promised to come
And through the dark paths of this valley to roam!
But he comes not—he keeps not the faith of his word,
And I am left here like a desolate bird
Now sighing, now singing by turns till the hour
Its long absent mate will return to his bow'r!
Is he true—is he true—is he true,
Is he true to his Leila and love?

II.

I know there are richer and fairer ones too,
Who far from his Leila may tempt him to woo—
Is he singing them songs that he sang first to me?
Why should he this morn take *my* lute o'er the sea?
But hark! there's a signal below in the bay,
And I see a white sail by the moon's silver ray :—
And sweetly I hear my own lute with his voice
Bid my heart in the fulness of safety rejoice!
For he's true—he is true—he is true,
He is true to his Leila and love!

W.

THE INFLUENCE OF EDUCATION ON THE WEAR AND TEAR OF EARLY LIFE.

Some months since we were deeply interested by the perusal of a paper which had been read at the Manchester Royal Institution, by Dr. Turner, a gentleman whose eminent abilities need not our attestation. The heading of our article indicates the subject of what may not be improperly termed the communication addressed to the Institution by Dr. Turner; and we now prepare to set before our readers the reflections suggested to us by it; stimulated thereto, we confess, rather by the hope that we may induce the excellent author to give a greater publicity (if he has not already done so) to his valuable treatise—a desirable consummation, to be achieved, we think, by drawing our readers' earnest attention to it—than by any expectation on our part that we have it in our power to throw much new light upon the subject.

Nobody, we suppose, will venture to dispute that Education is about the most important matter that can engage the attention of any given generation of mankind, and there are not many, we suspect, who, interested in its progress, have watched the various forms which, from age to age, and from time to time, have been assigned for its development, but must admit that, in few subjects of human concern (and what can be of higher concernment than the preparation of the soul for its immediate destiny?) has success been less proportionate to the labour bestowed upon it, and to the pains that have been expended in its improvement.

That man would be considered something more than a madman, or little better than a fool, who should seriously contend that Education can profess to itself a higher aim, or ought to be applied to any other end, than that of making the subject of it, plainly to speak, a worthy member of society; or that any intellectual progress, however great, is not attained too dearly, which has been effected to the neglect of the moral faculties. We remember a great writer of the reign of James I. has said "I know no ignorance so deplorable—not an ignorance of the sciences or of any branch of learning—as the ignorance of one's own soul; and with this ignorance I have observed that men of the largest understandings have been afflicted;" an evidence that, then as now, the weight and stress were laid upon the cultivation of the intellect; and that the mistake was current at that time which has not been practically confuted in our own days, that morals would either come of themselves and strangle the vicious habits fostered in our infancy, or that the strength of reason consequent upon enlarged knowledge would suffice to chase them from our bosoms.

Now, the truth is, not only that the cultivation of the moral faculties should *precede* the education of the intellectual powers—for physical reasons which have been most ably adduced and most amply illustrated by Dr. Turner—and it may be begun at a very tender age; but, unless this *be* done, that there can be no hope, other than a very futile and foolish one, which will not meet a bitter disappointment, that parental love or pride may raise upon the anticipated *intellectual* progress of the child whose whole being is to be affected by it. Milton has finely said, "All wickedness is weakness," a test from which alone, were it only enforced and variously exemplified, the prime importance of a cultivation of the moral faculties might be demonstrated. It may be said, also, that all learning is vanity, all acquirement is merely inverted wisdom, which is not founded upon the moral sense, at least, which does not grow up consentaneously and implicitly with it. The knowledge of what we are in relation to our Maker is the highest knowledge to which a human being can attain. That it is the best knowledge no one will make a matter of controversy; but it is the best likewise in this, that it furnishes the highest, and the strongest motive of inducement towards the cultivation of the intellect; since, it is too obvious to be insisted upon, that he who knows and acknowledges his moral and intellectual dependence upon the Almighty, will more strenuously endeavour to make himself worthy (if the expression be permissible) of Him, one of whose attributes is omnipresence, than the pupil whose strongest incitement to intellectual existence is the hope of acquiring a distinction which, after all, is by no means universally recognised, and which, to say the least, has many formidable rivals for the world's admiration in distinctions of a grosser, and of a more ignoble nature.

One may well wonder that Education should have been so mistakenly pursued as it has been, and, we fear, continues to be, when the very etymology of the word indicates with tolerable significance the method to be adopted in this case. To educate—to educe, to lead out the mental faculties, implies something as

gentle, as persuasive, and as gradual as may be, and bears no warrant in its signification, recommending or justifying a forcible extraction of them, something after the manner of dogs drawing a badger. Education commences long before the schoolmaster is called into requisition; and something has been learned before the horn-book is put into the hand. Mrs. Barbauld is worth listening to on this subject. She says:—"Education, in its largest sense, is a thing of great scope and extent. It includes the whole process by which a human being is formed to be what he is, in habits, principles, and cultivation of every kind. But of this, a very small part" (we do not agree with the lady in this) "is in the power even of the parent himself; a smaller still can be directed by purchased tuition of any kind. . . . You speak of *beginning* the education of your son. The moment he was able to form an idea, his education was already begun; the education of circumstances — insensible education — which, like insensible perspiration, is of more constant and powerful effect, and of infinitely more consequence to the habit, than that which is direct and apparent."

If it were given to us to remember the first operations of our perception and the earliest exercises of our reason, we should be less likely to fall into these errors in the education of our children to which many of us are too prone, errors, however, from which a careful observation of these phenomena, as they manifest themselves in them, might retrieve us. Unhappily, however, the affection we bear to our children (and this arises from a defect in our own education) is too frequently mingled with an alloy of self-love; and we would fain make them like ourselves, or like what we *now* wish ourselves to have been, that is to say, whom the world calls great, and not who contribute to the greatness of the world. Instead of fostering that moral sense which we know full well is common to all created beings, and which, perhaps, treated by similar means, may be cultivated with equal success in all, we must, forsooth, apply ourselves almost exclusively to what we term the enlightenment of the intellect, which, we are aware, is variously and unequally bestowed, and of which we are willing fondly to believe, our own child has been gifted with more than an ordinary share. We are for stealing a march upon our neighbours, and for showing that our own highly-disciplined and deeply-dismal looking boy is a very different young person from noisy Jack next door, who, after all, carries off all the prizes of the University with far greater ease than he could lift the ponderous load of volumes which have contributed to convert our highly-disciplined young student into a dunce.

They who have read (and who has not?) "Boswell's Life of Johnson" will hardly need to be told, that, in his case, emphatically, the "child was father of the man." If we are to believe—and we see no reason to doubt—the stories of his precocity, an infant more safely and surely to be made a man of before he was yet a lad, could hardly be presented to experimental, miracle-making parent. And yet, having survived the perilous ordeal—being, as it were, a living evidence—an example to be appealed to, of the efficacy of forced culture, he could, nevertheless, observe:—"Endeavouring to make children prematurely wise is useless labour. Suppose they have more knowledge at five or six years old than other children, what use can be made of it? It will be lost before it is wanted. Too much is expected from precocity, and too little performed. I would let a boy at first read *any* English book, because you have done a great deal when you have brought him to have *entertainment* in reading." And again, more strongly against forced culture:—"Sunday was a heavy day to me when I was a boy. My mother confined me on that day, and made me read 'The Whole Duty of Man,' from a great part of which I could derive no instruction. When, for instance, I had read the chapter on theft, which, from my infancy, I had been taught was wrong, I was no more convinced that theft was wrong than before; so there was no accession of knowledge. A boy should be introduced to such books by having his attention directed to the arrangement, to the style, and to the excellences of composition; that the mind, being thus engaged by an amusing variety of objects, may not grow weary."

Who, after reading this, does not wish that the worthy Dr. Johnson's estimate of "The Whole Duty of Woman" in her maternal capacity, had been of a somewhat less rigid character; and who can forbear the suspicion that the constitutional melancholy with which this great man was afflicted, and which sometimes bordered upon madness, was not, to say the least, aggravated by this unwise course of treatment. When we read of Jeremy Bentham that—the prodigy of a foolish father—he was to be seen, at the age of three years, seated at a table, candles duly placed on either side, with Rapin's History of England before him, we cease to wonder that he became a self-willed, almost impracticable philosopher and humorist; we only wonder that he retained brains in which a warp or bias was distinguishable.

But, if there were no mental or physical danger to be apprehended from forcing the infant capacity to receive more than it can digest, there is yet a grave fear which might restrain us from pursuing this process, or, haply, give us pause ere we adopt it, namely, whether it may not peradventure defeat its own end after a

manner the least expected by the operator. A course of hard study can only be delightful to him who has a clear and accurate conception of the value of the knowledge he will derive from it. Motive he must have, and one of no ordinary strength, before he willingly consents to engage in it; and that very few children can have such a motive, we suppose, will be easily granted; and that what is not willingly undertaken is speedily provocative of weariness, cannot be denied; and that weariness soon gives place to disgust we all know. The supposition that a child is fully conscious of the worth and the importance of the knowledge he is set so sedulously to acquire, carries along with it an admission that he may be safely left to himself to acquire it when and how he pleases, and one would suppose that the child so gifted might be suffered to follow the impulse of his own nature. But he is not suffered to do so—an evidence that his parent or his tutor has no such overweening belief of the boy's love of his book.

Let us hear what Milton says. After speaking of the mischief of employing many years in scraping together so much "miserable Latin and Greek," he goes on to say, "And that which casts our proficiency therein so much behind, is partly in a preposterous exaction, forcing the empty wits of children to compose themes, verses, and orations, which are the acts of ripest judgment, and the final work of a head filled by long reading and observing, with elegant maxims and copious invention. These are not matters to be wrung from mere striplings like blood out of the nose, or the plucking of untimely fruit. . . . Instead of beginning with acts most easy, *and these be such as are most obvious to the sense,* they present their young unmatriculated services at first coming with the most intellective abstractions of logic and metaphysics. So that they, having but newly left their grammatical flats and shallows, where they stuck unseasonably to learn a few words with lamentable construction, and now, on a sudden, transported under another climate to be tossed and turmoiled with their unballasted wits in fathomless and unquiet heaps of controversy, do, for the most part, *grow into hatred and contempt of learning,* mocked and deluded all this while with ragged notions and babblements, while they expected worthy and delightful knowledge."

Education, to be worthy of its name—in other words, to answer the end by effecting the object proposed by it, is the application of just as much knowledge as makes the measure of the moral and intellectual faculties for the time being. No knowledge can be profitable to a child—indeed, strictly speaking, a child has gained but the apparition of knowledge—if he cannot bring the substance to the test of his present reason. Unhappily, this apparition is too often looked upon as a most delectable reality. This ominous spectre (ominous of past-saving mediocrity) stares at us out of every so called clever boy, whom a fond parent goads to "prate of his whereabout" of acquirement. These young martyrs to mnemonics are held forth to admiration; and while a scholar shall be perfectly master of a science without remembering the language in which any single proposition was contained, these shall deliver whole sections, and not understand a sentence. To what the bettermost of these prodigies arrive, let a great genius * tell us, whose reflections, arranged under the odd name "Timber," are, we suspect, too little read :—

There be some that are forward and bold, and these will do every little thing easily; I mean, that is hard by and next them, which they will utter without any shamefacedness. These never perform much, but quickly. They are, what they are, on the sudden: they show presently the grain that, scattered on the top of the ground, shoots up, but takes no root; has a yellow blade, but the ear empty. They are wits of good promise at first, but there is an *ingenistitium* (a wit-stand); they stand still at sixteen; they get no higher.

It may be said, with some approach to the truth, that, of those who survive the process of forced culture, one-third are rendered idiots, one-third are made dunces, and one-third escape into the world with their wits in a state of armed neutrality, between ignorance and knowledge. The learned Dr. Wotten says :—"To press children further than nature encourages, is but to bring that defamation upon learning amongst youth, which was once given by a person of great name in this nation, that books were only made to cause little boys to be whipt;" and Locke has strongly urged that "Children should not have anything like work, or services, laid on them; *neither their minds nor bodies will bear it. It injures their health;* and their being forced and tied down to their books in an age at enmity with such restraint has, I doubt not, been the reason why a great many have hated books and learning all their lives after."

But it is time that we should hear Dr. Turner speak on this subject. Few, we think, will contest the reasonableness of the following:

The first stage of moral education, which is the most important of all the periods of life, must be conducted under the vigilant surveillance of the mother of the child. It is stated by Coleridge, "in the education of children, love is first to be instilled, and out of love obedience is to be educed;" a truism which few will have the hardihood to deny, and ought certainly to be considered as one of the fundamental principles of mental culture. I contend that the nursery is the place where moral education is to be begun, and the mother is the first natural instructress of her child. The mother's love, affection, and sympathies for her offspring are of a more delicate and endearing character than those of the father.

The quotation from Coleridge in the above passage reminds us of a saying of the mother of the celebrated John Wesley. The old lady

* Ben Jonson.

observed, that the first thing to be done with a child, in the matter of education, was "to break his spirit," a proposition which gave occasion to a shallow critic, who, we suppose, never having heard of "breaking a horse," and unaware that one of the many meanings of the word "break" is to "train to obedience," took occasion to impugn the worthy woman's humanity, and pathetically put it to his readers whether it was necessary that a child's heart should be broken, before anything could be made of him. "Love is first to be instilled, and out of love obedience is to be educed." Most true; and this is the chief difficulty. Until you have secured obedience, you have done nothing, or nothing to the purpose—obedience being, not merely the convoy of learning, but of itself a kind of knowledge.

The *second* stage of moral education is to commence when the child has emerged, in a great degree, from the trammels of nursery government, and when the parent must be aided in her instruction by an efficient assistant. The perceptive and moral faculties must still be the object of solicitude; and it becomes more imperative than ever that the best examples, objects most worthy of imitation, and most truthfully represented, where realities cannot be supplied, should be placed under his observation.

Milton was thoroughly impressed with the importance of this course of proceeding when he recommended beginning with "arts most easy, and there be such as are most obvious to the sense." Wordsworth tells us somewhat after the philosophy of Plato, that

Heaven lies about us in our infancy.

It would be more true to say that with earth, which is of Heaven's making, and which is imbued with Heaven, infancy is alone conversant. All that we have *then*, we derive thence. Objects of sense are the *media* through which instruction is best conveyed. "I know," says Locke, "a person of great quality (more yet to be honoured for his learning and virtue than for his rank and high place) who by pasting on the six vowels (for in our language there are six) on the six sides of a die, and the remaining eighteen consonants on the sides of three other dice, has made this a play for his children, that he shall win who at one cast throws most words on these four dice, whereby his eldest son, yet in coats, has *played himself into spelling* with great eagerness."

We wish we could afford space for a few out of the many lamentably striking instances brought forward by Dr. Turner, of the evil effects of overstraining, by endeavouring to anticipate the functions of the physical and intellectual nature of children. We cannot, however, resist quoting the following:—

An eminent physician in our country (Dr. James Johnson, of London) is strongly opposed to the early culture of the reasoning faculties, on the ground that, if prematurely exercised, disease of the brain is eminently endangered. In Germany the great champion on the side of education is the celebrated Hufeland, who pronounces intellectual effort in the first years of life to be very injurious. Too much or too early labour of mind is in opposition to the laws of nature, and will prove injurious to the organization, and prevent its proper and healthy development. We ought not to begin to exercise the mind too early; that is not while nature ought wholly to be occupied with the development of organs, and has need of all the vigour of the system to effect this important object. The names of Drs. Gall and Spurzheim, of the German school, must be adverted to as opponents to the premature cultivation of the mental faculties: they believe that to cultivate the intellects of children too early is to neglect to fortify their constitutions. It is the opinion of Dr. Spurzheim, who was a keen observer of nature, and an excellent man, that the more delicate the child is, the more his affection and mind are precocious: in these cases, therefore, parents and tutors must not excite or encourage too much assiduity in education, as premature death has often been the consequence of this infraction of the laws of nature. In America, the education of children has engaged the attention and the deepest interests of Dr. Brigham, whose work on the influence of mental cultivation and mental excitement upon health ought to be in every library, indeed, on every dining and drawing-room table, throughout the world. He knew no volume so full of interest, so replete with usefulness, and so great a boon to parents, as this unpretending pamphlet.

And we must not omit to quote what Dr. Wotten says in his preface to "A Narrative" he published, detailing the remarkable progress his younger son, a boy of six years old, had made in the acquisition of Latin and Greek. With the elder son, it seems he had no such success, for "If for some hours or days he could be *overcome* to attend his book, the temperature of his body was such (for into nothing else can I resolve it) that a head-ache or some bodily distemper did follow upon it; and he, being naturally subject to a very fiery and salt rheum, I suppose it so inflamed him, when his fancy began to be engaged, and his blood heated, as that he found no content in reading and meditation, but that there was a necessity of breathing out these fiery particles by action and motion.

In conclusion. Although we do not agree with Julian that ten years should elapse before a child be sat down in earnest to study, we yet think that the system of indoctrination (we use a pedantic word to imply the *quality* of knowledge commonly commended to youth) is, in most cases, begun far too early. If we knew how the education of Shakspeare was begun and completed, we should, probably, discover in that happy accident the reason of the wonderful *poise* of the faculties so observable in that mighty genius. No inconsiderable portion of a child's knowledge is gained insensibly, and as insensibly, and contemporaneously with it, he acquired his language. There is no danger, we think, in setting him to the acquirement of foreign languages at a tolerably early age. They may be got at the cost of very little mental stress; for they propose nothing new or unknown. Their acquisition is not, properly speaking, an acquisition of knowledge. There are no abstract or stubborn ideas to be mastered. They are, as they are called, tongues; a various utterance, no more.

THE ADVENTURES OF A SCAMP;

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY; CONTAINING MY BIRTH, PARENTAGE, EDUCATION, AND FORTUNES AMONG SUCH PEOPLE AS WE SEE EVERY DAY, AND MY TRAVELS AMONG SUCH PEOPLE AS HAVE NOT HITHERTO BEEN SEEN BY MY FELLOW COUNTRYMEN; DIGESTED FROM MY DIARY, AND OTHER MEMORANDA, BY ME,

GEORGE AUGUSTUS DELABOUE BAGGES.

CHAPTER IX.

MY CHOICE OF A PROFESSION.

Thus, for the time, closed my father's proceedings in Swinestead; he was not, however, permitted quite to banish it from his remembrance, even if his new honours could have allowed such oblivion. Two days after our return to Grosvenor-square, came a letter on behalf of about fifty of the voters who had accepted the original two guineas head-money, putting it to my father's honour whether he could suffer them to be cheated out of the difference between that and the nine which they certainly must have had if their necessities had suffered them to wait. The epistle was both argumentative and pathetic; it stated that this heavy loss fell upon those who could worst afford it; that a few hundreds could be nothing to my father, as anybody could see by his proceedings, which, indeed, encouraged them to make this application; that, at all events, as a gentleman, he could never sleep in peace on his pillow, if he refused to make it up the four, and concluded with a most significant hint, that if he should refuse, both parties might know what to trust to at another election.

Jawbone happened to be at our house when this epistle arrived, which was, in my father's opinion, a fortunate circumstance, for his own notions of proceeding had been so transcendantly outgone by all that had happened with regard to Swinestead, that he was quite incapable of forming a judgment for himself. He swore a little between his clenched teeth as he read it, and yet looked penitently at Jawbone as he handed it to him, as if he felt that he had committed an offence against all election law by any demur to being imposed upon.

He was wrong. The election was over. Jawbone spoke in a manner to relieve his feelings. He was emphatic.

I'd see them all d—d, and then I wouldn't," exclaimed the energetic barrister. "The rascals! has it not been a game of sharp practice from the beginning to the end, and when you've got the verdict do they think you'll pay more than the costs. They've quite enough, I fancy," he added, with a malicious smile, which possibly the habit of tormenting the souls out of witnesses rendered rather habitual to him.

"No doubt! no doubt!" replied my father, with a sudden flush, which was relieved by instant perspiration.

"I'll tell you what," said Jawbone, "I once knew a claim of this sort acceded to by a fellow with more money than wit, who couldn't believe that 'sufficient to the day is the evil thereof,' and by the next post after his reply had reached the borough, he had another letter, trusting that he would not be so very shabby as to make further differences, but would allow the new head-money to go all round."

"I'll write and tell the fellows what I think of their impudence," said my father, heartily glad that he was allowed to vent his spleen upon some of them.

"Ah, Mr. Bagges," interposed Jawbone, "you citizens don't mind what you pay for your humours. I knew one, an alderman, that absolutely threw away his character for the mere fun of refusing to render his accounts, when the obstinate dog had them all quite ready if he had chosen to show them. But I think we know how to be wiser than that. They look to the future; so will we. They think a bird in the hand worth two in the bush; so do we. They would rather trust to hope than gratitude; so would we. Write them a remarkably civil letter, such as becomes a dignified Member of Parliament, to the vulgar whom he condescends to represent. Pity their necessities very much, by all means; rich people can always do that, you know, when they have to consider other folk's distresses. Promise, in case of our applying to them for their votes again, that all shall be treated alike, as far as circumstances will permit; and you may as well promise it, for all of them that can will take care to have it, and you needn't keep your promise with any that can't. Sir, as long as these fellows think they have a claim upon you, they'll be as surely fixed to your interest as a tailor is to a nobleman that owes him five hundred pounds, and knows he shall only get it by keeping his debtor in the best possible humour."

"Really, really!" replied my father, "you are a friend. I never received such excellent advice as I have from you."

"Simply because, being usually paid for my

advice, I am apt to consider it worth something," replied Jawbone; "your gratis-advice givers are like amateur actors, they think they may perpetrate any enormity upon their audience. You've paid me handsomely to see you through this affair, and I take a pleasure in it."

"Very handsome, very!" said my father, and he made a memorandum to order a gold snuff-box for Jawbone, as a memento of the election, with a suitable inscription from Andrew Bagges, Esq., M.P. It would look well, that, engraved upon the lid.

"And now," my father continued, "I shall trespass on you still further. Here's George. It is a difficult thing to know what to do with a lad like that."

"Humph! yes," replied Jawbone, for experience had undoubtedly told him, that of all the speculations on which it is impossible to calculate, the most perfectly out of the question is, to tell what parents expect to make of their children.

"The law is a fine profession," observed my father.

"Humph! yes," reiterated Jawbone, whose accent varied, however, from the very certain to the very doubtful.

"Don't you think so?" inquired my father.

"It depends,"—— answered his non-informant.

There never was, perhaps, a man that ever spoke well of his own trade to those who wished to enter it, unless it were an expectant master looking out for a fee.

"There are Lord Chancellors and Lord Chief Justices," said my father.

"And there are lords who are neither," replied Jawbone, adroitly avoiding the subject.

"Well, well," said my father, slightly colouring, as if abashed at his own vanity; "but two strings to one's bow, you know. But perhaps you don't think George is the kind of stuff to make a Chancellor of."

"Chancellors are made of odd stuff enough sometimes," said Jawbone, drily. "It would be difficult to tell what quality might or might not make a Chancellor; but as there are some steps between a call to the bar and that office, perhaps one might talk of something a little nearer."

"Ay, ay," said my father; "but we should aim at being first, and really when a very clever youth begins at his age, and with all the advantages that may be put in his way."

Jawbone smiled. There never was an aspirant proposed for any profession that the profession to which he was proposed was not insulted with the assertion that a really clever man must get to the top of it, and that everything below that height was utterly contemptible; but Jawbone knew a little of the world; his indignation at such ideas had long been over. One thing, however, he did not know, that if he had not managed to get out of the discussion pretty speedily, without further offence to my father's paternal pride, he would certainly have lost a gold snuff-box. But he was habitually adroit, therefore, of course, habitually lucky.

"Come, come, my dear Mr. Bagges," he began, "it is enough to have one able man in a family. I should like to know what on earth people found estates for, if it be not to give their posterity a right to be as idle as they please."

"Why, yes," said my father; "I think George will be above any necessity of getting his own living."

"In that case," replied Jawbone, "by all means make him a barrister."

"Ay, ay," said my father, "you think he'll get on."

"I think it cannot matter whether he does or not; and if he leaves the field open for those whose necessities must plough it, why it is only a little justice of nature after all. Besides," he continued, for he saw that my father looked grave, "there are cases which stop a man's career. The eldest son of a peer, for instance, could hardly have time to get very high. A title would cut short his career."

"Some peers are very long-lived, too," said my father, reflecting.

"Assuredly," said Jawbone, who saw the current of his thoughts, "ease of mind and good feeding are said to prolong life. But if you have a mind to give George a trial, do it, by all means. He may, at all events, get law enough to keep himself out of mischief, just as some of our noblemen are teaching their sons to keep their estates from gamblers, by putting them up to every gambling move themselves. There are but two sorts in the world, you know, those who bite and those who are bitten; and they have a right to a choice in their education. But come, there's my friend Dredger, the Special Pleader, he's the man to put him with; there's more done in his office than in any other five in London; his sixteen or eighteen pupils can turn out a declaration in two hours that would take any other office a day. Give him a year there, he may as well do that as anything else."

"Well," said my father, assentingly; and so my education was to end as that of many an urchin begins, by a place being found where he may be conveniently kept out of the way.

I was an obedient youth, upon the best of all possible principles. I did not care how far my father might go to please himself in settling me, having fully made up my mind that if, at the last, I should not be pleased, I would upset the arrangement altogether. I, therefore, offered not the slightest objection to preliminaries, only mentally securing to myself the right to nullify them altogether. Besides, I had no

dislike to see what the law was made of; I had no dislike indeed to any pursuit, as a spectator. An appointment was made through Mr. Jawbone, and in two days we were to wait on Mr. Dredger at his chambers.

It was a foggy morning when Jawbone, my father, and myself, sought our way through one of the lanes of the Temple, into the dingy brick court in which Mr. Dredger carried on his great manufactory of legal technicalities, called, in the language of the law, special pleadings. Up a gloomy, dirty staircase, we proceeded to the first floor, gave in our names to the clerks, and were presently ushered into an inner office, the *sanctum sanctorum* of the luminary himself. Dredger was not a man of many words, possibly he thought them thrown away without they were specially purchased. As our business was to pay, and his to receive, the business was soon settled. Three hundred pounds were to purchase me a stool and desk in his office for three years, by the process of sitting at which I was to become learned in the law. Furthermore, for certain other smaller sums, such as about thirty pounds of the current coin of the realm, I became a member of one of the Inns of Court, Dredger and Jawbone becoming responsible to the Honourable Society for my previous character, my future attendance at church, and the payment of what might become due to the cook. At the treasurer's office, at which this eccentric bond was signed, I was informed, that not being a member of either of the Universities, it would take me five years of membership to be called to the bar, during which time I must keep twelve terms,—that is, eat every year twelve dinners, in separate weeks and half weeks, paying therefore at the rate of thirty-six such dinners, and eating or leaving the rest at my own option. By this education, the Honourable Society, or the benchers acting in its name, felt assured that I should become a fit and proper person to have the lives and properties of his Majesty's subjects committed to my care as an advocate—his Majesty's subjects, to be sure, finding their best security in the circumstance that they need not employ me unless they chose—a security which they fully avail themselves of in the cases of many of the legal brotherhood. The mysteries of this initiation were thought sufficient for my brain on this occasion; the next day I was at liberty to take possession of my post among Mr. Dredger's pupils.

In a back room overlooking another pile of dingy bricks opposite, and another pavement beneath, exactly like the one by which I entered, sate eight or nine young gentlemen, of ages varying from sixteen to twenty. They had large roomy desks, and stools fitted according to their own will and pleasure; large folios of blotting paper, an unlimited supply of inkstands, many pens, and certain thick folio writing books. There were pegs on which to hang their coats if they chose to change them in the office; there were also an inkspotted carpet, and a particularly blazing fire, to keep up which to a most cheerful and unceasing height, was a point of honour with the gentleman whose desk was nearest to it, and who handled the poker much more often than the pen, calling to the clerks in the outer office for fresh supplies of coal with a voice of great authority. When I was ushered into the room by Mr. Dredger, and my place assigned, I felt rather nervous. Utter ignorance in a place so very learned, and where the learning is so utterly unlike any other kind of acquirement whatever, is certainly an awful thing. Moreover, at that moment, there was a general air of diligence, a rapid snatching up of books, as if the inquirer had hardly time to search out what he wanted, and in others a deep poring over lore, or a careful air of copying into one great book which appeared to be new, what had been written some time in another great book which appeared to be old, which clearly indicated to my youthful mind whence all the marvellous quibbles must come which fill up the time of counsel and judges, and the columns of newspapers, and, in return, empty the pockets of clients. I perched myself upon my elevated seat, not without trepidation; I looked at the three thick folios which lay ready for me to fill, as if the work of ages were before me; and in the silence and diligence that reigned around me, I saw no escape from my task. It looked as if I must work for want of something else to do. Young gentlemen so intent upon their own tasks could not find time to devote to my idleness. It was plain that I was put upon a treadmill of study, so to speak, and must go on because I could not help it. A few words, a very few, from Mr. Dredger, introducing me to one or two of the seniors who would show me how to go on, and I was left to my fate. Dredger turned his back. The whole scene changed. The scratching of the pens ceased, the deep poring was relieved, and a very clear voice shouted from one end of the room to the other, "I say, Watkins, I'll bet you five shillings they were real trained tigers that they brought on in *Comus* last night."

"Done!" called Watkins from the other side, "ponies, I know; who ever saw tigers walk in that way?"

"Who has got some halfpence?" cried another, who was now lounging at the window; "let's set those young blackguards a scrambling in the court."

"No, no, Dredger will hear it; I did, the other day, and they huzzaed so confoundedly that he came down."

"Oh, who cares for him?"

"Nobody, only he said he should write home to my father and tell him I was fit for nothing, and that he'd recommend him to put me into the Guards. I should'nt mind that, only I don't think the governor would stand it. He'd be more likely to think of putting me into his own counting-house."

"Oh, I say, a counting-house!" and the "oh" was echoed with such an utter horror at the idea of all trade, that I felt quite ashamed of owing my present position, among this most aristocratic body, to such an origin.

"Well, it is precious dull, and not time for lunch yet," called out the first speaker. "I say, Watkins, that cobbler nearly got out after you last night when you spit in his eye. I know a famous one just down a little turning. Such a capital angry little fellow. He lives in a box almost under the street, and you can shut him in with his own shutters."

"But did you see how that string acted that I tied across the Strand?" asked Watkins with some pride. "The first coach that came up carried the old woman's apple-stall half a mile; and that wasn't bad that I served that old prig that was walking down Fleet-street."

"What was it? what was it?" shouted the other half dozen.

"Why Lollylob and I were walking down Fleet-street, not quite knowing what to do, because there was nothing new at the theatres till half-price, and we had dined in hall and couldn't eat time, so says I to Lollylob, I should like to fetch that old pump a cut with my cane, just for walking along as if London belonged to him."

"Pooh, nonsense," says Lollylob, "you daren't."

"What will you bet me?" says I.

"A pound," says he.

"Done and done."

I walked up and gave him such a cut, you should have seen the chap turn round.

"You young pickpocket," says the parson,—"I think he was a parson, Lollylob?"

"I beg your pardon, Sir," says I, and took off my hat, and made him a very low bow; I thought it was my father, and I just wanted to let him know I was behind him. He was so angry he could not speak another word, so Lolly and I walked off. Carried it through famously.

If I had wondered before, I was now somewhat amazed; and although I rather preferred the course of studies which appeared to be opening before me to the one I had anticipated, I felt some qualms there, too, as to entering the field with these daring proficients in impudence and mischief.

"I say Watkins, it's one o'clock," aroused most from their seats, and soon after a pupil called in from another room, where six of the most studious were placed, for Dredger had a conscience in separating as far as he might those who came to do nothing, from those who came to do something. All were, however, put into the hall of idleness as a probation, a proceeding which settled the characters of most of the candidates. The visitor, who felt he had no business in this domain of misrule, walked up to the only one who had affected occupation in Dredger's absence, so quietly, and with, as I thought, so little taste for notice from the rest, that had not his air at first struck me as familiar, so that I watched to catch his countenance, I should not have recognised my old schoolfellow Willis.

Our greeting was most cordial; the pupil to whom he had spoken perceived the intimacy of our friendship, and would have excused himself from the appointment which he had made to lunch with Willis at Dick's, but neither of us would suffer this—we adjourned together, and calling for some cold fowl and ham, and some of the excellent ale, which probably now, as then, does honour to that establishment, we sate down to refresh and to talk.

"So," said Willis, "you are come among us. I'm glad of it, for my own sake, if not for yours, not to do much, I suppose, though."

"You know I never did much, Willis."

"Then you're come to the right place to carry on your system, isn't he Norton?" said my friend.

"Just as he pleases," replied Norton, "a man may learn if he will."

"Why yes," said Willis, "but he must will it pretty strongly if he does."

"What care does Mr. Dredger take to teach us?" I asked, rather timidly.

Both laughed.

"You have seen about as much of that as you are likely to see," observed Willis.

"Oh!" said I, relieved rather than disappointed.

"He's put in the way to teach himself if he chooses," said Norton.

"Don't I say so? said Willis, "though it is rather like a man in a maze; for one chance to take the right path, there are twenty to take the wrong. However, Bagges will never want the law for a living, so it does not matter to him."

It was quite consolatory that any body thus devoted me to leisure, still I was curious. "What do those do," I asked "who wish to get on?"

"Why, first they copy the three folio volumes of precedents, with the hope, that some day or other they shall understand them enough to apply them," replied Willis.

"And that comes with the practice of the office," said Norton.

"Next you may read as many of the books

in Dredger's library as ever you please," said Willis.

"And he'll tell you how to begin,—say with Blackstone—if you ask him," said Norton, "then enter a legal debating society, where you may put your learning into activity."

"When you have got it," said Willis.

"If you are diligent, Dredger will sometimes dictate his opinions to you," said Norton.

"Especially if you write fast, and a good hand," said Willis.

"If he professed to teach," said Norton, very few would condescend to learn; he does teach those who apply to him for instruction, after his fashion."

"Ay, fashion you may call it," said Willis, "but stay and see."

Norton soon left us to resume his labours. "He is a fine, diligent, clever fellow," observed my old schoolfellow, "and will get on."

"And do you not expect to get on?"

"I must, and, therefore, I hope I shall," replied my friend; "not but the law is in itself a most discouraging study, and the system on which it is left untaught by Dredger, adds to an honest student's despondency. There are some parts of the law,—the law of real property, for instance, and that of contracts—which are, in the main, systems of common sense, framed to suit the purposes for which they are intended. These a student may acquire, even with some zest. But the mass and mess of special pleading, an art which professes to reduce the questions in an action to a certainty of definition, by dressing them in a technical jargon, unintelligible except to the initiated, and founded on a series of legal fictions, is an unphilosophic heap of trickery, which no brain would ever consent to be muddied with, unless for the mere necessity of living by it, or the ambition to attain to honour by wielding the jugglery adroitly."

"I confess it has often puzzled me," I observed, "that a person should lose a cause, merely because his lawyer had made some error in setting forth his suit in a language which neither plaintiff nor defendant could understand if he read it."

"A plain, certain, description of the cause of action and the reply to it, is a very necessary part perhaps to a process," said Willis; "but as things stand now, when declaration and plea have been filed and studied, one party is often obliged to ask the other for a bill of particulars in plain English, that he may know the case he has to meet. But enough of law."

"Ay, quite enough!" I answered, "tell me of yourself."

Our conversation was long; the results may be given shortly. Willis had, in the interval of our separation, lost his surviving parent; his sister was now under the care of an aunt, an invalid herself, but who insisted upon removing to the neighbourhood of London, that the affectionate brother might have the satisfaction of visiting his only relatives. Rightly, indeed, did she judge that the desire of appearing worthy in a home which he revered, would be the best stimulus to the young student in the arduous career which was before him. Not so rightly perhaps did either decide in choosing it, for the eager temperament of my friend and his unrelaxing determination to succeed, preyed upon a constitution not originally strong, and sowed seeds of weakness for after years, which only appeared now in fits of occasional lassitude, from which he unsparingly aroused himself. But on this occasion all was cheerfulness; we agreed that he should be introduced to my father, who, never lacking in hospitality, would be glad to see him in Grosvenor-square, whenever he could spare time from his studies and his relatives, and with a few excuses for the comparative humbleness of his aunt's household, he invited me to share with him the pleasant fireside at Bayswater, and to talk over past days and future prospects, with those who would be sure to sympathise in both—his aunt Mrs. Luttrel, and his sister Ellen.

(To be continued.)

SONNET

ON PASSING IN A STEAMER BETWEEN SCYLLA AND CHARYBDIS.

WHERE is the fearful scene of poet's song?
Where hideous Scylla with her yawning jaws?
Where fell Charybdis, serpent-like that draws,
In his embrace so terrible and strong,
The hapless bark his deadly folds among?
Soft is the breeze, and gentle is the tide,
Upon whose calm, unruffled breast we glide;
Serene and safe, those dreaded shores along.

And thou, proud, gallant Romans, thou whose fame
Was earned on many a field of bloody fight,
Did thy stern spirit then, in vain affright,
Shrink at a phantom, tremble at a name?
Yet, thus it was, and thus 'tis with us all,
The evils we *imagine* most appal!

PHI.

NEW BOOKS.

The True Mysteries of Paris.*

There are some men, as well as works, which the world does not willingly let die; such a man seems to be Vidocq, the celebrated French policeman; we were fully impressed with a belief that, after publishing his memoirs, and establishing his claim to the gratitude of society, as the most adroit of thief takers, he had retired from public life, not without some suspicion that his acquaintance with roguery of all kinds had been but too perfect, and had somewhat tainted his own integrity. We had a dim recollection of rumours respecting this public functionary, which tended to confirm the truth of the proverb, as to the difficulty of touching pitch and not being defiled—rumours of a difference of opinion between him and the French Government, as to the manner in which certain funds had been disposed of; they were, doubtless, spent in that sort of public service called secret, and to call for any account of them was manifestly unreasonable, the essence of secresy being the refusal of explanation; but governments are always ungrateful. The Athenians exiled Alcibiades, and the French Ministry dismissed Vidocq. It is astonishing how little the world misses its greatest men. France went on much as usual, inventing new crimes, sauces, and vaudevilles, of an atrocity, piquancy, and point, not to be approached by anything our courts, cooks, or translators can furnish, and had as good as forgotten the policeman, when it was reminded of his existence by a report of his death, France, Europe, and ourselves taking the intelligence as authentic. We were all deceived, however; as in the case of Lord Brougham, who was not dead, even when the London papers wrote his funeral oration, Vidocq has returned to life; the "fell sergeant," as Hamlet calls him, has not laid his hand upon the man who was also "strict in his arrest," when any one was "wanted." He is yet extant, if we may believe the title-page of a work in four volumes, printed in this present year, 1844: and, if we may judge by the contents of the same, he is not in the situation of Hood's old sportsman; he has not forgotten all his reminiscences—of some of which we intend to avail ourselves.

Vidocq has evidently been impelled into print by the romantic misrepresentation of the crime and criminals of the French capital which Eugene Sue has written, under the name of the "Mysteries of Paris." For these same "Mysteries" it is evident that Vidocq has a pretty considerable contempt; all that contempt in fact which eminently practical men have for those who, making their imagination serve them instead of experience, venture to talk very much of things about which they know very little, and, very frequently, of matters of which they know nothing at all. To correct the errors and misapprehensions thus set afloat in the world, is a task that the very instincts of a man, with a practical knowledge of such matters, impel him to perform. How could Vidocq, who had, for the better part of his life, breathed the very atmosphere of crime, lived in it, for it, and by it—how could such a man, possessing memory, and a pen, sit down quietly while the world of his vast experience was misrepresented by one who, if he ever saw anything of criminal life, only saw it as a spectator from without, not as an inhabitant from within? Vidocq could not—but wrote; and his work is before us. Let all who descend to the foulest depths of society for their inspiration, learn from him that they can know very little of the realities to be found there. Our author lays it down as an axiom not to be disputed, that no one can properly describe a career of a crime but a criminal himself, or, of course, a policeman; nor, on the same principle, can any one write a fiction of the rope-and-fetter school but one who has worn, or is qualified to wear, the collar of the order himself. About the middle of his book the ex-policeman expatiates on this point as follows:—

> Much has been written on the lives, actions, and motives of criminals, and yet, they have never been described with truth or fidelity. The greater number of writers who have treated the subject have sought, above all, to dramatise it; some have charged their palettes with colours too dark or too bright; others, influenced by their political and social opinions, have endeavoured to explain by the organisation of society, every vice of the class they were describing. Others, again, have only seen them from the height of their official position, and have only observed them under the influence of prejudices to which the nature of their duties must necessarily have exposed them. * * *
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> We shall, perhaps, be told that our philanthropists have visited all our prisons and places of restraint with the utmost strictness, have examined their most petty details, and they have only described after having conscientiously studied. The author of this book is willing to believe the best of these gentlemen, although philanthropy is in the present day made, like godliness, an instrument of "great gain." But, admitting they have discharged their mission with the utmost degree of conscience and scruple, yet none of them ever saw either prison or *bagne*, except when it was prepared for inspection, arrayed, so to speak, *en toilette*. On the day of the visit, known a considerable time beforehand, the soup was almost eatable, the keepers almost polite, and all the prisoners, with a vague hope of pardon or commutation of their sentence, doubtless painted themselves as lambs pure and without spot. Nor is this all; in most of these men there always remains a kind of fear mingled with hope, a remnant of respect for human nature which prevents them from exhibiting themselves as they really are, before those who appear to them clothed with a certain kind of authority, and who have never descended to their level. It is only when they are alone, among themselves, that they can be estimated as they really deserve to be, and though my opinion may be thought something more and worse than a hazardous one, I contend that if a book is required describing with truth and

* Les Vrais Mystères de Paris. Par Vidocq. 1844.

exactitude the character and motives of criminals, that book can only be written by one of themselves.

Having thus established his own fitness for the task,—for, of course, he has an acquaintance with the subject quite as perfect as "one of themselves"—he had no hesitation in writing a "true" collection of "Mysteries" of his own. And here we have a fault to find with an otherwise clear-sighted man. The form of the novel having been so much abused in conjunction with this very lower world of criminality, of which he knows so much, he should not have adopted it as the vehicle for conveying his own information. He avers that all his details are true, and from internal evidence they appear to be so; they have much *vraisemblance*. But to string actual circumstances into a fictitious narrative, adhering to truth in the one, while the other is of "imagination all compact," is a difficulty not to be overcome. It is an erroneous plan in conception, which no skill afterwards exhibited can remedy. The poet talks of "truth severe in fairy fiction drest," but that is moral truth, a very different thing from matter of fact; and, moreover, the "fiction" of Vidocq is very much the reverse of fairy-like. He cannot but have been conscious of his own inability to unite successfully materials so incongruous; but he excuses himself by a plea which we must allow to have some force. He adopted the form of a novel, because his purpose being to instruct, it was necessary that he should be read; and seeing that the world will not read even theology, unless conveyed in the garb of a novel, he complied with the prevailing fashion. Thus he sells his fiction for the purpose of dispersing his facts, as the vendors of street sedition were wont to sell the straw and give the libel for nothing, an ingenious, but, we believe, exploded trick for evading the law of the land; Vidocq sells his straw too, and throws in his weightier matter, as it were, gratis and incidentally, in order to comply with the present law of literature. It is with his facts only that we shall deal, for, truth to say, his tale is one of sorry grain. It is a flimsy and rambling story, constructed with very little skill, and told without narrative talent. But scattered through it are many descriptions of places and persons which have something of the stamp of reality, and in these consist the merit of the work. It would be beside our purpose to inquire too curiously whether the book is actually written by the ex-employé, or whether some small litterateur has worked upon material supplied by the man of much knowledge of roguery. There is a sort of pedantry perceptible here and there, indicating a desire to make the most of a very little learning, and there is an abundant supply of the commonest of common-place. But there are also glimpses of shrewdness, and proofs of a knowledge of that worst part of the world, which can alone be acquired by experience; from some of the scraps of that experience the reader may learn something to his advantage, as the advertisements say, if business or pleasure, or both, should ever take him to Paris. It is as well to be aware of the latest phase which the ever inventive faculties of knavery, sharpened by need, have given to a general and universal system of imposition and fraud, old as avarice and idleness, as old almost as time, and certainly dating from the first gathering of men into the corrupting society of crowded cities.

One of the stock themes of all those who ever visited Paris and then put their blunders about it into a book, was formerly the gaming houses, with their splendour and obtrusive gaiety, their mirrors and champagne, and frenzy of play, the ruin that was its consequence, with the never-failing pendant of suicide and the Morgue. Well, the régime of Louis Philippe has changed all that, and the gambling of the French capital is now driven into haunts that are concealed, or at least affect a kind of secrecy. It thus takes its place among the "Mysteries," on which Vidocq, as it were, turns the lens of his lantern, to borrow an illustration from our own friends with the numbers on their necks on this side of the water. If we can credit him, the amount of gambling in Paris has not decreased since the suppression of the public and licensed tables; it has only been dispersed in many different directions, while the facilities for unfair play and cheating have been multiplied, from the police no longer having a supervision of the places in which it is carried on. We extract his description of one of the new modes of attracting victims, that those whom it may concern may be on their guard at private *Tables d'hôte*, at which they find good cookery and perfect politeness:—

The establishments known by the name of Tables d'hôte are a hundred times more dangerous than the open and public gaming-houses so long celebrated under the management of M. Benazet. The police carries on a continual war with these places, but all their efforts appear to produce no result, for scarcely have they succeeded in suppressing one of them, at No. 4, Rue Richelieu, for instance, than another is opened at No. 6. At these establishments, an excellent dinner is prepared at a fixed hour for the persons who frequent them—it is the pretext for the meeting together; but when the guests rise from the table, and proceed to the saloon to take their coffee, they find everything prepared for the games of *ecarté, trente et quarante*, and even *roulette*. The mistress of the house is generally a woman of tact and experience, how gained we need not inquire; and for the most part appear by their tone and manners to have seen something of good society. If they are to be believed, they are almost always widows of some general or colonel of the *grande armée*, but the names, rank, and services of their defunct spouses are never to be found in the books of the Minister of War. We have said that these houses are more dangerous than the public gaming establishments. These last were only tolerated on the condition that the authorities should always have the right of visiting them, and exercising a controul over them at all times. Thus all those who habitually frequented them were easily known; and although the chances of the game were always calculated to give con-

siderable advantages to the bank, yet if fortune turned against it, and gave a player or players an opportunity of a run against it, or even breaking it, the field was fair and open to them. But in these clandestine houses, on the contrary, it is not only against the fatal chances of the game that a player has to contend; he must besides be constantly on his guard against the tricks of an infinite variety of scoundrels and sharpers of many ranks, and of both sexes, to whom these places serve as a point of réunion. Many men who would never have set their foot in one of the dens kept by Benazet under the old system, frequent those places, to which the "Greeks"—those gamblers by profession, with whom to play is infallibly to be cheated—have given the name of *etouffes* or *etouffoirs*. As an additional bait to simpletons, they are also the haunt of a number of pretty women; it is needless to say that they are not virtuous; but provided they are young, well-dressed, and attractive, the head of the establishment makes no inquiries. These women, who are there to seduce young men into playing as deeply as possible, and the sharpers, who win their money with the most perfect grace and affability, form the nucleus of these assemblies. The number and condition of the visitors are determined more or less by accident, and the address with which the house is managed. Among all directly connected with it, you will find ease of manner, polish, and politeness, but honesty need not be looked for.

From the haunts of rascality, the transition is easy and natural to the description of those who frequent them. Vidocq, adopting the language of a witty writer, classifies all those who live in Paris by doubtful means, and of whom the only thing known with certainty is, that having no property of their own, they must exist on that of others, under one general name—that of "Bohemians." The term does not convey so direct an idea of the class described in English, as it does in French; but still it is sufficiently intelligible for the purpose. The "Bohemia" of Paris is well peopled, and includes many tribes and races; but we again prefer the description of Vidocq to anything we could give of our own:—

The Café des Variétés is an ordinary rendezvous of dramatic authors, who will sell, or sometimes buy, vaudevilles or dramas in whole, in halves, or even in quarters. At the Café du Cirque you meet with small authors, small actors, small musicians. The Café Desmares opens its doors to our modern Solons. Besides these, and many others, there are in the vast Pandemonium of Paris, establishments decorated and filled with equal or greater luxury and splendour than those we have mentioned, which are situated in the most fashionable quarters of the capital, and yet, brilliant as they are, they are little frequented except by the members of that class of adventurers who have received the name of the "Bohemians of Paris." It is divided naturally into two bodies, the high and low. They are not thieves, but still less are they honest men. The upper grade of the class live with all the outward indications of wealth; they have magnificent apartments, fine horses, an equipage, and a *danseuse*, yet no one ever heard of their having any ostensible source of income either in the funds or land. Yet they are far less badly looked on by the world than those who are openly robbers. An individual is received in the saloon, admitted to table, saluted in the street, though perhaps his vocation is a secret to no one, and though he owes neither to his fortune nor his labour, the gold that glitters through the silk net-work of his well filled purse. Whatever qualities distinguish the "Bohemians" of the nineteenth century, it must be confessed they are far from reaching the level of their predecessors. Cagliostro, Casanova, the Chevaliers St. George and La Morliere, the Comte St. Germain, and many others, have left no successors. But even to follow these great names, *longo intervallo*, requires many qualities, a quick and cultivated spirit, courage, proof against every accident or turn of affairs, a perfect presence of mind, a physiognomy at once agreeable and commanding, a well made person, which is all the better for being a tall one. The Bohemian who unites all these must still have the one talent which is worth all the rest, the knowledge of the method of turning them all to account. Thus he must, before launching himself on the scene of business, provide himself with a suitable name; he must not be either a Pierre Lelong, nor a Eustache Lecourt, and he will fail if he is foolish enough to call himself Saint anything; the appellation has been worn completely threadbare. Provided with a name, he must procure, if he has them not already, the services of the most fashionable tailor. His coats, of the latest cut, must come from the establishments of Wolf or Chevreuil; his boots must be from Boivin, his hat from Gausserau. His cane must be of the finest finish, his cigar-case unimpeachable. For his lodging he must select one of the new streets of the Chausée d' Antin, and his apartments must display a command of wealth, regulated by perfect taste in all the details of drapery, bronzes, mirrors, and carpets. His horses must be English, and his tilbury from the last builder in vogue. His servant must be neither too young nor too old, endowed with all qualifications essential in a valet, and a few others required by his position as the valet of an adventurer. He must have a penetrating eye, coolness, perfect impudence, and presence of mind, be fluent in conversation, and yet discreet, particularly in the use he makes of the allusions to his master's wealth, country seat, and ancestors. A complaisant porter is also one of the first necessities of the Bohemian of good society, his great quality being the faculty of seeing without observing. Having been gained he must be kept; to effect this he must be indulged, flattered, and highly paid. The Bohemians have no particular age. There are among them young men, men of mature years, and men whom time has touched with grey. Many of them have been dupes before they became sharpers, and those who have been so are the most to be feared, for they have preserved the tone and manners of good society. In many of the others, whatever may be the titles they assume, and in spite of their skill in dress, and the decorations they wear, there is almost always a something in their bearing and manners that betrays them. Allusions to suspicious persons and connections glide at times into their conversation, and often, although on their guard against it, they make use of expressions not to be found in the vocabulary of respectable men. * * * There are many old military officers in the ranks of the Bohemians, some *soi disant*, of course, but others have really served and been broken or disgraced. All promote themselves at pleasure. The subaltern is always a captain, the captain at least a colonel, the colonel is a general of division; he would have been a Marshal of France had the Government properly appreciated his merits.

The operations of this vast band of "Bohemian Brothers" of course disperse them in all quarters of the city, and among all ranks of society; for "Roguery, Sir, doth walk about the orb—like the sun, it shines everywhere." But every calling must have its points of union; there must be the exchanges of crime as well as of commerce. The public has been sickened of St. Giles's night-houses, and the *Tapis franc* of Paris has been so often described that the very name is enough to make one shut the book, and, like Dante's lovers, "read that day no more." Here is another "Mystery of Paris;" vice in the trappings of wealth, and crime seeking communion with crime in the locality which it has adorned with its spoils. Here theft shakes hands with forgery, and both dine off plate; murder trims his moustache in a Venetian mirror; and petty larceny lounges on a velvet couch, and sips lemonade:—

In one of the open passages of the Boulevard, in the centre of one of the richest and most brilliant quarters of Paris, very near a theatre, in which the parts of fathers, lovers, and coquettes, are played by children, is an establishment in which, at all hours of the day, and almost of the

night, one may be certain of meeting some of the members of the higher "Bohemia" of the city. This establishment, situated in the most obscure part of the passage in question, might easily escape the notice of the passer by. An unsuspecting stranger entering it by chance to take his *demitasse*, or his *petit verre*, would find himself out of place—would feel uncomfortable and ill at ease—he could scarcely tell wherefore. He would take for diplomatists those exceedingly well-dressed individuals; the red ribands he sees attached to so many button-holes dazzle him; and when he departs he almost feels that he ought to apologise to the *dame du comptoir* for the liberty he has taken in entering. The apartment is fitted up with the utmost luxury and splendour; mirrors, gilding, divans, marble tables; and the lady who sits at the counter is young, exceedingly pretty, and particularly well dressed. The master of the establishment, or the superintendent, or whatever he may be, bears no resemblance to a waiter of any kind; he has neither the white waistcoat nor the muslin cravat that the whole class seems to have adopted by a sort of common consent; he does not carry beneath his arm the indispensable napkin. His figure and bearing, dress, hair, and mustachios, would rather induce one to suppose him a retired officer of the heavy cavalry. He shakes hands cordially with those *habitués* of the place whose purse appears for the present to be tolerably filled; his speech is dry, short, even rude, to those among them who appear to be suffering under a "temporary embarrassment." The consumption of *café noir* and thimbles-full of absinthe is the very smallest source of the trade of this worthy person. If a young man of family, wishing to spend his fortune before he has got it, is introduced to this trap, he is flattered, indulged, fêted in all kinds of ways. Monsieur tells him apocryphal stories of the campaigns he never made; and Madame, who does not wish to forget that she is pretty, favours him with her most gracious smiles. The young man hints that he is in want of money; Monsieur is all alacrity to oblige him. "Good Heavens, Sir," he says, "why did you not name it sooner? I would with the greatest pleasure have lent you the amount you require without interest; but at present I can only recommend you to a friend of mine, M. ——. If you please, we will call on him together." The "simple one" is circumvented on all sides—is neither left nor allowed time to reflect—and finally signs bills to a large amount, for which he receives from the usurer a small sum in money, and a large one in the shape of bad pictures and worse wine; the booty made of him being divided among the gang of confederates of whom the zealous keeper of the café is the chief.

Touching bill-discounting, and the "mysteries" thereto belonging, we think we might match the good city of London for villany and extortion against any capital of Europe. We must not flatter ourselves that we are one whit better than our neighbours, and not all the romance of Eugene Sue, nor the reality of Vidocq should make us oblivious of the great fact, that a large component part of our population could, without anything of what the equity lawyers call an error in description, say to their Paris compeers, "we also are scoundrels." In all that appertains to financial fraud, and that species of robbery that takes the semblance of commercial transactions and makes use of commercial forms and instruments, we doubt if London can be equalled for the extent, variety, and success of its roguery. Our Bohemia has a fertile soil, and its denizens cultivate it to the utmost. In other kinds of robbery—that more vulgar sort, performed by the hands and involving personal dexterity—we concede to the French a superiority. Our national genius has taken another direction; we concoct great schemes on a scale of fraud that absolutely touches on the sublime; but we do not produce individuals of exquisite manual skill in what may be called the practical art of conveyancing. Barrington was our last celebrity in that way, and he was himself alone, not a type of a class. The gentleman pickpocket, the aristocratic thief, may still be found among the French; our swell mob is but a poor imitation of the genuine article; vulgarity and a Field-lane sort of ruffianism that cannot be concealed by fine clothes, make it impossible to mistake them. Vidocq is elaborate in his description of the polished and elegant adventurers who have left distinguished names in the archives of the French police. Many of them have even an interest bordering on historical. Think of an escaped convict getting the order of the Bath, or dining at Apsley House! To us it sounds merely impossible, and yet if records, minute in dates, names, and facts, can be relied on, such things have happened in France. But it will be observed our authority speaks of the past rather than of the present; we must apologise for a word or two of slang, of which Vidocq makes somewhat too unsparing a use, and which we have as unsparingly suppressed:—

The *haute pègre** is an association of men, who, in the war they are constantly making on society at large, exhibit towards each other a remarkable degree of attachment and fidelity, especially to those who have invented any new and ingenious kind of robbery, or have, with more than usual success, practised an old one. The *pègre de la haute* would direct others to steal, but would scorn to steal himself, any object of trifling value; he would deem it a compromise of his dignity as an "able man;" he only engages personally in important affairs, and has a great contempt for those who mix themselves up in petty ones; and those who do he governs and directs as a chief. At a period not long elapsed, the *pègres de la haute* had their peculiar laws, not written or reduced to a code indeed, but much better observed than many that govern society. But still, the aristocrat of crime, who has never betrayed his comrades in the time of danger, is never abandoned by them when he, in his turn, is "in trouble;" he receives assistance in prison, at the galleys, and even at the foot of the scaffold. The gentleman thief is to be met with everywhere, at the *Coq Hardi*, at the *Maison dorée*, at the *Bal Chicard*, and at the balcony of the *Theatre Italien;* he dresses in every style, according to the necessities or purposes of the moment; and whether it is the costume of a man of fashion, or the simple blouse of the labourer, he suits his manners to it, for he can take every form, and talk every kind of language; he can pass from the tone of the conversation of good society to the slang of the prisons and the galleys. The *pègre de la haute* loves his trade and the excitement it produces, and one quality which cannot be denied him, is that of being an excellent lawyer. He frequently proceeds, so to speak, with the code in his hand, and if he has adopted one particular kind of robbery he soon acquires such an ability that he, in some degree, carries it on with impunity. This is so common that it is only in consequence of unforeseen circumstances, or the information of associates, that the police have been able to arrest those among them who have appeared before the tribunals. There are many shades of difference which distinguish this upper class of thieves from each other. The principal one is that which separates the Parisian thief from the thief of the provinces. The former usually adopt those modes of robbery only which require address and cunning; the second, less adroit but more audacious, frequently resort to violence. The former is skilful in the use of the skeleton key, but eschews the crow-bar. But their organization is very comprehensive, and all have a

* Association of distinguished robbers.

very good understanding with each other. The "great men" of the corporation, moreover, will turn their hands indifferently to anything; no enterprise is too audacious for them, and their head is frequently the stake in the game they play against the laws and society. * * * * * It is true that one will not find any of the members of the aristocracy of France in the infamous sinks and dens of crime of Paris, unless some individual may have occasionally descended into them from curiosity. But it frequently happens that the *habitués* of these places suddenly quit their place and mix in good society, not the less continuing to pursue their old vocation. It is lamentable, but it is no less true, that in the highest circles, and in the best society, there are to be met with men who have been inmates of the prisons and the galleys; in more than one saloon you may be elbowed by a sharper, a robber, or even an assassin. An old convict, *Guy de Chambreuil*, who had richly deserved the punishment to which he had been condemned, was, in 1815, director-general *des Haras* of France, and chief of the police of the Chateau. Another convict named Cognard, who had several times escaped from the Bagne, succeeded, under the name of the Count Pontis de Sainte-Helene, in getting himself appointed Colonel of the Legion of the Seine! He was an accomplished man and played his part so well at Court, that at Ghent, the Duc de Berry presented him to Louis XVIII, who gave the pretended Count his own cross of Saint Louis! Cognard and Chambreuil were not the only criminals who, at this epoch, filled places at the Court. We will mention, among others whose names have escaped us, the following: De Fenelon, who, claimed a descent from the same family as the illustrious author of Telemaque; this individual had been detained seven years at Bicêtre; Jalade, a forger, liberated after eight years' detention at the gallies, was *Feutier* in Chief; Morel, an echappé from the bagne of Brest, was employed in the secretariat of the *Commandements du Roi;* Stevenot, who had also escaped from the same bagne, was a colonel of a regiment of the line; Menegant, called de Mangenest, after having undergone four or five sentences, made himself the poet of the Court, and after having sung the Republic and the Empire, with equal skill, chanted the praises of the Bourbons.

Most of these men flourished at a period when society was disorganised, and when the great military system of Napoleon was breaking up, letting loose on the world whole hordes of men, trained in the principles and practices of war; as they considered society at large as their enemy, they carried on hostilities against it with that mixture of force and address which produced the results above described. But even now the Paris pickpocket occasionally comes in contact with Royalty, and, regardless of the divinity that doth hedge a King, dares lay profane hands on the contents of the Royal pockets. In a Paris paper of the 20th of November last, we read the following:—"It is reported that his Majesty, on his journey to Fontainebleau, was robbed of a silk handkerchief, a splendid snuff-box, mounted in diamonds, and a portrait of the Queen of the Belgians by Madame de Mirbel, which were taken from his coat pocket." This is a feat which must have required no ordinary audacity and skill, for there never was a monarch so well watched as Louis Philippe; the police never have their eyes off him, and yet he is robbed! The individual who effected the transfer of the snuff-box and accompaniments, was doubtless one of the aristocracy of his profession.

We had marked some other passages for extract, but those we have given will probably suffice. We have avoided all the author's fiction, and drawn only on those parts for which he vouches as fact. On many points he speaks as one having authority, and has an insight into many matters not possessed by authors who write more voluminously; his book has something of the qualities that give a value to an account of a campaign or a battle written by a private soldier, which often records facts that could not have occurred as inventions to the wildest imagination. Who can withhold a sort of respect from the author who can prove his qualifications to deal with the question in hand by such unanswerable logic as the following?—

The author of this book delivered into the hands of justice three gangs of celebrated *vauterniers* (robbers by escalade); the first consisted of thirty-two men, the second of twenty-eight, and the third of sixteen. Out of these seventy-six, sixty-seven were convicted.

The experiences of a man who has done the state some service in this manner must needs be worth having; it may be that an excess of familiarity with such scenes as he describes may have bred a certain contempt for the qualities of those who figure in them, but it is certain that to Vidocq no thief is a hero. He is altogether practical, and sees things and men as they are; close contact with them has destroyed all the illusions under which other writers have laboured. He twines no flowers of eloquence and sentiment round the murderer's knife, or the burglar's "jemmy;" nor on the other hand does he rack the imagination to invent fantastic horrors, exaggerating even crime, till we revolt from the enormity of the fiction. A true description of a battle-field or a military hospital, is a strong corrective of the false impressions of the glory of war. Since a halo has been thrown around crime, it is as well to have a faithful account of what men really are when debased by it. We have it here; and depraved, sordid, desperate, and despicable beings they are. The "True Mysteries of Paris" reveal them such, and so would the "mysteries" of any other capital, for in all countries there is a sad sameness in the effects of a course of crime. Such revelations are repulsive, but useful also. The stern fact of the police-court corrects the vicious fictions of the novel; and for the bane cast abroad by the romancer, we have here the antidote of the policeman.

THE CHIMES; a Goblin Story of Some Bells that Rang an Old Year Out and a New Year In. By CHARLES DICKENS. *Chapman and Hall.*

THIS is one of the strangest productions of the author's fertile imagination, but by no means one of his most felicitous. Although abounding with portraits executed in his happiest manner, it is deficient in drama to connect or oppose them, and we wonder after perusing every line of the book what it is all about. In fact there is no story or current of pro-

bable incident to keep expectation on the alert, no panorama of action; but a number of highly finished sketches of character hanging independently alongside each other, like pictures in a gallery. But some of these are exquisitely finished. We shall commence our quotations with the hero himself, Toby Veck, an old ticket-porter, whose stand was at the angle of a church-wall, close by the belfry, high up in which were the Chimes that perform so prominent a part in the story:—

They called him Trotty from his pace, which meant speed, if he didn't make it. He could have walked faster, perhaps—most likely; but rob him of his trot and Toby would have taken to his bed and died. It bespattered him with mud in dirty weather; it cost him a world of trouble; he could have walked with infinitely greater ease, but that was one reason for his clinging to it so tenaciously. A weak, small, spare old man, he was a very Hercules, this Toby, in his good intentions. He loved to earn his money. He delighted to be believed—Toby was very poor, and couldn't well afford to part with a delight—that he was worth his salt. With a shilling or an eighteenpenny message, or small parcel in his hand, his courage, always high, rose higher. As he was trotting on, he would call out to fast postmen ahead of him to get out of the way, devoutly believing that, in the natural course of things, he must inevitably overtake and run them down; and he had perfect faith—not often tested—in his being able to carry anything that man could lift. Thus, even when he came out of his nook to warm himself on a wet day, Toby trotted; making with his leaky shoes a crooked line of slushy footprints in the mire, and blowing on his chilly hands and rubbing them against each other—poorly defended from the searching cold by threadbare mufflers of grey worsted, with a private apartment only for the thumb, and a common room, or tap, for the rest of the fingers—Toby, with his knees bent and cane beneath his arm, still trotted. Falling out into the road to look up at the belfry when the chimes resounded, Toby trotted still.

These chimes and Toby soon became great friends:

They were company to him, and when he heard their voices he had an interest in glancing at their lodging-place and thinking how they were moved, and what hammers beat upon them.

Toby had many strange ideas, and that which most puzzled his simple head was one that had crept into it through reading the newspapers. The startling question—"Have the poor any business on the face of the earth, or not?" "Sometimes," argues Toby to himself "I think we must have a little, and sometimes I think we must be intruding. I get so puzzled sometimes that I am not even able to make up my mind whether there is any good at all in us, or whether we are born bad. We seem to do dreadful things—we seem to give a deal of trouble—we are always being complained of and guarded against. One way or another we fill the papers." It was in one of these musing fits, on the last day of the old year, that Toby is interrupted by his daughter Meg, who brings him his dinner—a basin of tripe; and while the old man eats it upon the step of a hall-door, she tells him that Richard, a young blacksmith, who has long loved her, had proposed that they should be married on the following day. Her speech to her kind-hearted old father is simple and natural:—

"How hard, father, to grow old, and die, and think we might have cheered each other! How hard in all our lives to love each other and to grieve apart; to see each other working, changing, growing old and grey! Even if I got the better of it, and forgot him (which I never could)—oh! father, dear, how hard to have a heart so full as mine is now, and live to have it slowly drained out every drop, without the recollection of one happy moment of a woman's life to stay behind and comfort me, and make me better!"

Trotty sat quite still, Meg dried her eyes, and said more gaily—that is to say, with here a laugh and there a sob, and here a laugh and a sob together:—

"So Richard says, father, as his work was yesterday made certain for some time to come, and as I love him, and have loved him full three years—Ah! longer than that if he knew it!—will I marry him on New Year's Day?—the best and happiest day, he says, in the whole year, and one that is almost sure to bring good fortune with it. It's a short notice, father—isn't it? but I havn't my fortune to be settled, or my wedding dresses to be made, like the great ladies, father, have I?"

Richard himself arrives at the instant to aid Meg's appeal, when three gentlemen come out of the house upon whose door-step Trotty had been taking his humble meal. One of them, Alderman Cute, is a self-complacent, affable, joking gentleman—a practical philosopher who has one short rule for dealing with common people—'Put them down'—which had never failed him. The third individual of the trio is a red-faced gentleman, in a blue coat with bright buttons and a red cravat, intended as a specimen of a class of people who are always exclaiming against the degeneracy of the present day, and lamenting the decay of "the good old times." The alderman warns the young couple, in his own peculiar way, against the misfortunes that will inevitably overtake them should they be so imprudent as to get married. Anybody who has been, or is in acquaintance with civic knighthood, cannot fail to *put the saddle on the right horse* (*?*) on perusing the following graphic lines:

"You are going to be married, you say," pursued the Alderman. "Very unbecoming and indelicate in one of your sex. But never mind that. After you are married you'll quarrel with your husband, and come to be a distressed wife. You may think not; but you will, because I tell you so. Now I give you fair warning that I have made up my mind to put distressed wives down—so don't be brought before me. You'll have children—boys. The boys will grow up bad, of course, and run wild in the streets without shoes and stockings. Mind, my young friend, I'll convict 'em summarily, every one, for I am determined to put boys without shoes and stockings down. Perhaps your husband will die young (most likely) and leave you with a baby. Then you'll be turned out of doors, and wander up and down the streets. Now, don't wander too near me, my dear, for I'm resolved to put all wandering mothers down. All young mothers, of all sorts and kinds, it's my determination to put down. Don't think to plead illness as an excuse with me, or babies as an excuse with me; for all sick persons and young children (I hope you know the church service, but I'm afraid not) I'm determined to put down. And if you attempt—desperately and ungratefully, and impiously and fraudulently attempt to drown yourself or hang yourself, I'll have no pity for you, for I've made up my mind to put all suicide down. If there is one thing," said the alderman, with his self-satisfied smile, "on which I can be said to have made up my mind more than another, it is to put suicide down; so don't try it on; that's the phrase, isn't it! Ha! ha! now we understand each other."

Was there ever such heartlessness, or insolence of office, better exposed? Toby, who is a sensitive creature, becomes melancholy upon this, and is more than ever convinced that the poor are wrong, and have no business in this world. Even his old friends, the Chimes, that used to speak words of hope and encouragement to his heart, are changed, and their tune now seems to be, "Put 'em down! Put 'em down! Good old times! Good old times! Facts and figures!" While in this state of mind, he is despatched with a letter from the alderman to the house of Sir Joseph Bowley, Baronet, and member of Parliament. The sketch of Sir Joseph Bowley is

meant, we presume, as a satire upon the pompous, selfish, landed gentry of this country. In his interview with Sir Joseph and his lady, Toby learns that the purport of the letter from Alderman Cute is respecting a certain Will Fern, one of Sir Joseph's tenants, who had been found at night sleeping in a shed, and was carried next morning before the magistrates—inquiring if it would be agreeable to Sir Joseph to have this Will Fern "put down." Now this very Fern was a fellow who had behaved in a most insolent and ungrateful manner to Lady Bowley, by objecting to "pinking and eyelet-holing," which her ladyship had introduced as a nice evening employment among the men and boys of the village. It was, therefore, desirable to make an example of him. Toby, however, meets Will Fern by accident on his return homewards, discovers his name, and not only warns him of the danger that awaits him, should he visit Alderman Cute again, but insists that the unfortunate man—who has neither food nor shelter, and is accompanied by his niece, a beautiful child—shall accompany him to his own abode.

Toby, left alone after his guests and Meg had retired to rest, takes up a newspaper which contains an account of a woman who had laid desperate hands not only on her own life, but on that of her child. The crime fills him with horror :—

"Unnatural and cruel!" Toby cried. "None but people who were bad at heart—born bad; who had no business on the earth—could do such deeds. It's too true all I have heard to-day—too just—too full of proof. We're bad."

In this self-abasing state of mind, he fancies he hears the Chimes calling him by name to come and see them. Toby, led by some irresistible impulse, obeys the summons of the Chimes, and slipping out quietly, finds the door of the belfry open, and ascends the narrow staircase of the tower until he comes to the place where the bells are. Here he sees and hears wild and awful things. The Goblin of the Great Bell appears to him, and in solemn and somewhat mystical language, undertakes to teach him "a living truth"—from the life of his own daughter Meg,—Trotty himself, according to the account given by the bells, having been killed nine years before, by a fall from the tower in the dark. It is from this portion of the tale we expected a wholesome lesson which might give comfort or hope to the children of misfortune. There is none. The Spirit of the Bells shows Toby, in a vision, the unavoidable misery of the poor, who are driven by insult and wrong and hunger to desperation, and from desperation to the most frightful crimes. This, alas! is but too often the case in reality; but why show these things to poor Trotty, who can only deplore a state of society he has no power to amend? Had these revelations been made to a rich man, like Sir John Bowley, and been made the means of awakening a spirit of genuine charity in his breast, the moral of the tale must have been acknowledged. True, it might look too like the reformation wrought in Scrooge by similar means; but better even so, than as it is. We find we have not space to dwell at great length upon the scenes presented to Trotty by the Spirit of the Bells. He sees, in the first place, his dear daughter Meg plying her needle in a poor mean room. Her beauty is faded, and the light of her once bright eye dimmed. Lilian is with her, grown up to womanhood. She describes the life they lead—incessant, hopeless, cheerless toil, which scarce suffices to earn bare bread.

The spirit next transports Trotty to Bowley Hall, the mansion of Sir Joseph Bowley, "the friend and father of the poor," as he magniloquently styles himself. A great festivity is being held at the hall in honour of the birthday of Lady Bowley. The tenants are feasted, and the worthy baronet condescends to play at skittles with the humblest of his dependents. After dinner Sir Joseph was about proposing as a toast, "his friends and children, and the dignity of labour," when a man burst through the throng, so old and grey and bent, that, but for the blaze of lamps on his gnarled and knotted head, Toby could hardly have known him for Will Fern. The ragged visitor, who had been hunted, persecuted, and imprisoned because he was poor and friendless, makes an eloquent and heart-stirring appeal to the landlord in behalf of the poor labouring classes. This is, without exception, the best and most dramatic portion of the work. Trotty next finds himself in the wretched garret of his daughter—still working, but alone. Lilian, less patient than her friend, had sought relief from misery in sin. There is a touching scene between Meg and Richard, her former lover, who has fallen into drunken and dissolute habits. The death of Lilian in the arms of Meg develops tender womanly traits that make her character the most interesting and natural in the work. Meg soon after marries Richard (though he had broken his faith with her when they had been engaged to be married nine years before), that she might be the means of reclaiming him and saving him; but Richard soon dies of a broken constitution, and Meg is left a widow with a child. Her sole friend in the world is a poor woman, in whose house she lodges. One night bending over her baby, singing it to sleep, she was surprised by the sudden appearance of Will Fern. He looked like one pursued, and spoke in whispers. "What have you done," asked Meg. After some time he replies,

"There'll be fires to-night," he said, moving from her; "there be fires this winter time to light the dark nights—east, west, north, and south. When you see the distant sky red they'll be blazing. When you see the distant sky red think of me no more; or, if you do, remember what a hell was lighted up inside of me, and think you see its flames reflected in the clouds. Good night!"

Meg is that same night driven with her infant from the shelter of a roof into the streets. Driven to desperation, she is upon the point of plunging into the river, when the ghost of Trotty shrieks out in anguish; he exclaims that he has learned the truth, and, clasping his child in his arms, discovers himself awaking from a troubled dream in his own garret, with Meg beside him, promising that he should never eat tripe again without a doctor's permission. The entrance of Richard to claim the first kiss of the new year from his intended bride, and of a posse of neighbours and a band of street music to wish them a happy wedding and a merry new year, concludes the tale, and leaves all the parties in precisely the same state in which they were at its commencement. The warning of the vision appears to have been altogether unnecessary, as everybody does precisely what they would have done had Trotty Veck never dreamed a dream about the Goblin Chimes.

Altogether, we look upon this Goblin Story as inferior to the Christmas Carol.

FOR FEBRUARY.

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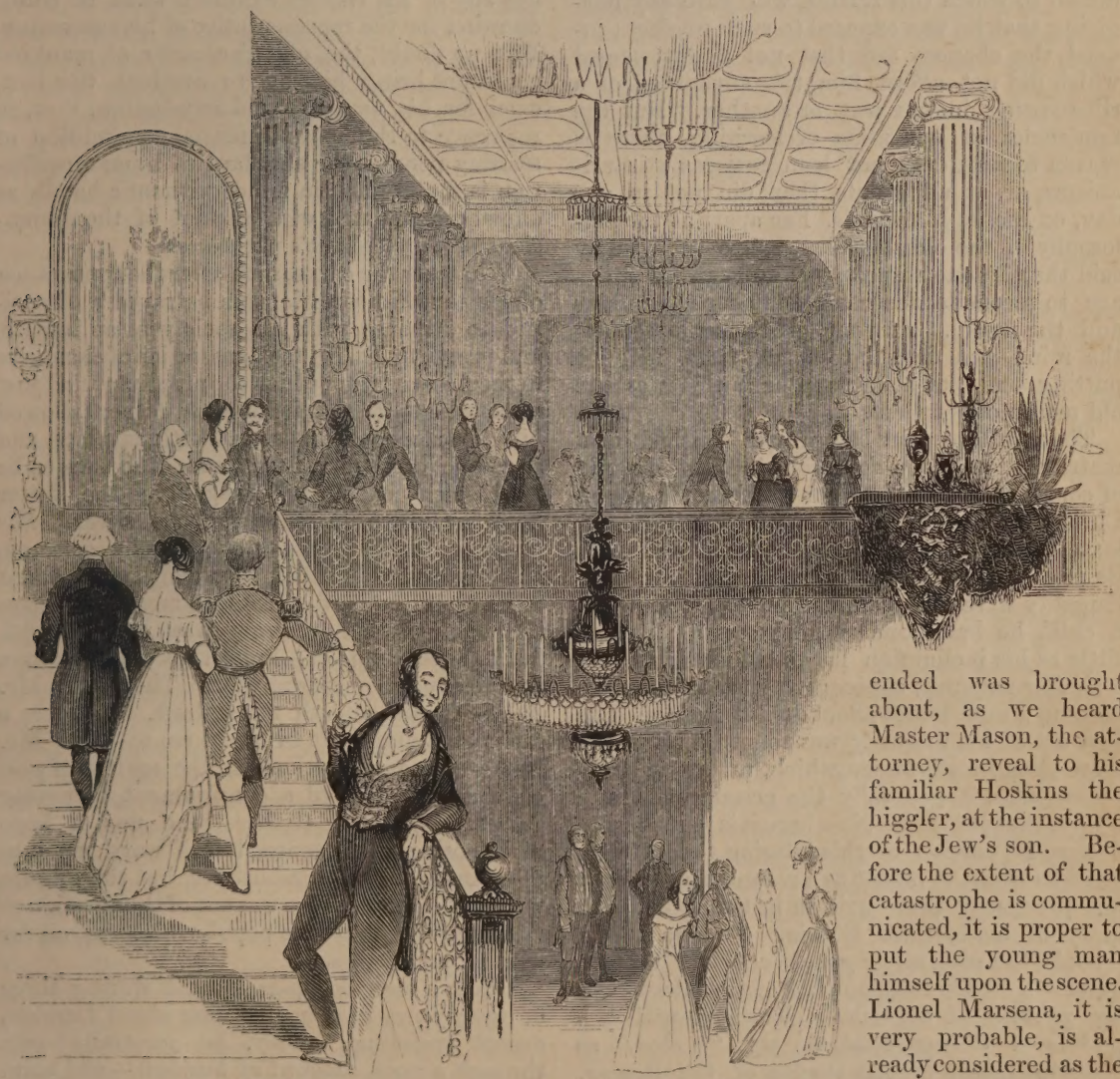
THE
ILLUMINATED MAGAZINE

FATHERLAND: A TALE OF TWO EPOCHS.

BY J. W. CARLETON (CRAVEN), AUTHOR OF "HYDE MARSTON," &c., &c., &c.



CHAPTER IV.

LOOK ON THIS PICTURE AND ON THIS.

The destined heir——
Whose even thread the fates spin round and full
Out of their choicest and their whitest wool.
BEN JONSON.

Thou hast not a friend, perhaps, in the world will give thee a macaroon. STERNE.

THE event with which the preceding chapter ended was brought about, as we heard Master Mason, the attorney, reveal to his familiar Hoskins the higgler, at the instance of the Jew's son. Before the extent of that catastrophe is communicated, it is proper to put the young man himself upon the scene. Lionel Marsena, it is very probable, is already considered as the principal villain of our drama; the demonstrated demon of our moral; let us do him justice. The career of our millionaire's heir was simply an affair of cause and effect. His humanity was, we imagine, an average sample—made up of the ordinary materials, in tolerably fair proportions. There was vice and virtue, sense and folly, courage and cowardice, gaiety and

gravity, good and evil; in short, all that constitutes the idiosyncrasy of the species.

There had, however, been a blunder committed in the cultivation of his clay; his youth was badly formed, but whose fault was that? At a proper age our young gentleman was sent to the most distinguished seminary in this land. The course of education which he there underwent was of the most approved kind. A great authority in such matters, says:—

> Oh ye, who teach the ingenuous youth of nations,
> Holland, France, England, Germany, or Spain,
> I pray ye flog them upon all occasions;
> It mends their morals—never mind the pain.

And no one, who had experience of Eton at the period to which this relates, will have any misgiving that he was exposed to such neglect; indeed the chances are that not a day passed which did not afford him the advantage of a rib-roasting in one way or another. But the tendencies of our seats of learning, there is reason to fear, does not lean towards utilitarianisms, or, at all events, they did not in our day, or Lionel Marsena's. Far apart as the philosophy of the old sages lay, it has been justly said that, in one respect, our universities manage to reconcile their contempt for the vulgar and the useful. At your great classic schools the mind was drilled to mark time, without putting one foot before another; this was the old march of intellect.

The pupilage thus begun was finished by a matriculation of the *dolce far niente*, at Oxford; of course our young student had become a good Christian. It is to be lamented that in taking leave of the errors of Judaism, he parted with its praiseworthy properties also. Industry and frugality were the abominations of his soul. As a child he had done nothing; as a youth, as little as his inclination led to, which was about a similar amount; consequently, as soon as he became a man he set about doing mischief. The first act of his maturity was to spend ten times more than its allowance, which, under such circumstances, is generally the *premier pas*, and always that *qui coute*. Now here it is necessary to declare no portion of this allusion to scholastic considerations is meant as a recantation of what has previously been written in this history, in glory of aristocratic Etonia. She is, among schools, the *alma mater genetrix* of the Graces. Send "a clod," compounded of the vilest dust, the rubbish of St. Giles's, leavened with the puddle of Cheap—send, we say, "a clod," so conglomerated, to the shades of the Brocas, and the Castaly of Surly Hall, and he shall come back a piece of precious porcelain, fashioned after the purest classic model, "a little gentleman from top to toe;" upon this you may depend, as well as having to pay handsomely for your specimen.

Lionel Marsena, then, having undergone the regular process of transmutation, appeared, in due course, at the contractor's mansion in Portland-place, every way befitting his scene of action. Still, polished as he was—purified into the essence of good taste and approved fashion—his sire became painfully aware of the presence of the taint of Israel in the son. Neither should we be in a hurry to blame him. In spite of all the fine things Lord Byron has sung in his Hebrew melodies, your daughter of Judah is the *prosopopœia* of a shaver—and your male Levite hath that about him which is awfully eloquent of "old clothes." In the contractor's case this feeling was the result of some morbid sensibility, for certainly neither in word nor deed did any of his visitors exhibit a want of consideration for the representative of his succession. But, no doubt, the old discounter of mankind could not bring himself to overlook the fact, even for his own especial satisfaction, that, in reference to the heir inferential to a million of sterling pounds, the standard of human perfection is found alike in a face without a handle as one accommodated with a snout of the dimensions of an elephant's proboscis.

Whatever the cause, soon after the appearance of his son, Simeon Marsena betrayed a disposition to dispense with his society as an inmate, and presently Lionel took possession of chambers in the Albany, from which the proprietor had just removed—to the Bench. His father allowed him the run of the house in Portland-place, and a couple of thousands a year: the former he used with exemplary frugality; the latter kept his purse in miscellaneous silver. His residence indeed was most happily selected, Burlington-gardens being to gentlemen about town what Lombard-street is to merchants upon 'Change. It is unnecessary to say he had no difficulty about supplies—indeed his only dilemma was getting rid of his overplus. Thus, when Mr. A—— furnished cash for a draft, there was a cargo of Baltic deals to be taken to—and Mr. B——'s accommodations in the matter of *post obits* always involved a consignment of paving stones. Now, the timber there was a hope of disposing of, because, if the worst came to the worst, it was combustible, but the granite was another affair—fire was out of the question—and unfortunately the popular bias was all for wooden pavements.

When a man occupies himself during three or four years in doing nothing about London, except spending money, he generally gets through a good amount of business—and coin. The young Israelite was no exception to the general rule; the result was that spoken of by Mason, the lawyer, touching his negotiations with old Foster, of Furnival's Inn. To Lionel Marsena's misfortune he was admitted into the best society, whose members did him the honour, some to dine and dice at his rooms, some to borrow his money with a sort of vague under-

standing that is was to be returned at some indefinite period—but the majority to make him their furnishing banker, under such pretexts as selling him a horse they had got on tick for £50, for ready money at £500: introducing him to the only fellow in the world for sculpturing a trouser—which relieved them from the necessity of burning a tailor's bill at Christmas—and such like traits of "diplomacy" recognised by the practice and precedent of fashion. Thus it came to pass that at the end of the time above specified, he suddenly left town one Sunday morning, as the *Morning Post* of the following day announced, "for the Continent," thereby affording a liberal field of address to those who desired to correspond with him in his absence.

So soon as it was discovered to be of no use to call at the Albany, his tradesmen transferred their usual morning visits to Portland-place, until the porter was under the necessity of informing them that, unless they held their levees somewhere else, he should request the assistance of the police to move an adjournment. This state of things was not long finding its way to the old contractor's ears, but without the effect of expanding his purse. All the notice he took of it was to write to his son, at his banker's in Paris, announcing his intention of making an experiment in finance, namely, that as he could not contrive to live upon £2,000 a year, he purposed trying, in future, whether he might not succeed in so doing upon £500.

It was about the date of this agreeable news that Edward Neville encountered our wandering Jew among the valleys of Savoy. Like tastes, and ages, and pursuits—that is to say, the absence of all purpose—at once united them in the bonds of travelling amity, which they continued to wear, much more gracefully than such ties are commonly borne, during the rambles of which Edward spoke to the elder Marsena at Oversley. But their wayfarings were not confined to tracing the course of the Rhone or the Loire. During the progress of these achievements an intimate confidence grew up between the young men, and, having reached the Valais in their Rhone exploring, Lionel suggested to his friend that they should penetrate into the Vaud, where, he had previously intimated, that his only sister was then residing. So reasonable a proposal, of course, could meet no opposition, and, towards the close of Autumn they found themselves housed within the chateau of the old Swiss banker, situated in a valley that any one of the gods whom chance had brought that way, might very naturally have mistaken for Tempé.

Here they sojourned for a while, much to their mutual satisfaction; astonishing the chamois with the prowess of two carpet knights from St. James's, and their host with the ravages a pair of striplings committed among the oldest and best of his vintages. Presently, however, the fraternal affection was contented and the brother proposed a retreat. For the first time his companion entered a protest; he declared his intention to remain where he was until certain excursions were made, which were in contemplation, so they parted; Edward Neville remaining in Switzerland, where he fell in love, and Lionel Marsena proceeding to Paris, where he fell into *Rouge et Noir*.

The five years which elapsed between the departure of the heir of Oversley from England, and his return, on the eve of the destruction of the home of his fathers, are in no wise connected with the action of this narrative, and therefore call for but a slight allusion. The passion which Edward Neville formed for Leah Marsena was reciprocated with an intensity that left them but one alternative—life together or death apart. The fair fond girl had long been to her kind simple-minded guardians the pride and the pulse of their hearts. It was with little difficulty, therefore, that the lovers prevailed on them to consent to their private union, with the assurances that it was a connexion which would meet the approval of their relatives, so soon as it should be prudent to make it known. *M. de Martel* and his other self were as innocent of worldly knowledge and experience as the birds that sang in each morning of their artless lives. Moreover, they doated on the child of their adoption with an idolatry that left them no power, even had the desire existed, to offer objection to her views: she was the beginning and the end of their hopes, the motive and action of their existence.

The interval of their domestic ostracism was far from one of content to either of the young men. Marsena drew with every post less and less pleasing news from England, and almost with like punctuality bills on it, for daily his desperate course of play grew more fast and fierce. For a while these were provided for by the various resources of ruin—but at length they came back as duly as they were remitted, and Paris became no longer tenable. With the forlorn hopefulness which works out the position that "when things come to the worst, they mend," he set himself boldly to the task of taking his troubles by the beard, literally—for he departed to meet his brother Jews upon the matter of their *thousand per cents.* even in their fiery furnaces at Moorfields.

His first interview with old Foster, of Furnival's Inn, furnished a clue for the emphatic crisis which had overtaken his affairs, and at the same time confirmation of a report that had previously reached him. It was no secret that the Oversley Court estates were about to pass into the possession of the Jew broker of Portland-place, or that they were destined to become part of the rich dower of his daughter.

The fiction of a Jew being incapable by law of holding lands in this kingdom had long been lawfully explained away, but here assurance was doubly sure, for the maiden had become a sheep of the reformed flock. All that remained to the unhappy client was to ask of his adviser "what ought to be done?" The answer perhaps was not exactly within the limits of a strictly legal opinion; but here was a desperate case, and desperate cases cannot always be dealt with according to regular practice.

"What with the amount of his own advances, and paying off the existing mortgages," said lawyer Foster, in a sort of soliloquy, "it will stand Mr. Marsena in very close upon five hundred thousand pounds this Oversley purchase, by such time as it is complete. Now we want ready money more than anything else (a fact that was allowed to pass, without any observation from his consulting patient), and if we could by some stroke of policy make this sum available for present exigencies, it would be a grand *coup de main*: that must be done."

"Have you discovered the philosopher's stone, which you purpose offering my father in exchange for his bargain?" asked Lionel in a voice more of sorrow than of *badinage*.

"We must bring philosophy of some sort to our assistance," replied the man of pleas—"here is the gist of the matter: your friends of the synagogue may be propitiated, by seeing that present and palpable transfer of his substance is not in progress by your father. They know his great wealth, it is true, but they will argue—indeed, I am well aware they do argue—that, having begun to alienate it from his son, he may so continue. We must stop this purchase, that's the pressing thing to be done."...

"You might as well attempt to hinder him from entering his house, when his foot was on the threshold," observed the young man.

"Just so," rejoined Foster, "and I mean to do one as I would the other: your father would pause before he went beyond the street door if he found his house on fire—he will hesitate about this Kentish estate if we make the neighbourhood too hot to be pleasant. Now, listen—incendiarism is the arrow that flieth by night in certain of our counties; we must introduce it as our agent among the hop gardens of Kent for the nonce. I have put the matter in train already, so you may save yourself the trouble of any virtuous indignation," he continued more dictatorially, seeing his hearer about to make comments: "I am more interested in your welfare than you seem to be yourself; I am not going to lose the ship for a pennyworth of tar. For the last month I have moved the assembling of meetings in the village which adjoins Oversley Court—for the ostensible purpose of considering the existing agricultural distress. These meetings have paved the way for the probability of some popular demonstration, and the time for it is now rife. A former clerk of mine is the resident attorney in the village—he has got together a band of resolute fellows, who will manage a scene of fire-raising most melodramatically. On the night that Harvest Home is celebrated at the Court, after the merry-making has concluded, and the party has broken up, they will burn the farm-stead, and the stock of produce, the harvesting of which was that day celebrated. This will be a decisive blow to begin with, and if it be necessary, we will follow it by other energetic measures. A man of your father's prudence will naturally hesitate to invest his capital in the teeth of such a state of things, more especially he will not be in a hurry to select a neighbourhood subject to such visitations, as an abode for his daughter."

"And may I inquire what share you design me to take in this scheme, or such other energetic measures as you may decide on?" demanded the client.

"None, whatever," answered the lawyer. "Take your pleasure, and hold your peace. I have merely told you my plans, lest by accident you should adopt some course that might embarrass them. Take your position in the world as before you left England—it is essential that you should be seen in society if you would have friends, that is to say those who will do you service to benefit themselves."

"I should not be in the world, as you call it," returned the young Jew, "a day before I should be required to adjourn to the Bench: my arrival shall not be known an hour before all Burlington-gardens teems with parchment: I'm not sure they are not at this moment preparing apartments for me in Chancery-lane."

"For a young gentleman, born and bred as you are," said the attorney, "you are more deficient in worldly discrimination than one could imagine. But there is no need of words. I have arranged all the actions standing out against you: they are safe. Here is a check for £500, for your immediate wants, and you may as well accept that bill for £5,000."

When, by some miraculous combination of chances it comes to pass that anything like a good party is accomplished during the autumnal equinox, it is sure to be *very* good. Of course no one attempts such a forlorn hope without adequate assurances of support. Certain miscellaneous materials—government officials about to emigrate to the Continent, metropolitan sportsmen bound to the moors, watering-place skirmishers to Harrowgate, Clifton, Cheltenham, and other lazarettes of bile, and the great flock of idlers oiling their feathers for one general flight; these, haply at the moment, have settled upon the Acropolis of May Fair.

Our dowager in distress is also west-end bound; some lucky instinct enables her to scent the quarry. Lo! she dispatcheth her cards, quick of execution as Eley's patent cartridges: every soul with the sanctity of fashion to save it, west of Temple Bar, is invited. Who shall refuse a summons to paradise?

Our duchess, it behoves us to say, is an archduchess, or ex-duchess, or something of that sort, and quite *suprême bon ton*. We forget her title for the moment, but we recollect it was not native; neither her abode one of the modern harems of our island sultanas. Your patroness of Almack's, and a Grace by grace of fifty thousand a year and blood as pure as if filtered through the Chinese dynasty, is found living in some brick-and-mortar sentry-box in Belgrave-square, or Hyde Park-gardens; but your *haute noblesse*, coming from beyond the Straits of Dover, and in a direct line from King Pepin or Amadis de Gaul, straightway ensconceth itself behind some ominous *porte cochère*, some *procul o procul*, under the denomination of A. House, or B. Embassy. Comfort hath yet found no place in foreign vocabulary—neither its true interpretation in the fancies of the foreigner's home. For silks and satins, marbles and mosaics, state and statuary, the Continent against the world: for frippery in true taste, just keeping, and harmony of method and material, an English drawing-room against the universe.

The intellectual lady of one of these high places was at her daily survey of the Serpentine on the afternoon following this interview, and there encountered Mr. Lionel Marsena, offering himself to public exhibition in that curious contrivance called a cabriolet; the inmate of which is set like a kit-cat sketch in a frame, so as to be prohibited from sunshine and fresh air, and exposed to rain, or hail, or snow, according to the weather which may prevail. The lady pulled the check-string, and the gentleman presented himself to her carriage-door, to receive condolences for being in London, and an invitation for that same evening. Such a slice of luck of course was not to be neglected: so duly at midnight he made his way through the string of equipages that struggled for the approach to the last route of the season. The house was one of those still existent mansions of gigantic proportions, designed of yore, by architects whose notions were certainly Titanic. By the side of one of these structures, of the reigns of Queen Anne or the early Georges, a modern dwelling dwindles into dwarfishness! You might as well compare the palace of Hampton, as it now stands, with the regal buildings founded by Wolsey, whose site extended to Richmond, as the house of a modern and of an ancient noble. To breathe freely, the latter required a room at least sixteen yards high and a hundred feet in length. The dimensions of a modern picture-gallery would have barely sufficed for his bath and breakfast closets. The former conceiving himself, ordinarily, amply lodged in a third of the space. Thus most of these mansions are now subdivided.

A red-looking porter—(didst ever, reader, note the dull visages, furrowed with ennui, of these machines of wealth? most of them die of surfeit or suicide)—swung back the gate to admit our friend, displaying the magnificently lit up frontage. Marsena seldom past through that heavy portal without a sneer and a smile born of the heart's exultation, that he, the errant Jew-boy's offspring, ever found welcome, and secured obeisance within that princely threshold. What good or great gift obtained for him a seat at the dinner-table of his Grace, the privilege of familiar converse with his spouse, the friendship of his sons, or the gracious invitation that sparkled in the bright eyes of the daughter to become her partner in a Polka? Well he knew, neither his comely favour, his gentle bearing, his knowledge of conventionalities, nor his mingled speech of sense and satire, operated the miracle. The open sesame of that Aladdin-land was but the reputed weight of his father's money-bags—the worth of the names enscrolled on his black-letter book.

As he leant over the gilded balustrade to give a parting instruction to his servant, his eyes met those of the young Marquis of ———. "My good fellow," said the latter, as they slowly ascended together, "you are the very man I most desired to see. I want you to make up my party at Putney; methinks it will be a spicy affair. Flavie and Clarissa the beauties; Colbert and Maulion the musicians; you and Beresford the wits; the presence of a junior branch of royalty; my unworthy self, and Vernon the wicked. What say you to the programme?"

"Like my fortune in being one of the invited—not to be improved," replied Marsena, as they threaded their way through the polite rabble.

The whole vista of state rooms was illuminated for the occasion, and the *coup d'œil* was indeed an imposing one. At first sight you knew yourself within one of those artistic temples of refinement, whose very atmosphere is the beautiful. You could not cast a single glance upon the walls, so richly bedight with warm and glowing subjects; nor upon the emblazoned and painted ceilings; nor on the intersecting pillars of porphyry and glass; nor on the antique sculpture and classic vases; upon the marvellous carved ivory work or grotesque china; the innumerable objects of vertu, or the very foldings of the laced and silken curtains; on the designs of carpets of velvet, or the medallions

of mosaic and precious minerals that formed large portions of the stands, consoles, and tables, everywhere dispersed, and again covered with inestimable rarities; you could not inhale the odour of the elaborately cultured exotics, nor breathe the atmosphere vibrating with the highest efforts of musical genius without taking in some precious lesson of art, some glorious knowledge of nature, some priceless furniture (did you know how to make use of it), for the store-house of memory.

Strange is it, and an anomaly worthy of reflection, that those reared amid scenes of classic elegance or natural beauty, improved by art, within Edens, whence stark, deformed, and vulgar need is necessarily excluded, should be so rarely influenced and so little worthy of their favoured doom. The manners, indeed, of such are tinctured with the refinement that surrounds them, but how rarely does it imbue the intellect or clothe the heart. Strange that no single work of perfection enshrined within that noble palace owed its origin to one of princely lineage.

Sweet are the uses of adversity.

Shakspeare! child of a free soil! thou shalt proclaim the vigorous source whence sprang thy delicate diction and thy rich imagery—thy knowledge of human nature and brute nature, and thy exquisite sense of the beautiful!

Thus mused Marsena, as he worked his way through the throng, and passed successively an ante-room, painted *al fresco*, a Chinese saloon, roofed in looking-glass, with compartments of the same of full length in the walls, between rice paper, covered with the choicest specimens of fruit and foliage, and set round with every species of couch and *causeuse*, "to make men lazy, or to keep them so," of green and violet damask of eastern texture, a sculpture gallery luminated with wonderful effect, and whose fluted sides of rich crimson-watered-silk formed a striking back-ground for the marble groupings. Its farther end was entirely open to the ball-room, shaded simply by draperies of white velvet, tissued in embroidery of gold in bold Grecian designs. He paused ere he entered the last-mentioned apartment, gorgeous with light, and peopled with dancers—

Whose ankles light and other treasures
Frisking light in frolic measures,
Now pursuing, now retreating,
Now in circling troops they meet;
To brisk notes in cadence beating,
Glance their many twinkling feet.

The windows of one side of this room were of stained glass of enormous value, from its antiquity and the richness of its paintings. These opened upon a conservatory of rare flowers and shrubs lit up with coloured lamps. Opposite were also three windows, looking on a terrace above the Thames. They were now concealed by velvet hangings, similar to the doorway. Between the recesses formed by these apertures, hung three master-pieces of Claude Lorraine—landscapes of glowing tints, and paradisiacal views of sylvan figures dancing to rustic instruments in the sunlight, of fabled forms and classic deities hovering in the air or floating on the stream. (Every one knows how the poetry of these lovely landscapes adds to the poetry of a party.) The extremity of the room, facing the gallery of sculpture, was of one entire plate-glass, and curtains looped up at the corners, indicated the entrances to rooms of smaller dimensions. Thus the whole vista was again reproduced, creating an impression of interminable splendour and extent. It was some time before even Marsena's practised eye gave character and distinctness to the fluctuating groups.

Most distant from the spot where he was stationed, surrounded by a somewhat ceremonious circle, separated from the assembly by an almost imperceptible etiquette, stood, gaily conversing, in accents whose loudness betokened her origin, the pretty Grand Duchess ———. On settees of crimson silk, broidered in white and gold, sat, lay, or lounged—cabinet ministers—a gallant duke—a courtly poet—a popular philosopher—moustachioed embassadors—turbaned and unturbaned Orientals—conversing with—or scrutinising lithe and lovely ladies. There was the usual proportion of pale sleek faces and lustrous eyes, the usual disproportion of hags and dowagers in rouge and wrinkles, studded with diamonds as night is studded with stars. All the foreign men were dancing, and a few of the Saxon-haired lords of the soil. The music gallery, supported by pillars of green marble, was just above where stood Marsena, and he moved a few paces to escape the vibration of the instruments. The Armida of this enchanted palace accosted him.

"Mr. Marsena," she said, "you are charming to come so early. Give me your arm, I wish to reach my daughter."

"What an extraordinary assemblage you have here," observed her cavalier, as they passed upwards. "I thought you bold to attempt a ball so late in the season. Indeed, none but yourself could possibly have succeeded in inducing almost everybody to stay in town for a fête."

A couple of remarkable exterior here danced past them in the paces of a Polka. The gentleman was a type of LA JEUNE FRANCE. His beard, the profuse production of careful cultivation, brushed the lady's cheek at every whisk of the valse. Neck and shoulders *au naturel*, and ringlets a yard long, greatly misbeseemed a partner near her climacteric.

"They play that Polka in perfection," remarked her Grace—"It was composed by Sivori, expressly for me."

"Indeed," said Marsena, still amused with the antic hoppings of the aforesaid dancers, "If he were here he would surely say

> How ill the motion with the music suits.
> So Orpheus fiddled, and so danced the brutes."

"Fie Mr. Marsena, you are as critical as an author, I declare. Alicia, love, you look fatigued," addressing a dashing girl, whose features were too *prononces* to charm, "sit down here, and scold our friend for his ill-nature."

The young lady disengaged her arm from that of a young man of diminutive size and *blasé* appearance, whose fashion masked his follies. The action was accompanied by a word and a look not lost upon Marsena. "Remember," she said carelessly, but the glow that tinged the cheek the while might have been a blush in one less tutored for display. But she seated herself immediately, and turned to the Jew and spoke quickly: "What new *bon mot* it it? Do not let me lose it. Do you know mamma says you are perfectly inexhaustible in the power to amuse? And that cannot exist without a great sense of the ridiculous, which *is* satire. But, pray, let me claim an exemption from the exercise of your talent, or I shall be watching your eyes at every turn of a valse, and fancying—

> What ev'ry vulnerable man doth say,
> Wher'eer you turn, the Graces homage pay,"

gallantly interrupted the cavalier; "but indeed you do me injustice, I am wholly deficient in that double memory and keenness of perception requisite to satire. Besides being too sensible of my own deficiencies to reflect on those of others."

"Except involuntarily," nodded her Grace with a smile: "but tell me, how is your father, and where?"

"He is at Oversley Court, at present."

"Do you know the Duke says he is a wonder—that he holds half our great men in leading strings? With such a parent, your career is in your own hands. Is it true as they say, that when the poor Earl D——, required £20,000 on mortgage, and required it vainly, your father presented him with £40,000, on the most friendly understanding—acted, in short, like a prince?"

"Ah," returned the son, "*that* is nothing: The Earl's character was a sufficient guarantee."

"And so he is staying with Sir Percy Neville?" broke in the young lady. "We have heard a great deal of Oversley, I assure you, and that it is quite a place to be proud of."

"When my friend Neville can break through the charmed fetters that bind him to the Continent, I may see it with him," replied Marsena.

"By-the-by, I have not yet thanked your kind papa, for those beautiful drawings of the Swiss Cantons. They are preserved in my most valued album, and are the loveliest *morceaux* in it. They were done by your sister I believe?"

Marsena bowed.

"And so report for once is correct," said the Duchess, "and he is at Oversley Court? That spendthrift Baronet has been very long ruined—I understand, only sustained by your father, who is now about to purchase the whole estate for your sister, *they say;* but I suppose for you?"

The young man again bowed, without manifesting his annoyance at the aristocratic impertinence with which his family affairs were canvassed thus familiarly.

"She will be a great heiress, your sister."

"When she comes out, she must be one of *us*," added Lady Alicia graciously. "She will be quite a treasure to me, if I can persuade her to come down to the Abbey, with her consummate taste for the arts. There are beautiful views round our country, I assure you. Does she return to England soon?"

"I am quite unaware."

"Well, Mr. Marsena," said her Grace, adopting a tone of almost motherly kindness, as she drew her chair within the conservatory, "I know something of the Duke's interest in your family; and, for my part, I so far share in it that I hope we may both one day congratulate you upon being quite an Englishman; and, in place, politics, possessions, quite of our *clique*. 'Twere pity, indeed, you should lose a single advantage of the numberless almost thrust upon you."

The old lady was at the other end of the room, and Marsena galopping with the young one, ere he had ceased soliloquising on her words.

"Can she be encouraging me—the son of a Jew—as a suitor to her daughter? And yet what other motive should prompt her manœuvres? Doth she not place at my feet a fair footstool on which to mount the ladder of high ambition? At least no whisper of my many involvments has hither circulated. A word on the subject of this alliance will cause my father to pause, perchance, ere he enriches that pale-face—my sister. *That* must not be; *that* shall not be, unless my wits are gone to grass. Oversley must be found too hot for him. Let us see; there's Edward—he is choleric, and may be brought on the tapis: Sir Percy may turn restive, and refuse to ratify the bargain. There is much to be done in little space of time to checkmate that marplot girl, if we would not seal our ruin." A pause in the dance changed his musings: "Let us make some little way with this high-born dame. I am not so certain that my dissipated friend there does not already occupy the citadel of the young lady's heart: what then? She is not rich, *cela va sans dire*, with her Grace's numerous progeny;

and he lives—as I do; and has no parental Crœsus to hold the stakes."

Such were the influences that instigated the young Machiavel in a masked courtship, the delicate subdued ardour of which well suited the prideful but romantic spirit of the object of his homage. The evening's entertainment comprised, besides every London lion, one of those delectable suppers to which his hostess owed half her popularity. With happy dexterity Marsena secured standing room within conversation distance of the Dowager, and obtained his point of an invitation to her English seat. And yet, worn in spirit, weary of effort and splendour, of love, light, and luxury, he gladly emerged into the open air. There, no sooner had he arrived, and commenced congratulating himself on the change, than compensation, the moral of all things, natural and spiritual, was ready to give him rendezvous. As he placed his foot on the step of his cab a fellow made his way from the entrance gates, and thrusting a kind of letter into his hand, was off, as abruptly as he approached. A case of parchment, he observed internally, and instinctively, as he gathered up the reins, and, giving his head to the mettlesome grey with which the Hector of West-end horse purveyors had furnished him *impromptu*, he was soon at the door of his hotel.

"Shall I wait, Sir?" asked the tiger, with his hand to his hat.

"Yes—no—that is, do," said the master, strolling into the coffee-room, for it was still early—not much past three. It was without a tenant, and he was about to ring for the waiter to dismiss his attendant, when he drew, by some chance, from his pocket, the unceremoniously delivered billet. Opening it, half unconsciously, he read a line or two, and then began again with more attention. The scroll was, by no means, an attractive one, nor easily deciphered, but it seemed to relate to something of concern. It ran thus :—

Foster has put his fingers into something that will burn them; and mischief will come to yourself of fire, unless you take heed to quench it, at once. In an hour after you receive this be at the corner of Grosvenor-place, next to Piccadilly, and you may learn more—if you will.

Hah, thought the young Jew, an anonymous letter, and from some one who knows more than he ought; what's to be done, there's time enough to accept his invitation; here, waiter, bring my cigar-case, some brandy-and-water, and say I shall want my cab in a few moments.

From the gateway leading into the Green-park, a man came forward as Marsena stopped at the place of appointment: he entered upon business without hesitation, saying—"If you are prepared to learn more of what the letter spoke of, leave your conveyance here, and walk with me a short distance—where it would not do for a carriage to be seen or heard—there's no occasion to be afraid."

"I'm not in the habit of being afraid" answered the young man, "but why should I go with you—can you not tell me what you would say here?"

"I wish you to have better authority than the word of one you know nothing about, for doing as you must, unless you are one of the lot too—which I don't believe," rejoined the man—whose language and manner were those of the lowest class, but indicative of respectability—"I'll neither give why or wherefore—but come with me and judge for yourself: you shall be put in the way if you will: say yes or no."

"Yes" replied Marsena, and without more words he walked rapidly with his conductor down Grosvenor-place.

When another city of palaces shall rise in Pimlico few people will be disposed to believe that its site—close to the abode of the Monarch of this land—was, as it now is. And how few of those who to-day traverse the superb district of Belgrave-square and its magnificent environs, are aware, that it was within the last thirty years a waste appendage to Tattersall's yard—where the proprietor had his dog kennel. Turning into what was Arabella-row, probably it has changed its name with its architecture, they threaded a howling wilderness of streets and lanes still spreading in all the horrors of vice, and filth, and disease, as if in scorn of its courtly vicinage, and at length reached a spot known as Strutton-ground, which realizes—within easy distance of the residence of every subscriber to the Opera—the ideal of the *Cour de Miracles* of the Esmeralda.

The guide, and, as he professed himself, the friend of Marsena, here knocked at the door of a beer shop (a place recently licensed by act of Parliament for promoting facilities of intercourse between thieves and vagabonds of all sorts) and was admitted. The street door opened into the room, which constituted the whole of the ground floor, serving as kitchen, parlour, and everything else. There were six or eight villanous looking fellows in it at a table, on which stood a candle-end stuck in a bottle, and various miscellaneous vessels containing drink—of course the atmosphere consisted of tobacco smoke.

"Gentlemen," said the master of the ceremonies, "this is the party you're going to do the business for in Kent: I've brought him to-night because Mr. Foster wishes him to have the honour of your acquaintance."

"Oh, he's quite welcome to it," answered one of the company whose head appeared lately to have escaped out of "chancery" to judge by its damaged condition, "he's heartily welcome, we're none on us proud."

"My name," said another, "is Hoskins, at your service; and as I'm to have the manage-

ment of the job, I hope it'll be done to your satisfaction: these here are my mates, and, though I say it as oughtn't to say it, no man needn't wish for better."

"We know when we've a good pall," remarked a personage, whose upper works also seemed recently to have been in the wars.

"And I when I've men to deal with," rejoined the other.

The conversation now became general, and of a character which struck ice into the heart of Marsena. Were they, indeed, beings of his own species among whom he sat? were these part and parcel of the greatest nation under the sun—members of the most civilised society on the earth? Could the desert bring forth savages such as these—human beings, whose wants were conveyed, and whose meanings were told, in a tongue made up exclusively of execration and blasphemy? Were these men, whose hands were acknowledged to be against everybody, and who felt and deserved that every body's should be against them, the representatives of immortal creatures born to a terrible responsibility? And was this a solitary or insulated case? Go, if ye dare, philosophers of the *boudoir*—enter, sages of the saloons—look, chivalry of the charity, whose knight-errantry seeks its scenes at India or the Poles, into the haunts of St. Giles's, the Borough, Pimlico, Bethnal Green, Wapping, East Smithfield, and hundreds of the places of resort of the misery and destitution of this metropolis, and ye shall see and hear that which it hath not entered into the mind of your order to conceive, and hath never been set down by the pen which caters for eyes polite.

Enough, and more than enough, transpired to assure Marsena that, like the student in Frankenstein, he had called up a monster which would go nigh to work his ruin. As soon as he might, he escaped from this den of thieves and cut-throats; and, after a sleepless night, seriously set himself, early on the morrow, to supply an antidote for the mischief that too evidently was contemplated—mischief of an extent he shuddered to think on. With the spirit of decision he inherited from his father—and in which the analyser of effects would probably have found the elements of most of his errors—he resolved forthwith to seek out the country agent of Foster, and make himself acquainted with the actual position of affairs. For this purpose, having furnished himself with a letter to Mason, the lawyer, he left town in the course of the day for King's Oversley.

He reached that retired village on the same day, and almost in the same hour that Edward Neville passed through it on his arrival from abroad—the date of the commencement of this narrative. As his wish was to escape all observation, he had walked from the railway station, and having secured a bed at the Crown, proceeded at once to Mason's abode. The lawyer was at home—but by no means prepared for the visitor who obtained admission. Having announced his name and object, he demanded a plain statement of the matter in progress.

"My directions to Mr. Foster," he said, "or rather his suggestions to me, are to effect some rural movement which should indispose my father to make a purchase of the Oversley Court property. From facts which have come to my knowledge, I have reason to believe dangerous designs are meditated by the persons employed by you to bring about that demonstration. Now I tell you candidly, unless you satisfy me that no injury of any serious character will come of it, I will at once put Sir Percy Neville and my father in possession of everything I have done, and all that is intended: such is my determination: what is your answer."

"To-night," replied the man of many pleas—almost at his wit's-end—but not quite—"to-night there is to be one of our regular meetings at the public-house of the village—and there I shall see the people I have engaged to carry out Mr. Foster's plan. I'll make it all right with them. The affair is not to be attempted just now, at all events. As soon as to-morrow evening sets in, be on the road leadng from the village to the Court—and I will send some one I can trust with a letter that shall put you at ease."

"Let it be so," replied Marsena, "or I'll be as good as my word."

Towards noon of the following day, as the young man was sauntering over the common, on which stood old Grant's hut, a man passed—who evidently recognised him. Marsena turned, and the fellow, who had also done so, stood as if waiting to be spoken to. The young Jew instantly recalled in him the principal ruffian of the Strutton-ground gang: looking on him a moment with no pleasant feelings, he said, "when you see Mr. Mason, bid him bear in mind my words of yesterday," and turning on his heel he continued his walk.

The air was fresh and crisp, and a pleasant breeze had sprung up with the sunset, when Edward Neville went forth for his evening walk. Youth, which is the season of hope, is also our moral spring-tide, when will is yet a feeble shoot, and purpose but a weakly bud. With more than common delight, therefore, did he inhale the pure and buoyant atmosphere, that cheered like an elixir his spirits, drooping from excitement, and faint with doubts and anticipations. Presentiment, that mysterious second-sight of our intelligence, assured him that evil was at hand: whence should it come? A deep and stern solicitude was at his heart. Since his return to England, he had had no

tidings of one for whom his spirit yearned as

> The moth for the star—
> The night for the morrow.

Moreover, he felt that a secret he would have preserved, at all events for the present, had been partially if not wholly discovered by him from whom he most desired to conceal it; and at the very instant when such knowledge was calculated most fatally to affect his interests. An hour or two would put an end to all uncertainty upon these causes of his disquiet, it was true; but the threshold of a crisis is perhaps the place of all others on which we abhor standing still. The wretch who is to die at noon, slumbers till they wake him for the sleep of death; but while doom was still uncertain, his feet wearied the floor of his dungeon.

"All quiet," it has been said, "to quick bosoms is a—purgatory," to write it politely; and, his circulation already performing no mean speed, Neville strode forward at a rate which promised to keep his pulse on terms with his pace. Nevertheless, something more than the mere abstract love of motion carried him so swiftly and in a line of such mathematical precision towards the gates of the outer park. A few miles beyond them lay a station of the South Eastern Railway; and about the time when the last dinner-bell rung, Christian Marillac had taken his departure for Dover, where certain letters from France were supposed to be lying. According to the calculations of the young man's impatience, his messenger ought to have returned long before; so he made such haste as they exercise who reckon on falling in with that they most desire at every step. His haste, however, was greater than his speed—no uncommon case, indeed—and he had already left the gates some distance behind, when, hard by the spot on which we saw Gabriel Grant rest himself in his ill-fortuned mission, he was met by a person, who, after reconnoitring him, cautiously inquired—"Whether he wasn't looking out for somebody with a letter?"

"I am," he answered hastily; "but what is the meaning of this? Who are you—has anything happened?"

"Oh, no matter about who I am," interrupted the stranger; "and don't you be afraid—its all right, as right as the bank: good night;" and he waited for no return of his civilities.

Before the speaker had made an end, the footsteps of some one approaching rapidly became distinct; and almost the instant that he disappeared, another figure loomed through the moonlight; it was that of the Swiss.

"How is this," cried Neville, "was not the letter but now put into my hands sent by you?"

"I have sent no letter," replied the courier, I could find no one who would deliver those I bear as safe or as soon as myself; Christian Marillac is not the man to loiter when the bearer of news from the Lady Leah."

"Hush," exclaimed the young man, "for your life give them to me; quick, here, I want no light, I can read them with my heart."

His breath suspended, as loath to part with one sweet thought, even in a sigh; his eyes flooded with a rapture unknown to joy; he hung long and fondly over those precious letters, and then, having hidden them in his bosom, he turned to his trusty servant. "And now, Christian, we must lose no time; I have to attend Mr. Marsena, upon a matter for which I have little inclination, and you have been long enough absent from your charge; I trust you left him in better keeping than you have lately done; my father, at all events, has no suspicions, and I can perhaps stifle those excited in another quarter, or, at the least, avert any positive mischief coming of them."

"You spake," observed the wary Swiss, "of some communication you received just as I came up; had you not better see to what it relates?"

"So I did," said Edward Neville, "but I had forgotten all about it; here it is, and quite a business-looking affair; what can it all be about?"

> Sir,—I learn its likely you will interfere to stop what's to be done in the park to-night. Take my advice and let it alone; the party is strong and determined, and your going among them at all will only make things worse.
>
> Your Obedient Servant,
>
> James Mason.

"Indeed, Mr. Mason, and that's your advice, is it, to let your friends help themselves to such venison as they may have a fancy for, and no questions asked. I beg leave to differ from your views. Marillac, you must return alone, see Mr. Marsena and tell him I have had intimation of an intended attack of poachers, which it is most important to frustrate, or serious consequences might come of it. For this purpose I must make out this conscientious attorney, and learn who his clients are. In the meanwhile do you see that the keepers are instantly summoned, and desire them to meet me, well armed, at this place as quickly as possible."

Promptness of action, a property formed for virtue, though too often warped to wrong, was the instinct of Edward Neville's character. With him, once to contemplate was "once to be resolved." With a sturdy good will did he therefore set about the purpose intimated in his directions to his servant, and, having seen him depart, he made the best of his way towards the residence of Mason, the lawyer.

This, as already said, was approached by a deep wooded lane, on the opposite side of the village from that on which Oversley Court lay. The night was as clear as noon, and, being desirous of evading the observation of the villagers, he made good his point by skirting the gardens

in the rear of the cottages, and so striking the lane midway between the hamlet and Mason's abode.

Five years' absence had by no means affected his knowledge of every path and by-way of the locality he was traversing; and he was soon at the point of his destination. The errand, however, was a bootless one, for he whom he sought was from home. Such being the case, he turned again for the spot on which he had appointed to meet the keepers, being resolved that, notwithstanding he could not obtain a key to Mason's meaning, the matter to which his letter related should be rigorously dealt with. As he skirted the lane which led to the lawyer's house, from the village, he discovered a man apparently loitering in it; and, on nearer view, to his amazement, he became convinced that this person was Lionel Marsena. What could have brought him to the neighbourhood for a moment moved his curiosity, which presently gave way to anxiety and alarm. For this reason he did not seek an interview with his old travelling associate; but leaving his appearance to be accounted for—as presently he felt it would—whether agreeably or otherwise—he hastened to the place of his rendezvous.

The party had already arrived—unaccompanied, however, by the Swiss, who had sent word that he would join his master so soon as his duty at home would allow of his absence. Edward Neville was in the act of laying before them the purpose for which they were required, when a dense smoke, in the direction of the park, caught his observation, and before he had time to point it out to his followers, the whole horizon was a mass of fire! Not a moment was lost in making for the scene of the conflagration—the nature of which became but too plain ere they reached it. The noble halls of Oversley were the prey of the incendiary—for the yells, shouts, and horrid noises that mocked the night, told too well whence the mischief was, and who were its workers. Desperate with many fears, Edward rushed towards the flaming beacon—making his furious passage to the apartments in which his child slept. He found the bed unoccupied—but with evidence that the boy had been removed—and feeling assured that this had been done by Christian, he set about what next claimed his exertion, with a spirit of renewed vigour.

The alarm bell told with its wild note that mischance had come to those for whom it summoned aid—and in good time it was rung, for other devastation, beside that of fire, was in full process. On entering his father's private room, Edward found it had been rifled—the cabinets were broken to pieces—and portions of their contents were strewed about the floor. His next thought was of his father's personal safety—where was he? His efforts to reach Sir Percy's chamber were ineffectual; for the corridor which led to them was in flames. While attempting to get at them, by a passage that led from the servants' apartments, he was met by old Marsena, pale as ashes, and moving like a spectre. The young man was in the act of addressing him, when the whole side of the fabric in which they were, waved as if an earthquake heaved beneath it—and then fell to the ground with a hideous crash. Though stunned and wounded, Neville retained his senses, and the power of action. Not so the Jew—whom he discovered by the fierce light, stretched beside him motionless—black, and to all seeming lifeless.

By this time assistance had arrived from the village, and though all hope of saving the mansion was at an end, great efforts were directed to the rescue of some of its valuables, and not without success. But there was, unfortunately, none to direct. Edward—having caused Marsena to be removed from the chance of more hurt, and attended as best the occasion allowed—perilled his existence a hundred times, and in a hundred ways, to learn the fate of his father. But in vain; and when in the early day-break the melancholy cavalcade moved towards the village bearing the burnt and maimed, but still breathing, Jew, it was known that all the household of Oversley was safe, with the exception of its lord.

The chance which prevented Lionel Marsena's receiving Mason's letter has been told, as also the consequence that came of its having been placed by mistake in Edward Neville's hands, and his misinterpretation of its contents. It was when his patience wholly worn out in waiting for that communication the young Jew was making for the lawyer's house, that Edward caught sight of him. His errand, of course, was also bootless, and returning to his room at the Crown, he was striving to beguile the night and his own anxious thoughts, when the matter which so much concerned him was being accomplished. The news of the fire was the first that greeted him on the succeeding morning, to which he listened as one in a frightful dream. Rumour had, as usual, added to the horrors of the tragedy; the tale was too awful for his nature to support, and he was long unconscious that he had lived to hear it. How long he thus continued he knew not, but when recollection came he was abroad, in the free country, alone, save his agony.

He wandered for some time, uncertain whither to direct his steps. In vain his reason told him that there was small probability of his implication in the perpetrated villany; that his immediate appearance in town would destroy the only clue to discovery: in vain his desire suggested that the mischief had been magnified—that at any rate his end was ob-

tained: remorse—vague as his information, but still remorse—was in his heart, and in his brain.

The sun was in its zenith, and as he skirted the ravine, the hazel-copse hedges scarce protected his fevered brow from its scorching rays. Even this shelter shortly failed, and he was fain to cross over an expanse of hop-gardens to avoid a still more exposed and dusty highway. Arrived at its extremity, he came upon a lane deep in ruts. This he crossed, and, clambering up a high bank, he overlooked a remarkably wild and broken space of ground that seemed to lead no whither, as path or road there was none. The sequestered appearance of this spot at once induced him to traverse its waste. Solitude is a sensible relief to the mind in apprehension. On he walked perfectly imperceptible of time or distance. At last he came upon a deep hollow, deeper than any he had hitherto past, within which sat two men. They were so intently absorbed by their occupation, as not to hear the sound of his footstep on the dry crisp furze, although he stood scarcely a stone's throw from themselves.

The visages exposed to his view were both marvellously ill-favoured; nor were they, as he fancied, unfamiliar to him. The attire of one, albeit compounded of miscellaneous rags and tatters, indicated that the naval profession was honoured, or had once been honoured, by his patronage. His rudely carved features wore an expression of ferocious savageness that scarcely belonged to the countenance of a human being. A sack lay between his legs, and he was holding open its mouth for the convenience of his companion, whose hands were buried within it for a second or so, before he held up to the light what appeared to be a hunting watch. It was neither an instinct of prudence nor of cowardice that prompted Marsena to retreat stealthy. It was an involuntary presentiment, and an unlucky one, for, at the moment, he stepped back upon a stone that rolled from under his foot into the very lair of the ruffians. Both sprang up and confronted him with a yell and an oath that intimated

"What the —— brought you here?"

It is but mid-day, thought Marsena; at midnight, between these two, my life would not be worth an hour's purchase; but he said—

"I have lost my road, being a stranger in these parts. The railway station is hereabouts, friends—will you put me in the way of it?"

There was a pause; the men looked at each other and at him. The sailor swung to and fro a heavy stick across his brawny shoulders with an air that seemed to Marsena menacingly significative of attack. Receiving no answer, and anxious to get quit of company not altogether safe, even in the glare of day, he threw them a hasty "Good day, friends," and strode forward.

In a second a strong hand was laid on his shoulder. He turned fiercely round, his clenched fist preparing to deal his reply.

"Hold," said the villain, "there's no harm done, Master Marsena, and no harm meant between friends. Hoskins the higgler is the last man in the world to deal roughly with a partner in peril. I did the work friendly for you, and so did Jack here, last night, and you'd be above mentioning one little unpleasant circumstance agin us, I'm sure."

A word, or even a gesture, is sometimes sufficient to blow a chafed temper into a tempest; Marsena's spirit had been long fretting within him. It was almost a solace to give vent to his despair, to wreak it, in the very teeth of danger.

"Ruffian," he cried, fiercely grappling his coat collar and swinging him several paces distant, "ruffian, how darest thou master or comrade me?"

Whoever is familiar with rural affairs may have frequently remarked the solitude that broods over the country at noontide. Labourers have deserted the fields for their mid-day meal; and a traveller may journey miles without meeting a type of his species, or even a dog or cat. Accordingly, noon is almost as favourable a period for prowlers as dusk. For the appetite is an imperial tyrant to the toiling, and sets to sleep the remaining senses. But, besides the still unobservance of the hour, the confederates knew the spot as one almost certainly secure from interruption. It might be a mile on every side free of human habitation. Dark deeds had been done there of yore, and the ground under their feet gaped with cavities for concealment. To the proverbially ignorant and superstitious apprehension of a Kentish rustic, the place at night was peopled with ghosts, and in the day held sacred to ill-luck and disfavour. Although reassured, however, for the moment, by the ill-omened renown (which he had, no doubt, himself assisted to raise) of a spot familiar to him as his vicious vocabulary, Hoskins thought fit to trust not alone the slippery security.

"Softly, Mr. Gentleman Jew, with your hands and hard words," he interrupted, menacingly—"Grander folks than you have been made quiet enough for not so many of them, I'll warrant you: but that's neither here nor there. There's no need of anything but reason in this matter. Mayhap we've picked up a sack that somebody has let fall. There's no mischief, I suppose, in looking over the articles, just to identify them? But there might be mischief to an informer agin us: if we be's grabbed, we wont be the only uns, by G—. Who's the more likely to swing for it, I should like to know, we poor folks, or the mover of all the night's doings, as I can prove. If he takes

my advice he'll attend to his own concerns; the murder might as likely as not be charged to him, let alone other damages. You'd better pay us as friends than abuse us as dogs."

"Miscreant!" cried out the young man, springing blindly upon Hoskins. "God! What has been done? Speak, or I will throttle you."

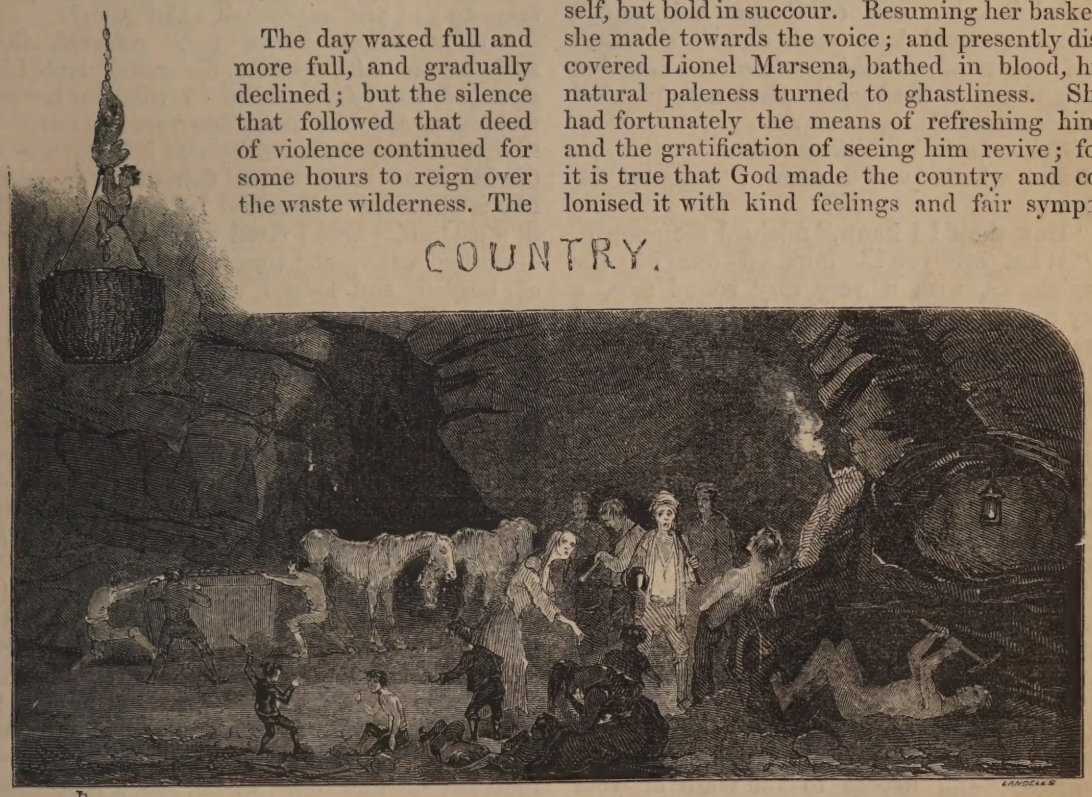
A blow from behind deprived him of further power or utterance; he staggered and fell senseless.

* * * * *

The day waxed full and more full, and gradually declined; but the silence that followed that deed of violence continued for some hours to reign over the waste wilderness. The sun was fast verging westward when a maiden, homeward wending from the cottage of Gabriel Grant, paused in her light progress.

"Surely," she ejaculated, as she put on the ground a small basket, "surely that was a moan, unless my ears are ringing with all the horrors I have heard. No; there again—and again! and it proceeds, too, from that desolate common."

She stood and listened for a while irresolute; but hers was a true woman's heart, timid for self, but bold in succour. Resuming her basket, she made towards the voice; and presently discovered Lionel Marsena, bathed in blood, his natural paleness turned to ghastliness. She had fortunately the means of refreshing him, and the gratification of seeing him revive; for it is true that God made the country and colonised it with kind feelings and fair sympa-



thies, allegorically described as the "good people" who haunt its glades and dells, and "lead ambrosial lives." The young man speedily found strength, arose, thanked his preserver, and was about to part from her, when the past, with its dreadful catastrophe and probable consequences, rushed upon his recollection, and he stood irresolute. The girl saw that he was ill at ease, and asked, timidly, "Could her services be of use?"

"I desire earnestly," said Marsena, "to learn true tidings of all that occurred last night at the house of Sir Percy Neville—where may I best seek them?"

"My father," she replied, "I am sure will tell you all he knows; and his information is correct, because Morris Mason was with him for some hours this morning. Our cottage is quite as near as any other; you need rest, and it will afford you that, at all events, homely as it is;" and the pair walked together towards old Kennedy's.

So gross and monstrous an outrage naturally created great excitement throughout the whole county, and the petty sessions of King's Oversley, which fell within a week after it, were looked forward to with intense interest, as it was known that one of the gang who had been captured and confessed the part he had taken in it, would be brought up for examination. The morning arrived, and the magistrates took their seats with the usual rural pomp and circumstance, several of the neighbouring gentry being also accommodated on the bench, and in a retired corner of the room Simeon Marsena lay on a sofa, with Edward — Sir Edward Neville—at his side. As soon as the court was opened the prisoner was brought in, and had all New Holland been ransacked, a more characteristic individual for the *rôle* could not

have been produced. Probably the circumstance of his having been confined for some three or four days in the village "lock up," which, when not so occupied, served as the village pigsty, had not added much to his natural attractions, but altogether he presented as promising a candidate for the gallows as the eye of the curious in felonry could desire to feast on. He was shirtless—shoeless—hatless—pennyless—and of course, friendless. With the exception of a half burnt jacket and a piece of a pair of trousers, all he had on was a frizzled beard, a crop of Gorgon hair, and a look that would have made despair shudder! Half a score of constables surrounded him, and being placed at the bar, the clerk asked "what was his name?"

"Sailor Jack," was the answer.

"But what's your surname?" repeated the official.

"How should I know," rejoined the seaman.

"What are you?" inquired one of the magistrates, with a very rosy round face, a very round stomach, very round blue eyes, and a carroty wig; once a citizen of London and a tallow-chandler, now a squire and dispenser of petty session law—"what are you?"

"Nothing," replied the prisoner: "last thing I was, was one of the Blazes."

"What a horrid wretch," exclaimed half a dozen of the Justices at once.

"That is I mean," continued the fellow, "I served as a waister in the Blazer man of war."

"And pray why did you leave the ship?" demanded the Justice with the violet eyes.

"Because, d'ye see, I deserted," was the reply.

"We understand you are desirous of being admitted evidence for the Crown touching the burning of Oversley Court," observed the magistrate: "to give up the names of your accomplices, and depose to the truth of your testimony on oath. Now do you know the solemn nature of that obligation?"

"Ease away handsomely," cried the sailor, "and don't let your jawing tackle go with a run; what's the yarn about?"

"His worship," observed the clerk with a slow voice and solemn visage, "wishes to learn whether you know what an oath is?"

"Don't talk like that," said the waister, "I should rather think I did."

"Tell the court what is your notion of an oath," returned the clerk, with great gravity.

"D—n your eyes," answered the late member of "the Blazes." . . All the respectable people present were shocked; a few in fustian and wooden clogs laughed.

"Are you a Christian?" cried the bench, with one voice: "horrible reprobate that you are—do you profess yourself a Christian?"

"What should make me," retorted the ruffian, and his nostrils distended, and his clenched fist rebounded from the iron bar at which he stood, like the sledge from the anvil—"what should make me?—was I born like a Christian, or bred like a Christian, or used like a Christian! The first I knew of life was in a coal pit, where I fared worse than a hound—worked a thousand times harder than a brute of burden, and lodged as loathsomely as a viper. When I ran away from that and went to sea, did I ever hear my Maker's name except when some one swore by it that he would have me up to the gratings? When I deserted from my ship and strove to earn my bread by the sweat of my brow, did not men turn from me in disgust because I was as naked and ignorant as I was sent into the world? And now, do I not stand here to be baited like a wild beast, brought from a den more foul and forlorn than you would keep a tiger in? And, unless I do that which shall defile my manhood, will ye not hang me like a mangy cur? And what brought me to this pass? anything I could have done, or left undone—and ye ask me am I a Christian? Suppose I tell you I don't even understand what that rate means; that I am ignorant of this right, which, like a post captain's commission, seems a privilege to ride rough-shod over all creation—what then? Or suppose I was to say that I am no more a Christian than that old gentleman on the hammock there, *whose son hired me to do the job that has got me into the bilboes*" . . . . ?

(*To be continued*).

THE SOCIAL CONDITION OF THE COUNTRY.

EVERY one recollects the memorable saying of an eccentric senator, that Parliament "had done little in the last session, and would do less in the next." The expression was *un peu malin*, but it unfortunately proved true. It is natural that the same anxiety should exist to know what both our Houses intend to effect in the campaign which is about to commence. Every year the same anxieties are renewed, the same expectations are raised, and the result is similar disappointment—the same promises made to the ear, and broken to the hope. We affect no spirit of prophecy, but as it is our vocation to mark the progress of events and trace the devious course of statesmanship, which, like true love, seldom, if ever, runs very smooth, we think we can form a shrewd guess that at the commencement of the session, sanguine men will imagine that at length the time has come when a panacea will be applied to all the evils incident to society, while the close will only give them an opportunity of experiencing the sensation arising from "hope deferred." The truth is, that if people were more moderate in their expectations of the benefits to be derived from parliamentary interference, there would be much less chance of disappointment; but, unfortunately, every advocate of change, every professed redresser of grievance, and each reformer and self-styled patriot, believes that a new session is to be the harbinger of the success of his favourite crotchet. Thus the League affects to believe that the repeal of the Corn-laws is now near at hand, although, strange to say, the advocates of protection are equally sure of effecting their object. Then, again, in some quarters, the defeat of the New Poor Law and the re-establishment of the halcyon days of over-fed overseers, are foretold with the utmost confidence. Equally certain are the minor, but universal, dabblers in legal, medical, literary, foreign and domestic change, that they will astonish and paralyse the world with the consummation of their vast and heterogenous projects. By some it is thought that railway projects will swamp the accustomed business of the nation. This, in one sense, would scarce be a novelty, for we never recollect a session when the angry disputants on either side were backward in *railing* against each other.

It is not sufficient to speculate upon what Parliament will do, but it is another question what it *can* do, for the benefit of the nation. It cannot be forgotten that in the last session it was argued, ay, and in high quarters, that there are many crying grievances, many deplorable evils, and much suffering, which are beyond the reach of Parliamentary cure. Now, we do not think Parliament is omnipotent for good—unhappily it has sometimes proved itself potent in mischief only—but yet we feel strongly that there are some social grievances which rankle like a curse upon the heart of this great country, destroy its energies, and render its boasted pre-eminence a farce. To those who might be disposed to say

> How few of all the ills mankind endure
> Are those which *Parliament* can ease or cure,

we would suggest that if it cannot make all mankind happy, contented, or rich, at least it ought to attempt to destroy those anomalies which force a conviction that there is "something rotten" in the state of England. We are not such enthusiasts as to imagine that men can be made wise, rich, virtuous, or contented, by act of Parliament; but yet we do firmly believe that Parliament might reform many things connected with the social state of England, which at present are a reproach and stain.

For instance, something ought to be done to make a still wider distinction between poverty and crime. Nay, we might rather contend that the poor ought to have the same consideration and indulgence as criminals. That they have not, let the wretched annals of the Police Courts attest. How often are instances published where men commit some trifling offence, such as breaking a lamp, in order that they may be sent to prison, rather than be subjected to the tender mercies of the Union Poor House. Paupers are fed upon Lenten fare—water and vegetables, dignified with the name of soup, are served out to them liberally, while, by way of a change, gruel and potatoes are added; but the prisoner is supplied with meat, and is subjected to a prison discipline, which it is admitted on all hands is more liberal and more indulgent than the code which regulates the daily life of paupers. Now, this does appear to hold out a premium to crime, for it is a fatal principle to say to the poor and wretched, you must be kept low for the sake of economy, but become an offender and you are sure to be treated on a more liberal scale.

A very few days ago a poor fellow was sentenced, at the Middlesex Sessions, to a year's imprisonment. The convict pleaded hard to be transported. Now it may be "better to bear the ills we have than fly to others that we know not of," but this sort of philosophy is not understood by the mass, and it is not therefore too much to contend that a state of things which forces men to seek other countries, or to do anything rather than remain in England, calls aloud for amendment. In Ireland all sorts of imaginative metaphors are indulged in touching the place of one's birth. "This is my own, my native land," sang an eminent poet, as if the utmost desire of a man were to render himself worthy of the spot where he was born, and as if he would sacrifice anything rather than his right to his birth-place. But such is the state of things in England, that this sacred principle of love of country appears to be forgotten.

> England, with all thy faults, I love thee still,

would scarcely now be said by the repentant visitor of our shores. It is evident that we do not allude to the favoured of fortune, but only to the unfortunate class, who find our social system so fraught with barriers to comfort and independence, that they can see no panacea for their grievances but emigration.

The English are a generous, a sensible, and an industrious nation. The cry is still "a fair day's wages for a fair day's work," and nothing perhaps is so true as the adage that "idleness is the parent of all evil." It is, therefore, a great duty of Parliament to provide employment for the people. Instead of wasting night after night upon mere personal

squabbles or theoretical questions, or, what is equally unprofitable, upon subjects which it is not intended to develop to their full extent, we contend that it is the solemn duty of the representatives of the people, to give them the means of becoming industrious.

To the shame of Parliament, this very question of employment was last session made a mere party display. The Factory Bill afforded scope for intrigue, political rancour, and manœuvring of all sorts; and, although there was a vast deal of cant about the sacred rights of the poor, yet in fact this rallying cry was the mere pretence to enable orators and party statesmen to dispose of their eloquence, with a view to catch popularity, or to forward some favourite scheme for the overthrow of the Government, or the advancement of some ingenious theory.

The "sayings" of Parliament are most voluminous. Its "doings" may be comprised in a space as minute as that which would enclose the equipage of Queen Mab. This system we desire to be reversed; we would have senators talk less and do more. Not that we advocate rash experiments or restless legislation, but we should like to see a general concert among members of Parliament of all parties, with a view to effect something practical, which should do service, if not to the million, at least to some fraction of the State, so that the reproach of a session of uselessness should be no longer a reality. Parliament can act as well as talk upon some occasions. Be the question one of the imposition of a tax—the perpetration of a job, or some "wheel-about" manifestation of a tyrant majority, and the thing is performed with the rapidity of lightning. Why, therefore, should it not be equally alert when there is an opportunity to prevent discontent, to remedy some great evil, or to make some addition to the comforts and happiness of the poor and desolate?

We repeat that we do not expect Parliament to please everybody, or to establish perfect concord, prosperity, and confidence. But, nevertheless, we believe that if it would honestly apply itself to devise remedies for the anomalous state of things of which we have given a brief and imperfect sketch, something might be effected to sustain the boasted pre-eminence of England. Not a week passes but details are given of fearful crimes emanating from poverty, and during the last month there have been cases of actual starvation. Such things ought not to happen in a great nation, nay in any country which affects the least degree of civilization. If English operatives were properly employed—if Parliament made any attempt to place them in the position which they deserve, from their intelligence, their industry and their honesty—there would be no need of Emigration Committees, nor would it be necessary to waste long speeches upon the question whether there ought to be any interference with the labour of the people.

There has been dog legislation and dog-day legislation; our senators have applied their energies to a most extensive range of subjects. Nothing seems to go amiss to them. "Seneca is not too heavy, or Plautus too light," and they have indeed been everything by turns, except, perhaps, sensible and honest philanthropists. Scarcely a man but has some favourite partiality or antipathy, and the hobby is ridden to death. There are continual complaints of want of time, and yet the House of Commons is the only place where the value of time does not seem to be understood. Chimeras, ay, and most dire ones, are the order of the day. There seems a continual effort to do impossibilities—for instance, there are daily attempts to take the "*sense* of the house." This would indeed be a task of the most Herculean character. The commodity, if compressed and volatilized, would, as far as appearances go, be a mere "airy nothing."

From past experience, therefore, we have not much confidence that what is called the "wisdom" of Parliament will be directed to objects of real utility. The Royal Speech will no doubt contain the usual generalities. Happily there can be the accustomed congratulations about the continuance of peace, and my Lords and Gentlemen will be requested to apply their attention to many subjects. Various measures also will be floored, upon the usual Parliamentary grounds that they are brought in too soon or too late. The *ins* will do, and the *outs* will blame their doings. Promise will be lavish, performance scanty, and at length, after the session has wearied itself out, the members of the House of Commons will be thanked for the liberal provisions they have made, and again despatched to the intellectual enjoyment of grouse shooting and the other duties of country gentlemen.

The great mischief of modern legislation is its wholesale character. Every member has his measure, and it is generally a very long one. If the House would but concentrate its energies upon a few subjects, and dispose of them one way or the other, it would be a great advantage. It is almost an insult to say that Parliament cannot help the sufferings and misfortunes of the people. The very object of legislation is, or ought to be, to prevent them. Parliament cannot, we know, command success, but then it never tries to deserve it. We earnestly hope, however, that the evil system hitherto pursued will be changed; and that the session of 1845 will not be liable to the biting but well-founded reproach to which we have alluded, as having been applied to a former one. But there will indeed be a "reform" in Parliament if this be so, and men will be as astonished as Hamlet at the idea of the world having grown honest.

If the Pleasures of Memory forbid the anticipation, let us call to our aid the Pleasures of Hope, in our imaginings for the future. In this spirit, though with some misgivings, we will venture to anticipate something like an *entente cordiale* in producing at length a session which may be distinguished for good. We have had Long Parliaments, Short Parliaments, Reformed Parliaments, Whig Parliaments, Tory Parliaments, and many Talking Parliaments. Let it be hoped, that the ensuing one will be an honest Practical Parliament. This is not actually impossible, if it be true that "there is a power of goodness in things evil."

Should the Parliament of 1845 deviate into an honest and useful course, we should greatly rejoice; and, as novelty is the order of the day, it would be an additional satisfaction to find a disproof of the assertion, that "party is the madness of all for the benefit of a few." The Parliament for the Million ought to do something good, and it will have effected a grand achievement if it could render "party" subservient to the benefit of *all*. Such a result, however, is astounding to think of. It would overcome the nation,

Like a summer's cloud.

C.

BY LUKE RODEN, M.D.

NISMES.

We arrived in very reasonable time at Nismes—a town of such vast antiquity that all records are lost. It is said to have been founded by the Phocians, who were the first colonists of Marseilles, and has been, till lately, the dullest and most lethargic town even in France. It must be terribly surprised to be awakened from its ages of torpor by a railroad. The close apposition of the most ancient of buildings with the most recent of inventions is rather startling. A Temple of Diana remains, exceedingly picturesque, and a tall gawky gas-house chimney close by the side of it, a good indication of the change. There is a very extensive fountain, in terraces, with galleries, and innumerable columns standing in the clear water, all arranged with such perverse ingenuity that, although you hear the rush of a considerable body of water, you cannot catch a glimpse of a cascade from any point. Here, in this fountain (if I may believe the hideous old crone who acted as cicerone), Diana's nymphs used to bathe. Perhaps even the goddess herself sometimes took a splash, if there ever were such a goddess, if not I beg her pardon!

High up above the fountains rises a steep rock covered with the richest pine firs, winding walks, bordered with roses (resembling those of China, and now in full bloom), lead to the summit, on which stands a tower of imposing size and height, and of unknown antiquity, surrounded by an orchard of olive trees; I gathered some of the fruit, which was so ripe as to have become of a deep purple colour.

Often, in trying to reconcile my palate to the olives we have at table in England—often have I wished to taste them fresh from the tree, and before they had been subjected to the vile pickling process which makes them no longer a fruit. Alas, for my ignorance! The olive, when first gathered, is so intensely bitter, that, not till after many months of steeping in salt water, can it be endured in the mouth. No danger of olives being stolen; these orchards would be safe from the depredations even of English schoolboys.

Went next to see the grand Amphitheatre, a very splendid ruin, still retaining its form, and affording a vivid conception of the amusement which required these gigantic structures. Here, could three-and-twenty thousand persons sit at their ease and enjoy the delightful spectacle (enhanced by the feeling of their own security) of human beings torn to pieces by wild beasts. This Amphitheatre was built by Julius Cæsar, and the devastations it has suffered are much less the effects of time than of the zeal of the new religionists. The early Christians were the prototypes of our own Reformers in the days of Henry

VIII., and of the followers of John Knox; they transferred their indignation from the abuses of an establishment to the buildings, which they considered to have been desecrated by them, and, like children, beat the stone they had stumbled over.

The last object which attracted my notice was the famous Maison Carrée, but I was so thoroughly disappointed at its diminutive size that it was only the fear of the police which prevented me from taking it up and putting it into my trunk; seriously, it is a pretty ornamented little baby-house, and might be put into the smallest Church in London.

Slept at Nismes, and, next day, came back by railway to Beaucaire, where we again took boat and descended to Arles, and, after a night's rest, set out to explore the town. Not far from the hotel was an obelisk, the only one ever made out of Egypt, of a single block of granite sixty-six English feet in height, considerably dilapidated, however, and showing the marks of a climate less favourable to the preservation of monuments than that of Egypt. On inspecting the noble Amphitheatre at Arles, I inadvertently brushed the nap of local patriotism the wrong way, by remarking to my guide that it was not so large as that at Nismes.

"Pardon, Monsieur, it is larger."

I still doubted.

"It is acknowledged to be larger."

"No," said I, "my eye cannot deceive me so much, it is smaller, decidedly smaller."

My guide's wounded honour could bear it no longer, and, in a tone of voice gradually rising till the climax, he exclaimed:—

"It is larger, Sir; I would wager my head, Sir, that it is larger; the whole world allows that it is larger; larger by—by—by six inches!!"

Now, considering that the building is only 515 feet in length, one-half longer than St. Paul's, one cannot wonder at his indignation at my disparaging curtailment of its proportions, so I began to brush the other way, and succeeded in appeasing his sensitive feelings. The fact is, the walls are so much thicker, and there is so much larger space allotted to the seats, that the area is materially diminished, and it happened as it has happened many times since the affair of the shield which the two Knights had viewed from opposite sides—both parties were right. *He* was thinking of the outside and I of the inside. I remember a case in point which did not, however, end in a quarrel, but a laugh; "I understand, perfectly," said one gentleman to another, who was describing a piece of timber, "one end was smaller than the other." "No," replied his antagonist, drawing himself up, "I say again, Sir, that one end was *larger* than the other."

Our hotel once formed part of the ancient Roman Forum, and a portion of the front is left in its original architecture; very extensive crypts exist at the back of the house, now turned into wine cellars; perhaps it was their original destination in the days of Horace and Virgil.

Posted from Arles across the country through Salon, St. Cannat, and Aix (en Provence), to Marseilles, and this step was taken in deference to Neptune, who had sent one of his most powerful winds to blockade the mouth of the Rhone, and prevent all steam-boats from passing out to sea—the position of Marseilles and the mouth of the Rhone, being something like that of Ramsgate and the mouth of the Thames.

Having no carriage, we were obliged to arrange for French post-chaises, the public conveyance having ceased to run in consequence of the inundations. Oh for the pen of Walter Scott, or the pencil of Hogarth to depict them! When Mrs. Meg Dodds, of the Aulton St. Ronan's, thinks her "leathern convenience" no longer consistent with her dignity, let it be dispatched to Arles, where it will "take the shine" out of all its competitors. I doubt if, in any part of England, there is a baker's cart of pretensions so humble. They were, however, in the *first* style of fashion, if you adopt the natural classification, and *begin from the beginning!* We paid three sous a mile for the use of these elegant vehicles, so that in sixty miles travelling they must have earned more than the fee simple.

MARSEILLES.

And now, having emptied my brain of recollections, let me say a few words on this town of Marseilles, or, as it ought to be spelt, Marsaille. It is a much larger and finer place than I had anticipated—the streets very wide and well built—and the whole town generally regular. Some of the public walks are exceedingly handsome, with noble trees forming an abundant shelter, which it is evident must be necessary in summer, for I observe that all the little vegetable gardens in the suburbs, are divided by plantations of bamboo, and the aloe grows on the rocks—distinct indications of a great change of climate since we left Paris. The streets are thronged with Turks, Greeks, Albanians, and other Levanters, whose gay and picturesque costumes contrast strongly with the sober dresses of the native population. These, with the multitude of soldiers going and returning from Algiers, baggage-waggons, cannon and ammunition, give a bustle and activity to the place, very unlike the half-alive appearance of almost all the other towns of France. Woe to the man who should advise the abandonment of Algiers—if he come to Marsaille he will be treated like the Marechal d'Ancre.

To-morrow, we embark on board the Charlemagne French steamer, for Naples, but shall be compelled to make the whole circuit of the head of the Mediterranean, as these boats are the means of communication with Nice, Genoa, Leghorn, Civita Vecchia and Naples—they sail every evening, and rest during the day at the respective towns, and thus give an opportunity for at least a peep at them, so that if Neptune be propitious and you can *sleep* on board, you perform the voyage itself in just no time at all.

My experience of steam-boats at sea, however, gives me horrible forebodings—and I feel something like a man who is going to be hanged to-morrow. The Captain assures me we shall have a splendid passage, but I look at the sky and take a furtive glance at the barometer—and fear the Captain's prophecy is uttered on the principle that actuates the doctor, when he tells a moribund patient that he will recover. In for it, however—there is no help. The road between this and Nice is broken up by the inundations, and several bridges are destroyed, so that we have Hobson's choice. I know that I am going to feed the fishes!—not with my body indeed, but in a way that delicacy will not allow me to set down.

One of the chief causes of our impatience to arrive at Marseilles, was to enjoy the luxury of the warm

sea baths, which I was assured would be found there in perfection. This morning I proceeded in search of them, and learnt that they were *only a few miles* from the town! and that coaches might be procured to take us there for a moderate price, but that it would be necesasry to give notice by a messenger some hours before the time the bath should be required. Notwithstanding all these obstacles the luxury was too great to be relinquished for moderate trouble and expence, and we set off in a nondescript vehicle with two wheels. After about an hour of lumbering through the ruts and lumps of the public road, we turned down a by-lane, where the wheels were rendered almost useless by the depth of the mud, and arrived at a beautiful place among the rocks, with a large bath-house, a handsome saloon, and, what in summer must be delighttul, a large space planted with trees uniting their branches so closely overhead as to form an absolutely impervious shade, where at the proper season a large company might sit out in the open air and enjoy the breezes of the Mediterranean, with a charming sea view. The accommodations for bathing in the sea are very perfect, and the absence of tide enables the bather always to have the same depth of water. Large squares are enclosed, and, when the weather *requires and admits* of it, are covered with a canvass roof; there is a very convenient separate accommodation for ladies, and as a place for summer bathing nothing in England can be compared with it; but the apparatus for warm baths was most wretched, and not at all adapted for winter. A brick bath covered with plaster, and one side formed by a solid stone wall, the main support of the building, the accommodations of a hen-roost, a broken stone floor, no curtains, and a door that, when shut, admitted of the hand being inserted between it and the door-post—certainly, on the present occasion, a convenience, for the outside handle was broken. I had scarcely placed myself in the bath, when the water became too cold to remain, and I huddled on my clothes again; heartily vexed to have taken so much trouble for worse than nothing.

On returning, I bought in the market a magnificent bunch of grapes, weighing, I think, nearly two pounds, for three half-pence; and took a ramble on the coast, to the left of the town, to see a large ship which had been stranded on the previous night; observed the coast completely covered with the little balls the size of apples, called "*Pommes de Mer*." They exactly resemble the round masses of hair taken from the ruminating stomach of the cow, and which are the produce of her own skin, licked off and swallowed. On examination, they proved to be the down of the Alga (sea weed,) rolled into these masses by the action of the water—a thing which could not take place where there was a considerable tide, as they would be carried out to sea and destroyed. They are very firm and elastic, and are believed by the common people to be the fruit of a plant at the bottom of the sea.

On board the "Charlemagne," Harbour of Marseilles, Morning, 24th December, 1841.

Here we are at last, on board. The captain is a fine specimen of a sailor, a bluff, jolly fellow, six feet high, extremely polite and well bred in manner, and with a countenance to inspire faith. The sun shines brilliantly, and the sea is moderately calm. He promises a remarkably fine passage, and I am trying to believe him. There is said to be no tide in the Mediterranean. I have heard the fact asserted and disputed a hundred times, and, on such occasions, concluded for the medium, viz., that there was a *very little* tide. At Marseilles, however, the thing is most disagreeably decided. There being no tide, all the filth of the town runs into the harbour, and, instead of being carried away at the ebb, remains stagnant and putrid, giving out the most horrid compound of villanous smells that ever offended nostril. The harbour waits for clearance like the old Scotchwoman with her threshed corn waits for "just a dispensation o' wind," which shall force into it so large a quantity of water as to make a strong ebb out again when it subsides, and thus clear away all the accumulation of dead dogs, cats, rags, and other unnameable filth which lies near the shore, for the especial benefit of the doctors. The sight of it is enough to produce vomiting, and the stench is inconceivable. Fortunately we are anchored at the mouth of the harbour. Had we remained near the shore I should have been seriously ill; indeed I am even now suffering from something very much resembling cholera morbus. If this be the case in winter what must be the effect of the stagnant mass in the heats of summer? The harbour, which is admirably protected, and has two entrances, exhibits a very lively scene; the vessels of so many nations, and the grotesque form of some of those from Turkey, Algiers, &c.; the incessant activity of the Government in sending out troops and ammunition to their new colony; the number of vessels returning with invalids, make a bustle greater than that of Liverpool, because *here* are no docks to transact business quietly. Silence is a Frenchman's horror.

One o'clock, P.M. We were promised to sail at Eleven (*French punctuality*), so that we may be off by two, perhaps. My writing-case shuts with a spring, and I am ready in a moment to jot down my thoughts as they arise, if Neptune forbid it not.

Half-past Four—off Toulon. "So far into the bowels of the land" without let or impediment. The whole coast, hitherto, is the most dreary that can be conceived. Rocks of grey stone emphatically sterile. Toulon is curiously situated; a deep recess of a mile or two, quite straight, as if cut by Art, forms a bay, at the bottom of which lies the town, strong by its fortifications, no doubt, but apparently unprotected. The high mountains which line the coast have not even the merit of being picturesque to compensate their sterility, for all the edges are worn off by the effect of the weather on the soft stone, and they do not, apparently, bear even moss or lichen. We have been creeping all the way close to the shore, which has a narrow strip of land on its border, the alluvium of the hills, up which climb a few olive trees, and there is a range of beggarly villages at the base. We are just now entering the channel between the mainland and the Islands of Hyères, the only place in France where the orange flourishes in the open air. The smooth water comes very apropos to enable us to enjoy our dinner, which is abundant and *recherché*. An occasional deep sigh from the passengers had been for some time past giving notice that the whole party was becoming *sentimental* (the first stage of sea-sickness). A few more miles of rough water and the dinner would have gone away untouched. No one has yet exhibited any of the degrading symptoms of

this most prosaic and humiliating of maladies. By-the-by I know no exhibition of superiority so intolerably offensive as the condescending compassion of those who are exempt from this infliction.

Six o'clock. The breeze freshens, but we are all so fortified by a good dinner and good wine, that we talk boldly; the wind is right astern, which makes us roll a good deal, but not enough to prevent the enjoyment of a glorious sunset, which casts a purple mantle over the mountains, and invests their bare heads with regal splendour. The sea looks intensely blue, and the curl of the waves is like frosted silver, slightly tinged by rays of the setting sun.

Strange! that one should look on a mass of waters with more interest because it is called the Mediterranean, than if it were named the British Channel. An unbounded expanse of water is an unbounded expanse of water, and nothing more, and whether it be the Pacific, the Atlantic, the British Channel, or the Mediterranean, it is exactly the same to the eye, but to the eye of the mind how different! My knowledge of Italy is, as yet, confined to the northern and eastern portions, the Mediterranean I had never seen, but it has been so often the object of my thoughts and longings that there is a kind of satisfaction that it is at last accomplished. The intense blueness that prevails at this moment I have never seen before, except at the lake of Geneva, where, you may remember, it is often seen the colour of a watch-spring. Our vessel is very large (160 horse power), and, as a matter of course, English engines.

Our party is rather numerous, and composed of Russians, Prussians, Italians, French, English, Americans, and Portuguese. The frost of reserve is melting away with all but the English, whose unsocial habits I have often occasion to notice and avoid. A couple of them, however, a lady and gentleman, recently married, are sitting on the sofa, apart, and are a world to themselves. God forbid we should interrupt their happy illusions!

The Americans on board seem perfectly English in tone of thinking, and I should not have recognized the peculiar nasal accent, had I not insensibly called to mind the ludicrous exaggeration of it in Mathews' representation—so firmly does association connect a caricature with the original; just as Monk Lewis's beautiful ballad of "Alonzo the brave and the fair Imogene" adheres so tenaciously to his own burlesque of it, "Giles Jalap, the grave, and the brown Sally Green." I found them well bred, well informed, and as conscious of the blessings of peace and as anxious to promote it as if the desperate "Press Gang," which disgraces their country, and earns its dirty bread by vilifying all that is good and honourable, had ceased to exist.

If you have not read Botta's "History of the Revolution of the United States of America," I recommend you to take the earliest opportunity of perusing it. To be acceptable in an English garb, it would require to be much abridged—it is a very clear and impartial, though rather prolix, account of the causes, progress, and consequences of the American War of Independence, which the writer shows to have been absolutely inevitable. The extent of the metropolitan authority over colonies had never been ascertained—there were neither precedents nor analogies to form a guide—one half of the English nation aided the insurgents, and a miserable Government carried on the contest so foolishly and so wickedly, that the justice of the matter changed hands, and that which in the beginning was a revolt became a legitimate rebellion. "All worketh together for good," says St. Paul, and no doubt this great event, though brought about by human means, was decided by the Divine Will, and tends to ultimate good.

One of my fellow travellers interested me much; a fine, florid, good-looking man, with mustachios perfectly white; he was very gentlemanly and dignified in carriage, and his remarks, more especially concerning the wars in Portugal and Spain, were evidently from not merely an eye witness, but from one who had held a high position.

I said, "You have been so long abroad that you have acquired a slight accent?"

He replied, "You compliment me, I am a Portuguese."

"Then," said I, "you are a man whose name is found in one of the brightest pages of our history—you are the Marquis S——?"

He said, "yes"—and was not displeased at a compliment which was certainly sincere. He gave me the history of the separation of Brazil, where he was Governor of one of the largest provinces, and Commander-in-chief. He was strongly urged to accept the post of Viceroy, but refused, unless they would allow him to lay the foundation of the separation by amicable negotiation and compromise. He remarked that I was one of the Englishmen who had a correct notion of the struggles in Portugal, their nature and origin—which are certainly very different from the popular belief in England.

In answer to my praise of his English, he said, "I learnt it with ease, for I had a beautiful tutor, and I was 18 years of age—I married her eight-and-twenty years ago—she has borne me eight children, and I am devoted to her now as fervently as in the first year of our union. I am going to Genoa to meet her."

A young Genevese, not more than twenty years of age, deputed by some of the ardent patriots of his conceited little Republic to commune with other choice spirits of the Peninsula on the regeneration of mankind, made himself very conspicuous at table by his loud boastings of the success of their recent revolution!—awful word! The mighty empire contains as many inhabitants as a fourth-rate parish in London—twenty-three thousand! He had been fighting with his musket and bayonet, and had, no doubt, killed his man or men. He expatiated largely on the glorious results of the outbreak, which had put down the aristocracy of watch-makers, chain-makers, brooch-makers, schoolmasters, and professors of the university, and left the people—the mighty sovereign people!—to make laws for themselves. No doubt the three-hooped pot shall, in future, have five hoops, and a true millennium be established for ever.

"One result of your bloody revolt," said I, "it requires no great sagacity to foretel. You have given the *coup de grace* to your trumpery little town, and the very word revolution ridiculous."

I am no friend to the extension of the power of France, but should certainly see with pleasure this contemptible little caricature of a government put down by a regiment of French soldiers, and no longer suffered to annoy their gigantic neighbour by establishing a place of refuge for rogues, smugglers, swindlers, and vagabond apostles of sedition.

Nine o'clock, P.M.—I have been walking the deck for some time under the influence of a most brilliant moon. The water is beginning to be "*moutonneuse*" as the French call it—that is, the tops of all the waves are curled into foam and give the sea somewhat the appearance of being covered with sheep. The moon is nearly full, adding additional beauty to the foam. How I envy those who are exempt from sea-sickness—it is becoming too rough for me, so I am going to turn in and try to forget my rising qualms.

Christmas-day, eleven o'clock A. M. We had a splendid sun-rise. I was up early and refreshed, to take advantage of it, watching the very interesting coast, almost a continuous line of houses along the shore, the ridge of mountains rising a short distance behind them, with noble country houses in picturesque situations half way up the slope, and on the intermediate little monticules. We are approaching the suburbs of Genoa, and the coast becomes richer at every moment. Behind the ridge of mountains already named, there rises the snowy line of the Appenines, forming no bad substitute for the Alps.

And now we enter the harbour of Genoa—*la superba*—and well it deserves the name. Palace after palace, house above house, church above church, and convent above convent, surmounted by imposing fortifications, rise in succession to the summit of the vast semicircular amphitheatrical site of this noble town. Mixed with the buildings are gardens and terraces, with here and there a sort of minaret. The gardens are full of evergreens; I cannot distinguish the kinds, but they tell me that they are olives, myrtles, arbutus, and orange trees.

The bells are ringing for church, and the sound is echoed and re-echoed from the mountains; the sun shines with a brilliancy which is strangely out of harmony with Christmas-day, and none the less welcome for that; and the sky is of the deep and varied blue so often talked of by the poets, and tried to be represented by the painters, but the glories of ultramarine and cobalt are poor imitations. The *mother-of-pearl variations of colour* cannot be represented on canvass. It is the first Christmas I have ever passed on this side the Alps; when last in Italy we had the cloudy skies of the latter end of autumn.

What a lovely scene is before me. I have brought up my writing-case to jot down the little events as they arise, not because they are worthy of record, but because it will give pleasure to those I love to follow my steps as they read my letter, and recollect what they were doing at the same moment.

It is, indeed, a joyous spectacle! The sound of the bells, the buzz of the multitude like the swarming of bees, "ronzava comesciame." That kind of elastic atmosphere which makes one pleasurably conscious of existence; and added to all this, the holy *sabbath feeling*, a compound of so many emotions.

Some one remarks that the word *fast* in England means *the addition of salt fish to a good dinner;* so Christmas-day, which in the Catholic countries of the south seems truly a *festival of the heart*, in our more prosaic clime is generally regarded as a *festival of the stomach*. Both are good things in their way, but of the two let me have the former, if the union be impossible.

I sit here with an open book before me, as if I were copying from it. This stratagem serves like the fowling-piece to the peripatetic traveller, to furnish a legitimate excuse for idleness and isolated amusement. This hint, by-the-by, is worth notice. It has sometimes enabled me to take down a conversation in a public room without exciting suspicion.

"But what is that immense piece of black drapery," said I to the captain, "extending all the way across the street, and from the roof to the ground? Surely that cannot be one of the modes of manifesting joy in this country."

The captain could not see it, although it was a most conspicuous object. An American and a couple of Frenchmen joined in my wonder, but some Genoese on board were as blind as the captain.

"Surely I cannot be mistaken—there it is—a large piece of black drapery, apparently of the richest cloth. It must be one of the preparations for a funeral."

At last the vessel was conducted to her anchoring-ground, and my brilliant broad cloth, seen from a different point of view, turned out to be a shadow!—a shadow thrown by one house across the street on another. I don't know that I could give you a better idea of the intensity of the light which could thus by contrast make shadow seem a substance. Yet this is winter!

Five o'clock P. M. *at the Hotel, and preparing for dinner.* This most interesting and impressive ceremony, for ever new and pleasing, will yet be delayed half-an-hour, so to beguile my impatience I will describe our occupation since we landed, which was not for nearly two hours after we entered the harbour; the Captain had a great number of formalities to fulfil at the Custom-house, and the police, to take especial cognizance of our persons. For this last object, they trotted us all round the deck in single file, to count and examine our physiognomy, and the first essay not being satisfactory, or the officer not being an adept in arithmetic, we were all trotted round a second time; I cannot say that this process tended to put us in good humour, but Sardinian police is not a thing to laugh at.

We have been walking round the town, looking at churches, which at this season are very splendidly adorned; some of the collections of artificial flowers on the altars were most superb; the dresses of the priests, who on this occasion wear their richest habiliments, the silver and gold ornaments, the blaze of jewels, and innumerable tapers of the altar, the marble columns, the twisted porphyry pillars, the noble statues, the beautiful ceilings, the rich and costly paintings on the walls, each enough to immortalize a modern artist; then the perfect performance of the most exquisite music, by some of the finest voices and instruments I had ever heard, and added to all these a very numerous and devout congregation;—altogether were enough to create an enthusiasm which I fear excited a feeling nearly allied to contempt, for our bald and jejune Protestant service. I cannot forgive our reformers for their rejection of all those helps to devotion, which even when the mind has been fitted to our tame ceremonies, are felt by the best educated man to be innocent and legitimate. It would seem as if we thought anything good enough for the house of God, and the *music* we offer up is a desecration of the faculty of hearing.

As I stood on the raised steps of the sanctuary (the space that encloses the altar), and turned back

to look at the *sea of faces*, all directed towards one object, and all strongly illuminated by the gorgeous profusion of lamps and tapers, such a multitudinous mass of countenances all under the influence of devotional feeling, formed a *coup d'œil* of infinite interest. To see a vast number of human beings all actuated by one sentiment, whether we approve or condemn—whether of the higher intellectual character or of mere animal instinct, the enthusiasm of admiration or the dire spirit of vengeance—in any of these moods a mass of popular impulse is a sublime and exciting spectacle. How much more when the feeling is one of religious fervour; this sentiment when not excited by controversy (it contaminates it with the least elevating of human passions), but by the tranquillizing influence of ceremonial devotion, gives the noblest of all expressions to the countenance. How often have I seen the face of a young child, which at another time had the meaningless character of undeveloped intellect, instantly irradiated with exquisite beauty when pouring forth its innocent prayers.

Each form of service, however, if sincere, must be acceptable to God. There is a beautiful illustration of this by some writer, whose name I have forgotten, in a parable of an affectionate father who went into a distant country, and when his return was expected, each of his children set about testifying his love by a present; one had saved money to buy him a watch, another had made him an easy chair, a third a cushion for his feet, and the others in proportion to their ideas and means, the youngest a mere child, had *gathered a daisy!* Was the father less gratified with this little flower than with the expensive presents of the elders? Every father's heart will say oh! no!—no!

Eleven o'clock, P.M.—The day had been so warm that we had all our windows wide open till dinner was over. Our hotel had been a palace, and our rooms were five-and-twenty feet in height, and at least thirty feet square. We happened to have the only saloon which had a fire-place, and could do no less than honour the day with a good blaze, without which Christmas would not be Christmas; so a noble crackle of vine branches set light to a regular *yule log* (query, is not this a corruption of *noël* log?), and, with spiced wine, we drank a merry Christmas and happy New Year to all friends in Ultima Thule. You need not give yourself the trouble to calculate the time from the longitude, to know what you were doing at the same moment, but may take for granted that we were thus employed from eight o'clock till ten.

I must scribble a few words more before going to bed, lest we should be too much occupied to-morrow.

It was a remark made by myself, by my companion, and by half-a-dozen of our fellow-travellers, who were in Italy for the first time, that we had suddenly changed the race. We had left in Provence a set of yellow-skinned caricatures of humanity, who could only by courtesy be called women; and we were come amongst a people so emphatically handsome that it was rare to meet a face that was not an object of interest. The ladies had that mild and tranquil air which distinguishes our own countrywomen; and they had the same neatness of dress, the same freshness of complexion, and the same placid expression.

The lowest class of women here seem to be descendants of the Saracens—at least a considerable proportion of them: they have the black eyes and hair, the yellow skin, and the genuine gipsy countenance, and they retain the oriental taste for gaudy colours: they wear a very broad scarf of printed cotton over their shoulders and head—the regular chintz pattern, with flowers as big as plates, and green, red, blue, and yellow griffins, and other monsters. The thing is ugly enough, but the effect of great numbers of people thus dressed, and massed into groups, is exceedingly picturesque.

Although the race here is so fine, we observe a great number of cripples and deformed persons. A medical eye instantly recognises the effect of bad nursing, bad feeding in childhood, ignorance of physical management, and, by consequence, rickets and soft bones. Such, however, seems to be the excellence of the climate, and such the natural superiority of the *race*, that, as I have above stated, the general character that impresses one, in spite of these exceptions, is that of health, vigour, and beauty.

We have all remarked to-day the large proportion of *gentlemen* we meet in the streets; that is to say, countenances indicating refinement and education. The Americans are particularly animated in expressing their admiration. Among the Ecclesiastics, who are here very numerous, this characteristic is still more remarkable; I saw amongst them some of the noblest heads in the world; they look like the best of our own clergy, who are certainly a more than favourable average of the English race. We all, however, looked with strong disapprobation on the great numbers of idle and slovenly monks who were mixed with the crowd, and apparently treated by them with the greatest contempt.

Sunday Evening, 26th December. We ought to have remained at Genoa only one night, but the intervention of Sunday, when no business is transacted at the custom-house, compels us to stay till to-morrow. We have thus had abundant time to view, at least, the exterior appearance of the town, and I admire it more and more. It is true, the streets are generally narrow, and, as Sterne says of Paris, it *would* be a satisfaction were they a little wider, because of the comfort of knowing on which side of the street you are walking, but the open spaces are exceedingly handsome, and there is one street especially (the Strada Nuova) which is entirely composed of houses as handsome as the Reform Club-house in Pall-Mall, all built of white marble, and covered with sculpture; indeed the coach entrances to houses in most of the streets are of the same material, splendidly embellished with figures; marble forms, at least, the front of most of the houses. High up on the roofs, or on the wings and porticoes, less elevated than the body of the buildings, are gardens full of orange trees loaded with fruit and roses, and jessamines in blossom. The Queen's marble arch at Buckingham Palace would cut but a poor figure at Genoa. They are building an immense range of arches, forming a covered arcade, with shops, the whole length of the sea front; it is of admirable architecture, of unpolished white marble, with just the mark of the chisel, and the top is to form a splendid promenade, also paved with fine marble, affording the noblest views of the city, the mountains, and the sea. Altogether, I am more than

pleased with Genoa, for it more than fulfils the expectation I had formed of it. When we look back to its ancient and heroic history, we cannot wonder that its inhabitants should have considered themselves unjustly treated in being transferred to the King of Sardinia, and made thus a dependency instead of a nation. It is to be borne in mind, however, that they had long been united to France, that they were made into an integral part of that Empire under Buonaparte, and that they only separated therefrom in April, 1814, when his sun had set, so that, according to the rules of warfare, they had no peculiar claim to forbearance; certainly, when they surrendered to the English fleet it was with the *claim* of independence, but it was not to be expected that such a claim would be allowed at the Congress of Vienna, when there was power to enforce whatever arrangement might be thought most consistent with the permanent advantage and general interests of Europe (of course no Sovereign attached importance to his own!). One can more readily sympathise with their disappointment than acquiesce in the reasonableness of their hopes. The town contains about 150,000 inhabitants, and looks as if it deserved to be the capital of a kingdom. It is very flourishing, and rapidly increasing in wealth.

It would be useless to give you descriptions of individual objects, as there are so many guide books, and any information I could offer would necessarily be inexact. It is interesting, however, to compare the present state of the town with its situation when Lady M. W. Montague visited it exactly a hundred years ago; she says, "The Genoese keep coaches as fine as the Speakers of the House of Commons, their liveries are all plain, nobody is allowed to keep more than two horses," &c. It is evident that "the Genoese," in her estimation, were a few wealthy and influential families, and that what is now called emphatically "the people," was, in her days, looked on as the manure, by means of which the pine-apples of society were raised to perfection.

I have never yet seen, heard of, or read of, a nation where the numerical majority were well informed, wise, temperate, and forbearing, and there is little hope of such a thing, however rapid the march of intellect. The only valid reason for acquiescing in the government of the majority would seem to be the avoidance of a physical contest: as the 100 would (*cæteris paribus*) beat the 99, it is agreed that the 99 shall (in the duelling phrase) "consider themselves horsewhipped." In the great contests of Italy, two hundred years ago, the generals in like manner spared their troops the mischiefs of gunpowder. Whenever, by dint of manœuvring, one of them had got his adversary into such a position that, if he fought, he would be almost certain of defeat, it was agreed that the latter should "consider himself beaten," and retire, and thus prevent useless bloodshed.

It is curious, however, to observe the severity of the laws in a Republic, and the positive tyranny acquiesced in, without murmur or remonstrance, when exercised by the temporary and fluctuating majority. If the same amount of tyranny were attempted under an arbitrary monarch he would be assassinated forthwith. For example, formerly at Genoa no one was allowed to wear an ornament of gold or silver, nor clothes of any other colour than black; and, in the "conceited little Republic" of Geneva no citizen was permitted to keep a carriage of any kind. What would be thought of an Emperor of Russia, or of Austria, enforcing a similar restriction; like the wife of Sganarelle in the "*Médecin Malgré Lui*" of Molière, "my own husband *shall* thrash me if he pleases, what business is it of yours," my own majority *shall* tyrannize if I please; I have seen more of minute and vexatious arbitrary power exercised in one week in the Canton de Vaud, which has the perfection of theoretical Government (Annual Parliaments, Universal Suffrage, and Vote by Ballot), than if spread over a year, would be tolerated under any of the absolute Governments of Europe.

The only reflection which seemed to console the minority under this Jack Cade system of legislation was, that by-and-by they would be able by electioneering stratagem, or the course of events, to reverse the respective numbers and tyrannize in turn. This glorious see-saw seemed to be a sufficient compensation for a childish dependence on the Government for direction and controul in the most trivial and minute actions of their lives, and they submitted to it with the resignation with which we submit to earthquakes, storms, and inundations.

On board the steam-boat, 28th December. What a strange Noah's ark is a large steam-boat at sea; I don't mean to carry the comparison to the extent of saying that it contains *all sorts of beasts*, nor even "all sorts of people" which Sancho Panza says "are necessary to make a world"—a wise saying, by-the-by, which sometimes tends to reconcile one to very odd sorts of people, if the reflection occur to the mind. The world could not exist as God intended it, did it not contain all the varieties of humanity—there must be the vain and the silly, to excite the ridicule of some, and the compassion of others—the improvident and the unfortunate, to exercise the benevolence of the good—positive injuries, or there could be no pardon—sins, or there could be no forgiveness. But not to make a transition into a gloomy moralizing sermon; I will cite my friend Sam Weller, senior—there must be disease and death, or what would become of the doctors and undertakers—"there is a dispensary in these matters," says he, and on being told that he ought to have said "dispensation," replies that "it is always writ up *dispensary* where they give you physic for nothing in your own bottles."

Our dinner party consists of persons from almost every nation in Europe: and as the expensive voyage and the mode of travelling are not adapted to the common business purposes of life, the general character of the guests is that of station, wealth, education, and refinement. The incognito allows all men, whatever may be their rank, to engage in familiar conversation, and when they find the interlocutor to be "a foeman worthy of their steel" there is the freest possible interchange of sentiment, if Neptune be in good humour. I do not know a more delightful mode of passing the day. Etiquette soon fades away, and every man shows to advantage, when free to state his opinions without danger of being reminded, like an M. P., that contradictory sentiments of his are recorded in "Hansard" or the "Mirror of Parliament."

The general, though not universal, exception to this free intercourse, is on the part of Englishmen; which is the more to be lamented, as (with the single ex-

ception of Russians) they are the best educated, and the clearest headed men in the world—

> Pride in their port—defiance in their eye,
> I see the lords of human kind pass by.

The mixture of aristocratic pride and bashfulness which distinguishes the higher classes of Englishmen is much to be lamented, for it makes the homage paid to the national superiority an ungracious debt instead of a voluntary gift.

A well-bred and well-educated Englishman, who to the advantages of birth and fortune adds a graceful person, and that freedom of thought which always stamps itself on the countenance, and who by travel and intercourse with mankind, has overcome the failing, is the noblest and most admirable object in the world.

Among the many men of rank and education present, was a Russian nobleman, who honoured me by his especial attention. In putting these letters into print I am necessarily compelled to cut out a large part of our very interesting conversation, and omit with regret some details of great value. I have always entertained a great respect for that Government, whose conduct during the last thirty years has been uniformly noble, forbearing, and magnanimous towards this country; ours, on the contrary, has long made a cruel use of our impregnable position, and seems to have triumphed in its exemption from responsibility towards other nations.

We spoke of the Roman ruins I had been recently examining, and I remarked that when London in its turn should share the fate of Babylon and Thebes, there would only remain a few bridges and public monuments to show that it had once been the centre of a mighty nation.

He exclaimed, "If all the monuments of England were swallowed up by an earthquake, there would remain to the end of time a thousand of the noblest memorials of her greatness—in the colonies she has founded—in the civilisation she has spread from one end of the world to the other—in the liberty, the free institutions, the power of self-government, she has bestowed on so many nations sunk in ignorance and superstition—in the arts she has cultivated—and in her noble and pure literature, which must now be eternal; for England exists all over the world, and neither physical nor moral revolutions can destroy it. No, no, Sir," said he, "these things are a thousand times more glorious than monuments of stone, bronze, and marble; they defy time and climate to efface them."

Now, considering that the conduct of England to Russia has been one of unvarying jealousy and opposition, and that our newspapers are constantly filled with diatribes of the grossest kind, not only against that Government but against the people, that they are reproached with not instantly adopting in *their* imperfect state of recent civilization, those free and extravagant liberties which we who have been accustomed to them for centuries can scarcely manage—that *we*, the conquerors of India, the invaders of Affghanistan and of China, accuse *them* of AMBITION, and call upon all the world to sympathize with us;—considering all these things, I do think that the compliment I have just described was real magnanimity.

Certainly the most extravagant vanity of patriotism that can influence the breast of an Englishman must be fully satisfied with the way in which his nation is looked up to by all others (at least among the educated classes) and even the furious opposition of the French (who prophecy our speedy expulsion from India)—even *their* violence is only the national mode of manifesting jealous admiration.

"Every year," said a German gentleman to me, "we are told of the approaching downfall of England; that she has reached her zenith, and must necessarily decline like her predecessors; when, in the midst of these lamentations, we hear of some stupendous exertion of her power, and she shoots a-head again with apparently more vigour than ever. All nations that can do it, adopt her institutions as the nearest approach that man has yet made towards perfection."

And now let us return to Rome, and try to imagine that we have entered it under more favourable auspices than in the draggled condition described in the first chapter.

Once more I visited the beautiful Sala Regia, represented in the last paper, where the artist has made a transposition of titles, and subscribed it "Ceremony in the Sistine Chapel," of which more on another occasion.

Further description of Rome must be deferred to a future period, on our return from Naples. We shall proceed with our narrative, and diverge at any moment from the main subject to any new topic, ancient or modern, which may be suggestd by anything; fulfilling at every step the announcement in the title, "Travel and Talk."

Naples, January 10, 1842.

At last the time arrived for quitting the Eternal City, of which I have seen so little that I should be in despair, but for the expectation of staying there some time on our return. We, on this occasion, did not venture on posting, but adopted the old mode of taking the *Coupé*. I thought that (as the children say) all the rain in the sky had already come down, but no; a sufficient supply remained above to serve us all the way from Rome to Naples, and to give no little annoyance at the Custom Houses. I had been told that only two were to be found, namely, Terracina, the last town in the Papal Dominions, and Fondi, the first in the Neapolitan territory; the ingenuity of the Neapolitan coachman and guard, was, however, exercised in finding out several others, where under pretext of the right of examination of baggage, the officers, or men pretending to be officers, demanded money for not doing their duty "*Per non far la Visità.*" We had given more than once what the conductor told us was usual with "persons of our importance," that is to say, a crown for the two; but our patience beginning to be exhausted, at last we refused, and told them to examine the baggage if they pleased, and they would have nothing but the labour for reward; for there was not a single article of contraband.

"Then if you won't give anything," said the man, "I'll examine your trunks in the rain."

This was no slight threat, as there was really no shelter. I paid therefore *under protest*, gave him a few of my newly acquired execrations, in short took the opportunity of airing my vocabulary of abuse, and swore like Ancient Pistol, to be "most horribly revenged"—but I ate the leek—and have not, and shall not, I

suppose, put in execution my solemn promise to complain to the Ambassador; and thus it is that abuses are continued in all countries. We can afford to expend words, but not time, in removing evils to which we do not expect to be ourselves again subjected; as for the public—why—"each for himself, and God for us all." Perhaps it is no better in England. We know the annoyances to which we are subjected as foreigners in another country, but we know not those to which foreigners are subjected in our own. I remember once meeting an Italian gentleman just going off to Oxford by the coach from the Post-office, in St. Martin's-le-Grand, who was disputing with a hackney coachman, demanding seven shillings for bringing him from Charing-cross. I told the coachman to call on me for the money, which he wisely abstained from doing. Had he put down in his journal that all English hackney coachmen are thieves, perhaps he wovld have been as nearly correct as myself in saying that all Neapolitan Custom House officers are rogues.

In leaving Rome I was much interested by the many gigantic remains of aqueducts and other buildings, which are seen outside the gates as we pass along the Via Appiana, a sketch of which was the head-piece of a former Pope's monument. The large square of brickwork near Albano, said to be the tomb of the Horatii or the Curiatii is remarkable; we must not examine too curiously into these matters; whether it was erected to commemorate that celebrated contest, or, as others say, to the honour of Hermes, son of Porsenna—to Pompey, or to anybody else, is now "nothing to nobody"—nor is the thing of great importance, could it be ascertained, for it is a plain mass of bricks, little more imposing than the square heaps we see piled up for burning in a brickfield.

Albano, the Gravesend of Rome, visited by all its cockneys, is a town of about five thousand inhabitants, its situation is excessively beautiful, but we could obtain but a few peeps in consequence of the rain. The next place which attracted my attention was Riccia, where a picturesque old castle on the top of a very steep hill, stops the way, and compels you to pass through it, when out of the gate we enter a beautiful park of fine trees disposed in natural order, a rare thing on the Continent; the road descends winding round through the charming dell, and resembling the best arranged park in England.

Arriving at Velletri to dine, I walked out a little to look at this ancient capital of the Volscians, which stands on a mountain close to the Pontine Marshes. I have often noticed how small an elevation is sufficient to guarantee from the effect of marsh miasmata.

The little village of Greenhithe, on the banks of the Thames, is very subject to ague, and the inhabitants have only to go on the bank about forty feet high to get cured of it; so, if I am to believe the landlord of the inn at Velletri, his town is remarkably healthy, though surrounded by the poisonous atmosphere of the adjoining swamps; not that much dependence can be placed on the report given by an inhabitant, for there is a curious modification of patriotism on such occasions, which makes every man feel his own dignity compromised by any disparaging observations on his native town, or even on the town he has chosen for a residence. I have no doubt that an aboriginal inhabitant of Walcheren would contend for the salubrity of his native island.

"More than that, sir," said the landlord, "this town of Velletri does not contain a single thief nor a single pauper."

Happy Volscians! Unfortunately, however, I picked up from among the loose papers lying about, a few written reports of the police, which show that if there be no thieves there are at least not a few open robbers. One or two of these reports are worth translating, as showing that in the Roman states, as in others, there are always persons ready to take advantage of a state of confusion, and lay the blame of their frauds on "the robbers." A man who is sent by his master to carry a bag of money to the next village, if he can manage to delay his journey to the evening, is tolerably sure to be "attacked by robbers." The money is gone, and the police are sent on a bootless errand after the "assassini." It is only when the real culprit is tempted to make a premature use of his ill-gotten wealth that he is detected. These "police reports" give several curious examples of this kind of fraud.

In passing through Mola di Gaeta, I was struck with the dreadful faces of flaccid yellow skin, which were all but universal. Well do I remember the countenance, having had under my care great numbers of the miserable survivors of that disastrous expedition to Walcheren; an expedition planned in folly and ignorance, and directed by imbecility. Had justice been executed on the real culprits, some of the ministers would have been impeached, the commanding officer cashiered, the physician-general prosecuted and disgraced for incompetence, and not a few of the commissaries mulcted of their ill-gotten gains. For a millionth part of the criminality, Byng was shot; but at that time "the people," had leisure to attend to public affairs, whereas at the time of the fatal expedition to Walcheren—at least at the time that its fearful results were beginning to be known—the many-headed monster was otherwise occupied. It was the time of the famous O.P. row at Covent Garden; night after night the whole energies of the British nation were concentrated in that theatre. For seventy-five days the important national object to be decided was, whether "free born Britons" were to pay 3s. 6d. or 4s. for admission to the pit. Nothing so ineffably ridiculous has appeared in the French newspapers respecting the "Soufflet," the "slap in the face" given by England to France in the affair of Syria, as then filled the columns of the broad sheet. In vain did some patriotic individuals endeavour to draw attention to the great calamity that had befallen the finest army England ever sent on the Continent—the public, the "enlightened public"—the People (majestic word!) the people were better occupied. He who could "sing a song of sixpence" (as the nursery rhyme has it), was alone worthy of being listened to; and the "songs of sixpence" were innumerable. More wit was employed on this splendid subject than one could have conceived to exist in the nation. Great occasions call forth great talents, and the O.P. row was versified in all imaginable ways; week after week did the hubbub continue. If an unlucky editor ventured a political discussion, his paper was cast down with indignation that he should be indifferent to the great national struggle at Covent Garden. And then the pure and moral people contrived to mix up with *the great question of the sixpence*, another object of the deepest interest. The wicked

proprietor had erected a number of private boxes—think of the awful word!—*private* boxes. How suggestive of iniquity! To what base purposes might not these *private* boxes be turned, Horatio. The pure-minded people did not waste their virtuous indignation on the numerous brothels which surrounded the theatre; on the myriads of little, filthy, half-naked girls, who paraded the streets in open day, setting decency at defiance, and uttering expressions of loathsome obscenity in the ears of modest women, with an effrontery that cannot be conceived in the present day—thanks to Sir Robert's Police. No, not even the shameless abominations of the saloon could (in those virtuous days) attract a moment's attention. The sixpence!! the sixpence!! "Think of that, Mr. Brooke;" and then, horror of horrors! the *private* boxes!! Why, who could satisfy the pure and virtuous *people*, when they saw a lady and gentleman in a private box, that they were lawfully married; and what free-born and high-minded Briton could listen to the play till his conscientious scruples were put at rest? The morality of the second tier of boxes is, in these degenerate days, of little consequence; nor, in fact, was it of even so *much* importance at the time of the Walcheren expedition; it was the introduction of *partitions between the boxes* which gave the alarm to the sensitive delicacy of Englishmen. From the vivid manifestation of public virtue, which then did so much honour to this moral nation, one could expect no less than the commencement of the millennium: but alas! the fire of indignation soon burnt out, when they had gained the victory of the sixpence, and we returned to all the iniquities of the past time. Meanwhile the ministers were safe, and all the concoctors of the expedition had time to prepare some other diversion for the public mind. If they had not encouraged the O. P. row they were greater fools than I take them for. Six-and-thirty thousand of the finest troops in the world were sacrificed—I say sacrificed, for a large portion died at once, and of the remainder scarcely a few hundreds ever recovered sufficient vigour to make their future existence endurable; but what of that; children were born by thousands daily; once born, they were sure if they lived to become adults. We could be at no loss for new soldiers; food for gunpowder was a drug in the market; but then *consider the loss of accoutrements and "materiel."*

> I've lost my wife, my mistress, and my horse,
> My wife she was a scold,
> My mistress was grown old,
> I'm sorry for my horse.

I'm sorry for the gunpowder and clothing. Well, at any rate it must be a consolation to every high-minded Briton, that the grand triumph of morality was secured, the private boxes *were* abolished—and —*we saved the sixpence.*

On how slight a cause depends a great event. At the time of this fatal expedition the ingenuity of modern chemists had not yet invented quinine. The irritability of the stomach which accompanied the Walcheren fever would not permit the use of bark in substance, which produced immediate oppression, and was soon rejected. Had we then possessed the new remedy, that noble army might have been kept perhaps in a state of efficiency, and the whole course of the war might have been different. "Your would-have-beens," says Thomas Carlyle, speaking of the death of Mirabeau, "your would-have-beens are mostly a sham; the course of events neither could, would, might, or should have been anything but what it was." I cannot agree with him.

After this long digression, I return to Mola di Gaeta, whose beautiful orchards of orange and lemon trees shone brilliantly against the clear sky. The dark and narrow streets we passed through looked miserable enough, and the ground floors, or rather cellars, in which the lower class of people live, seemed to contain all the conditions necessary to aggravate and intensify the effects of malaria from the marshes.

From Mola di Gaeta to Capua,—dull dismal Capua, where Hannibal, after the terrible battle of Cannæ, in which the Romans were so effectually defeated, made his famous *Pause*, (the worst of his *faux pas*) and saved the empire, by giving his enemies time to rally. We praise the Boxer for not striking his antagonist when down—but nobody praises the General for doing exactly the same thing. The country was almost entirely covered with lupines now just coming into blossom—not intended however to blossom, but to be pulled up for cattle-food—for which purpose, I am told, it is superior to almost all other vegetable substances: the portions already bared in this way were under the active cultivation of long rows of labourers, who with a very long-handled spade reaching above their heads, were turning over the deep black soil with great ease, although the instrument seems almost the worst that could be used for the purpose, having no cross piece, and no place for the foot. This district is called emphatically "Terra di lavoro." Every division of the fields is indicated by tall pollarded trees, and the top branches cut into the shape of a tulip; one or two great black twisted snakes of vine stems, climb every tree, and from the centre of the tulip cup send down a shower of small stems, which reach almost to the ground; these in the proper season are covered with grapes, which are so abundant that every passer by helps himself as freely as to the blackberries in England; all the hedge rows (where there are divisions of fields), are formed of vines, trained from tree to tree, and even in the public space bordering the roads, when they plant an oak or a chesnut they invariably accompany it with a few cuttings of vines.

Grapes thus grown without cultivation and without manure, cannot be expected to furnish very fine wine, but as a fruit they are excellent; with grapes as with apples and pears, those which are good for eating are not fit for the beverage, and the pears, apples, and grapes which make the best perry, cider, and wine, are exactly those which are not agreeable to the palate as fruit.

From Capua we pass on to Aversa, where is the great establishment for lunatics, brought to its present state of comparative perfection by my late friend Dr. Vulpes, one of the few who had the courage to break the chains of habit and prejudice, and treat the unhappy victims of insanity as beings worthy of compassion instead of punishment. I can easily conceive that when madness was considered "possession by an evil spirit," men should endeavour to scourge it out of them; the evil spirit being supposed to *feel* through the body of his victim, which he had made his *home* for the time. By making the tenement an uncomfortable lodging, it was a legiti-

mate inference that the devil would be induced to change his quarters, and though this *never "answered,"* yet the logic was so clear that the practice was continued long after it had been found to be ineffective. For a long time it was believed that the devil was insensible to any but severe blows, and they were therefore sometimes inflicted with such severity that he was *effectually* driven away, *for the patient was killed.* It was, however, some consolation to the surviving friends to know, that when the lunatic was put to death in the process of driving out the devil, that old gentleman's authority ceased immediately, and he had then no power whatever over the soul—and how slight was the punishment of flogging to death, compared with the mildest of the pains of purgatory.

But I cannot continue this banter and irony. The very soul heaves with indignation, similar to that we feel at the atrocities of the Inquisition—which were generally practised in simplicity and good faith, with the pious hope that the torments of the body would expiate the sins of the soul. I doubt if either Inquisitors or mad-men floggers will be allowed to plead their good intentions in the day of final account.

At last, at a late hour of the night, we arrived at Naples, passing through an imposing barrier. The formalities of the custom-house, having been much diminished by the application of influential friends, we were soon relieved of all responsibility, and allowed to proceed to the hotel, passing down very steep and wide streets, some vast buildings looming large in the vague light of the lamps, and giving an impressive idea of the grandeur and importance of the town we were entering; after at least a mile and a half of streets we arrived at the edge of the water, and found very sumptuous accommodation and a superb dinner.

TO AN INFANT SIGHING IN ITS SLEEP.

BY CAROLINE WHITE.

Thou with the seraph brow!
And cheeks that look as if thy last repose
Had been amidst the brightness and the glow
Of fallen blossoms of the summer rose,
And fairy hands on either dewy cheek
A glowing leaf had pressed in graceful freak,
Why art thou sighing now?

Thy meekly closèd eye
Trembles with sweet significance of life
Beneath its folded lid that languidly
(Like a drooped leaf with dewy moisture rife)
Bends downwards in most touching impotence;
What mean thy dreamy quiverings, and whence
Thy faint, but frequent sigh?

Too delicate thy hue,
Too like the unsunned freshness of a flower,
Newly unfolding to our curious view
Exotic tints from some Elysian bower,
Art thou, fair child. Not yet hath earthly strife
Mingled its cross-threads with a web of life
So stainless and so new.

Why then thy transient sigh?
Hast thou a consciousness of grief to come,
A whisper of the shadows ever nigh
The sunshine that surrounds an earthly home?
Hast thou already felt love's eyes are wet
At its own bliss, and can'st thou feel regret,
Thou lovely mystery?

LINES TO A ROBIN.

I.

The bleak north's chilling breeze
Howls through the leafless trees,
And brings the winter's gloom;
And yet, though cold and drear,
I find thee, Robin! here,
As if it all were bloom!

II.

But say, how canst thou bring
Thy little heart to sing
Amid these withered bow'rs?
Thy breath, too, is more sweet
Than when thy trembling feet
Played through the summer flow'rs!

III.

Say—hast thou learned when all
Thy rosy dwellings fall,
To hide in music's strain,
Thy blighted hopes—thy fears—
And (if thou hast them) tears
Wept in thy memory's pain?

IV.

Sing on sweet bird! like thee,
When 'midst the cold—the free,
If sorrow should be mine:
I'll sigh not o'er the hours,
Gone—withered like thy bow'rs—
My song shall be like thine!

W.

A LITTLE GOSSIP ON THE OLDEN TIME.

BY MRS. POSTANS.

If one were asked what formed the character of the present times in England, the answer would be, *change*—restless, ceaseless, progressive, improving change; in some matters, leading to such new, unexpected, and valuable results, that the mind dare not venture forth its thoughts to anticipate their effects upon the future; and in some cases again, seeming to return, in a search after much that was forgotten, to drag it forth from its concealment, and to try how far it will fit into a niche of modern customs. The Imitative Arts, which are the earliest forms that improvement and intelligence take when moving over the great chaos of barbaric life, become gradually less esteemed, as men progress in civilization, and intellect asserts its power over mere materiality, teaching as it does the arts of government, of social life, and of religious influence; and consequently we find, that as nations grow in civilization and intelligence, they love truth rather than fiction, action rather than abstract contemplation, while the arts of poetry and the drama, gradually fade into insignificance, and remain unsupported by popular taste, while science alone seems worthy of occupying the minds of men. Again, as we progress into civilization, the amusements and usages—which, after all, were but a remnant of those barbarous ages, when in lieu of laws to defend the weak from the aggressor, every man sought to gain by might, that which he found cause to covet, having his physical power and the rude art of war, a defence for himself and his followers, a shield under which he might safely commit every description of offence—must of necessity gradually give way before the more enlightened views of men; and thus it is that the boxer, the duellist, the gamester, find themselves not despised creatures of old time, a preter-pluperfect tense, as it were, of social life, troublesome and dangerous, and men are uneasy until they have shaken them off, considering such now as they really are, but unhealthy things that sprouted in a corrupt state of society, and are now rotten excrescences, with little enough to support them, but the want of moral courage to lop them entirely off; and thus it is with many other things to whose folly and unfitness we awake daily, wondering as we do so, at the benighted condition of our ancestors, and yet sorely puzzled ourselves, how entirely to rid ourselves of the evil.

Olden times, however, leavened as they were with the idle pastimes, left us by our Roman, by the military brutalities bequeathed us by our Norman, and by the rude trials of strength taught us by our Saxon conquerors, have left a record of manners so full of jest and entertainment that we cannot but smile upon them as we censure; and there really was so much wit and waggery, so much actual enjoyment, and so much absurdity of thought and custom about the people, that it is impossible not to be entertained by a comparison between their manners and our own, and the necessary inquiry leaves us a certain consciousness, that although we may be a much wiser people now-a-days, we are but a very dull, heart-sore, over-toiling, misery-manufacturing race after all.

The reader may perhaps be amused to glance over some of the most distinct and entertaining characteristics of the past, and where the comparison can exist, observing how far we may have altered from, or how rapidly we may be returning to what was matter of jest with us, concerning the manners and customs of our ancestors, and will be perhaps amused to trace in what much that we now enjoy, as rational recreation and modern fashion, really orginated.

Our theatres and public exhibitions first attract attention, the first of which seem so rapidly flitting from before our view, that it is well to note them as they pass; the truth indeed being that the Drama, our greatest imitative art, born in barbaric times, and nursed into strength by a mixture of luxury and refinement without intelligent civilization, must needs find that old age and death are at hand, when taste points to the real rather than the ideal, when life has become too short for the engagements of its possessor, when busy thought and the physical sciences occupy the minds of men, and when we all seek to press more power of action into a limited space, rather than to wile away the days of the years of our life in sport, pastime, poetry, and the mimic arts.

We borrow farces from the French, and cannot possibly understand their gist, because they hold the mirror up to a nature that is not ours, while we find our own comedies dull and unbearable, and endeavour even too often to conceal an ill-suppressed yawn, while sitting before the acted tragedies of our highest master: we complain of a want of dramatic authors, a want of actors of sufficient talent to satisfy us that the times of Garrick and Siddons are not absolutely passed away, but the truth is, that unless *we* retrograde, the drama will linger unto death, for neither men's leisure, the character of their thoughts, nor the kind of occupation which now proves all engrossing to the mass, will leave inclination for the dramatic art, nor afford to it the necessary support of zealous encouragement.

The Greeks began their dramatic entertainments in the cart of Thespis, but we of Old England by "Miracles" in our churches. The first play of this kind was written by the Abbot of St. Albans, in the time of Richard the First, who intended him to become a schoolmaster to the monastery, but he wrote his play of "Catherine," it seems, instead, and used the sacred vestments to adorn his actors. These miracles seem to have been dull matters after all, for they had no spice of villany about them, either to create sympathy in the evil-disposed, or enthusiasm of opposition in the good, and therefore the mysteries followed, in which antagonist principles were introduced, and Beelzebub, with a whole troop of merry devils in his particular employ, served

the purpose of a modern jester. It was still dull, however, to witness the martyrdoms of saints, the casting out of devils from Mary Magdalen, and the conversion of St. Paul, performed for days together; consequently, "Moralities" followed, reasonings in praise of good, and condemnation of evil, taking events of history for its plots, and on this was founded our modern plays. Beelzebub, too, changed his character for the worse as far as he was concerned, for instead of being a mere tumbling, grinning, mischievous Punchinello, as he was in the mysteries, under the head of "Moralities," he took the form and title of "Vice," attired in a long coat, and flourishing a wooden dagger; as Ben Jonson says "I would not give a rush for a vice that has not a wooden dagger to snap at every one he meets;" and in an old stage direction, the vice is directed to lay about him, and tumble the characters over one another with great noise and riot, "for dysport sake." These mysteries, moralities, and miracles, were all ecclesiastical dramas; but some profane jugglers, minstrels, and jesters, got up secular plays, and although they were intended only for the vulgar, yet there was quite enough racy matter about them to delight the rich; and neither the courts of England nor the banquet halls of her barons were thought too refined for the exhibitions of these itinerant players; and they gained so much, these jesters and minstrels, from the free bounty of belted knights and lovely ladies, that the monks and churchmen, never able to resist the means for the acquirement of wealth, thought fit to turn actors also, and tried to bring the poor bourdours (jesters) into disgrace, preaching against their levities and evil practices, which sermons the good monks no doubt composed over their venison pasties and good sack possets; but it would not do, the mirth of the minstrels conquered the envy of the churchmen; and as the bold barons of merry England loved well the coarse jests and antic pranks of the minstrel and jester bands, the churchmen who dared not go the same lengths in immorality, were found so dull that they were forbidden to continue the exercise of their talents, and abbots were instructed not to permit the brethren of monasteries to become mimics and players.

Theatres were never thought of in these times. The itinerant actors played at the upper ends of baronial halls, or even in the churches, when the wardens required funds for their repair, and as late as Queen Elizabeth's time, on scaffolds in the street.

Regular plays, however, soon followed these rude exhibitions of mere buffoonery, and theatres were erected. The law classed the jestic band as rogues and vagabonds, and sought to render them extinct, while nothing lived in peace, but the old vice of the moralities, who reappeared as Punchinello, ancestor of our modern Punch.

There were then puppet-plays that delighted people amazingly, and continued their attractions to the commencement of the last century, rivalling even the regular plays of the large theatres. Powell, who is mentioned in the "Spectator," seems to have been very great in this way, and is merrily described as putting the Opera House in danger by the cleverness of his entertainments. In 1794, the amusements of London seem to have been at a low ebb, being confined to the Opera House in the winter, and the Little Haymarket in the summer; but, previous to this, shows, gardens, and fairs were in high repute among all classes. The Pantheon, in Oxford-street, was opened in 1772, after being splendidly decorated after the designs of Wyatt. But its appearance was very different then to what it is at present; there were no pretty wares tended by neat-handed demoiselles, well skilled in the persuasive eloquence of their trade; no picture gallery, affording proof that it is not necessary to be an artist to put colour upon canvass; no warm air bath, uniting the ornithology of the tropics, with the botany of England; but the Pantheon to which two thousand people crowded to see its opening was the most splendid edifice in London, containing fourteen magnificent rooms, and a spacious rotunda with double columns running round it, with recesses decorated with Grecian bas-relievos, and lighted by a vast dome, around which were statues of the heathen deities.

The amusements at the Pantheon seem to have been varied; masquerades were given there, and remarkably well conducted, so that either they were more suited as amusements to the respectable classes than such things are with us, or, that the license of the times was greater, which allowed ladies of rank and fashion to participate in them, for certainly all London were to be seen there.

The first great commemoration of Handel also took place at the Pantheon in later times, and the first balloon arose from it.

Poor Mrs. Cornly, a German by birth, and the great supporter of fashionable amusements in Queen Anne's time, is a sad and painful instance of the readiness that society has to become ungrateful to the ministers and caterers of its pleasures. Originally possessed of great elegance of mind, and knowledge of the public taste, Mrs. Cornly, at an expense of two thousand pounds, embellished the celebrated Carlisle House in Soho-square, and from its magnificence, the patronage of all the persons of rank in the country, and the skill she possessed in orginating novelties for their amusement, ventured to imagine she could rival Italian influence in the then flourishing Opera House, but she failed, was imprisoned for debt, and after some years of incarceration—(by that terrible old system of removing an unhappy debtor from all chance of paying his creditor by placing him bound hand and foot, as it were, where the most strenuous endeavours or honest intentions are fruitless, and where the able and industrious man, growing imbecile in mind and diseased in body, might linger on a weary victim to the law's tyranny, until he died a pauper's death, forgotten and alone)—Mrs. Cornly at length was freed, but finding herself without a shilling in the world, and her place long since usurped by some new minion of fashion's votaries, the poor foreigner shrunk into some miserable hovel in the neighbourhood of Brompton, and for some years supported a wretched existence as a vender of asses' milk, until, again a debtor, Mrs. Cornly entered the grim portal of the Fleet prison, where she died unnoticed, aud was buried in a prisoner's grave.

I saw a curious account a short time since of a masquerade given during the period of her celebrity, at Carlisle House, by the gentlemen of the Tuesday's Club, held in 1770, at the Star and Garter Tavern, in Pall Mall. The characters had much oddity about many of them, and their selection proves a singular species of waggery to have prevailed, rather

difficult, one would think, to be sustained with credit. One of the characters, for instance, represented a Bedlamite run mad for "Wilkes and Liberty," another, was in the costume of "Somebody," a third, of "Nobody," and a fourth, who seems to have created infinite amusement, and not only to have been merry himself but the cause of mirth in others, was seen as a "double man, half miller, half chimney-sweep." At this masquerade appeared all the rank and fashion of London, but the humour of the entertainment was such as would now only suit the festal shades of Greenwich, or the thronged haunts of Epsom. There was little order, however, observed in the public amusements of those times, as we find that the custom of having sentinels upon the stage was abandoned in 1763, in consequence of one of them laughing at the character of Sir Andrew Ague-cheek until he fell convulsed upon the stage, and narrowly escaped dying of laughter in its literal sense. Then, again, we have proof of what was ventured in that day by the celebrated hoax at the Haymarket in 1749, when some wits tried the credulity of the public by announcing that a man would enter a wine bottle on the stage, and sing in it any song the public called for. The house was filled to overflowing, but the entertainment did not proceed. Time passed, the audience grew impatient, and then violent; the manager appeared and besought their patience, an alteration he said had taken place, and the artist would now enter a pint bottle and sing a glee! the audience believed, were satisfied, and peace restored; but at length even the credulous audience of the Haymarket found it was nothing less than "a school for dupes," and, maddened with rage and disappointment, they tore up the benches, made bonfires of the scenes, and nearly destroyed the theatre, while the wags escaped in safety, laughing heartily at the success of their jest, and not caring much for the troubles induced by the old reading of "Quid pro quo" on the manager of the Haymarket.

In 1776, one of the principal amusements of the metropolis was Mary-la-bonne Gardens, situated on what now forms the upper end of Harley-street; and one idea of the proprietor seems to have been particularly attractive. The large saloon was surrounded by boxes, and by the means of these he succeeded in conveying a notion to his visitors of the Parisian Boulevards. Each box was filled with all the trinket trumpery, the mischievous perfumery, the very indifferent music, and the very tooth-destroying confectionary, which renders this great boast of our Parisian neighbours so attractive even in modern days, while each shop was surmounted by the name of the owner, made ingeniously to correspond with his trade; the shopkeeper, attired in most grotesque array, and in tolerable French, requiring the patronage of the crowd. There was Crotchet, a music seller; Newfangle, a milliner; Tête, a hair-dresser, &c., while some glittering cafés were well provided with sweetmeats and refreshments, and booths afforded opportunity for the display of half the buffoons of London; the best performances however being called the "Egyptian Pyramids," where, after the manner of our modern feats of strength at Astley's, eight men supported themselves one on the other, until the form of the whole resembled so nearly the monuments described, that the crowd with a little imagination might have fancied themselves at Ghizeh.

Mary-la-bonne Gardens seem to have succeeded, in the favour of persons of rank and fashion, to Bartholomew Fair, which, however low it may now be in public estimation, was then regarded as the most delightful recreation in London. The proprietor was a man of considerable enterprise, but he was nearly ruined in 1762 by his expenses in erecting gilt boxes and handsome booths, in engaging fire-eaters, posture masters, Dutch mountebanks, dancing horses, and so on, quite as interesting then as are the Ojibbeway Indians, and General Tom Thumb. Sir Alexander Stevens, the great wit, however, has given the best description of this celebrated fair at its zenith of attraction, and the reader may be amused as I was by the concluding lines in the showman's invitation:

> Here's Whittington's cat and the tall dromedary,
> The chaise without horses, and the Queen of Hungary;
> Here's the merry-go-rounds; come, who rides? come who rides, Sir?
> Wine, beer, ale, and cakes, fire eating, besides, Sir.
> The famed learnèd dog who can tell all his letters,—
> And some men as scholars are not much his betters.

Then there was White Conduit House, first opened by a professor of musical glasses, who delighted all London by his dulcet sounds; and the donkey races at May Fair; and then the Tottenham Court Fair, that was always crowded by the nobility; with "morrice-dancing dogges," in 1664, and tricks performed by horses, a thousand times more wonderful than anything ever seen at Astley's or Franconi's.

In fact the people had leisure, and they had also little learning. They sought to be amused, and they were so; our population was not so thick then as it is now; our wars had been fewer, our taxes less, our country gave more occupation to the agriculturists, and we were not so hemmed in by the signs of civilization, tall houses, and great chimneys; we had fewer towns and more villages, less learning and more food; so the people, instead of working in factories in the country for as many hours as they could work without falling under the machinery, or soothing the pangs of hunger by Chartism, or burning down the farmers' ricks to quench in vengeance the agony kindled on their own bare hearth, by the sight of their gaunt wife and starving little ones, sought amusement in the open fields by sports of all sorts, the remnant of those left behind by their various conquerors, and the world of London refining on these homely things, and bringing pampered vices to bear on them, introduced into simple jests and usages that which in the fact while giving them a more barbarous character, seemed to increase their relish.

At one period the people loved to dress themselves in the skins of animals, and then to imitate their vocal sounds and general habits, a sport evidently derived from the Roman Saturnalia, and the origin probably of the modern masquerade. Paulinus, Bishop of Nola, in the ninth century, preached against the habit, but in his time it was but a simple matter among the country folk, while in later times the luxury of the city gave it an aspect well causing it to be the subject of animadversion for the clergy. Mummers, again, a class whom our forefathers derived so much amusement from, were of Danish origin, and the common folk simply made them an occasion of mirth and frolic, but the evils that arose in London from the masking of men's faces and their dancing about the streets, were such, that King Harry the Eighth was compelled to ordain that no persons

should appear abroad like mummers under pain of imprisonment, and a fine of twenty shillings was enforced against all persons who kept vizors in their houses for the purpose of mumming.

Horse-racing, also, which in our days of civilization has become but a recognised occasion for the amateur and professional gamester to enter on a trial of skill as to which can be guilty of the most dishonest practices, was in olden days necessary to a man of fashion, as they approved him capable of understanding the nature of a noble animal, and of practising his knowledge simply for amusement sake. To the Saxons we were indebted for this sport, and as it is now in the East, the Princes of the House of Capet considered the exchange of swift horses as the worthiest presents for kings and monarchs. Racing, however, two centuries since was pursued only as a liberal pastime; in proof of which it was always compared to hunting and hawking as a manly sport, and opposed to dice and card-playing, instead of being grievously united, both with them, and every other species of disgraceful gambling, as it is with us. Old Burton, however, complains in his time, that men began to gallop out of their fortunes, and in King James the First's reign, races were run for a silver bell, altered to a cup by the merry monarch, who, while living at Windsor, appointed races for his disport, in the pretty mead at Datchet. Progressing as we are, the time, though ripening fast, has not yet power to cast off the blot of racing from our national customs, but the regulations which will render it less attractive to the common people, and the evil practices which will make it less patronized, we hope, by the higher classes, must tend to do away with a sport, which, having originated in a barbarous period of our history, has become but occasion for disgraceful gambling among the more enlightened of what is called *civilized* society. Gaming is not generally, however, though it is so in this instance, the accompaniment only of civilized habits; for with Saxons, Danes, and Normans, it was ever a prevailing vice, while in later periods, its prevention has ever occupied the serious attention of the Legislature, and even in the Christian army of Richard the First, decrees and edicts were published against it, which, while they permitted the monarchs their own stakes, rendered their attendants liable to a three days' whipping, if they presumed to be as vicious as their superiors.

Thus then have we perverted those customs of our ancestors which time has left us, but some there are to which it were well we could return, so that their real spirit and simplicity might be retained with them. Dancing, for instance, with our forefathers was a healthful, innocent relaxation; they had no Polkas, it is true, but the state and graceful dances of the nobility were considered as necessary to the accomplishments of persons of both sexes, while the young workwomen and servant girls of London danced before their masters' doors in the evening, such jigs as good health and good spirits taught them, and we doubt not they were all the happier and the better-minded for the exercise. We cannot help thinking, also, that a change in this matter would be a proof of a higher state of civilization among ourselves. Our climate, it is true, is not so fine as that of France and Italy, and therefore out-door recreations do not form so materially a part of the happiness of the general population. A great deal, however, is laid to the charge of our climate, and that often with little justice: we have quite bright and sunny days enough to carry mirth to honest hearts, quite calm and pleasant evenings enough in which to seek the fresh air, rather than linger in close chambers whose atmosphere is rendered foul by greasy lights and want of cleanliness. Our forefathers found the climate good enough for their out-door dancings, their merry games, their pageants, and their open scaffold theatres, and why is it not good enough for us? We would it could be tried; we would that, near every town and village in the land, even in mighty London, with all her furnaces and chimneys, patches of green sward might be found, to which a poor workman from the iron toil of the heated manufactory, in which during the long summer day he has bent over wheels and shuttles in a closed room, inhaling an atmosphere made up of the effluvia from bad water, oil, and cotton, could come forth to fan his poor wan cheek in the healthful breeze, and exercise his cramped limbs on the beautiful sward with which God has covered the free earth; a patch of green land could be found to which the poor sempstress might escape from her task-work, to gain, by wholesome exercise, a hope of that sweet and refreshing rest, which, though not denied to the veriest drudge in the animal creation, the gentle, graceful, tender slave of fashion and her fellows, has long exchanged for two hours passed in the fitful slumber of exhaustion, even then not daring to cast from her the garments that heat and oppress her frame, so valuable is every moment's rest to her giddy, aching head, her sore and weary fingers; we would that this might be, and that the rest from toil and healthful exercise so given to those on whom we cannot think, but a blush rises at the blot that is upon us, might afford the means of labour to the thousands who cry aloud for bread; that the sounds of mirth might be heard instead of the wailing of the famished, and that the eyes of those who labour might be bright with contentment, rather than weak from hunger, or glaring with the fierce passion of despair.

The idea of the manufacturer, however, brings with it a recollection of the dress of our ancestors, and of what a rich, graceful, courtly thing it was! No Parisian stripes then at four-and-nine-pence the full dress; no Tweeds at fifteen-and-six! Poor women with anxious hearts did not then stand and pray and wait, to have the joy of making shirts at three half-pence each that the shopman might get his profit of a half-penny! but we had brocades and Pauduasoys, embroidered satins, and slashed velvets, point lace and diamond buckles, the worth of one of which would purchase the wardrobe of a score of modern beaux. And people were paid for their labour too, and the stitching and cross-stitching necessary, occupied months in the manufacture of a garment: for the linings with striped silks, so much in vogue then, as they now are with the ladies of Syria and Constantinople, the edgings of gold and silver, the embroiderings, and waddings, were not easily arranged; and yet notwithstanding the costliness of the materials, and the expense that attended their making up, the fashions changed from time to time as with us—not so often, certainly, for we, copying our Parisian neighbours, find weighty objections now-a-days to the sleeves and garnitures of six weeks' fancy; yet caprice then seemed fully gratified, particularly in male cos-

tume, which underwent many more alterations than at present, each however of equal richness, an idea of which may be gained by the description of suits lost and advertised for in 1714, and which consisted of a scarlet satin suit, laced with gold lace, lined and faced with blue; a fine cinnamon cloth suit, with plate buttons, the waistcoat fringed with silk fringe, and a rich yellow satin flowered morning gown, lined with cherry-coloured satin; a costume affording a great contrast to the dull-coloured broad-cloth fashion of to day, and its graceless form. Our changeable climate had doubtless much to do with our winter and summer fashions, as at present, which including, as a necessity, the use of both the lightest muslins and the warmest furs, it follows of course that the make and character of the garments must also undergo a change. The men's dress also, as it was more rich, occupied attention more, and the lace and embroidery of a beau of 1700, gave him quite as much care as the furbelowed jupe does a modern belle.

The old newspapers afford the best idea of the costumes of our forefathers that can be obtained, in consequence of their system of advertisement, which was remarkably full; and all articles lost or found were described with a care and accuracy which showed that public news and interests took up a much smaller space than they do at present; for as it is shown, that if one attempted to read the whole of the *Times* newspaper every day, so one would be several papers in arrear at the year's end, for we know not what supplements and second issues might not be required, were descriptions admitted of a similar character to those which helped to fill the pages of the *Protestant Mercury* of 1700. Red-Lion-square, dull, dark and dirty as it is in our time, was then a place of fashionable residence, and I found a notice the other day of a loss sustained there by the family of Sir George Heneage, which gives some idea of the general costume of the period. The advertisement is "for a *Head*, with very fine looped lace of great value, a Flanders lace hood, a pair of double ruffles and tucker, two laced aprons, one point, the other Flanders lace, and a large black scarf, embroidered with gold."

Wigs, or "heads" as the term was, odd as the fashion seems, were in great request, both among the beaux and belles of Old England, and if we may take other nations and their tastes in proof of the assertion, as well as our own, all semi-barbarous people seem to have affected the use of false hair; we have in the British Museum a well-preserved wig of an ancient Egyptian, and even the Simalees, whom I have seen at Aden, wear either wigs of which they are very proud, or dye their hair red, in imitation of that which they so much admire.

The *Protestant Mercury* of 1700, which I have before alluded to, relates rather a romantic story connected with the subject of wigs, which proves both the affection of the heroine, and the value of the article in fashion. An Oxfordshire lass of great beauty was beloved by a young man of considerable merit, but far too poor to wed a dowerless bride. The girl travelled to London, sought a chapman in the Strand, and entreated him to purchase her hair, which was light, silky, and of great length, at the usual price. The bargain was struck, the wig-maker gave her three pounds an ounce for the hair, which weighed twenty ounces, and the errant damsel returned to Oxfordshire, to wed the poor knight of her affections.

Wigs indeed appeared as necessary to every body as their clothes, and people seemed to consider, that character as well as wisdom was to be found in the wig. The wits asserted that a barber's block might stand for a Cæsar, if well wigged, and that fine gentlemen were often like the pots of the apothecaries, decorated and empty. Every class, therefore, had its wig. The apprentices wore a minor bob, as it was called, of horse hair, short in the neck; the gentle cit, a bob major, with three tiers of curls; an apothecary, a bush like a snow ball; the "Physical Sirs," a wig with depending knots: then there was the "scratch," to imitate natural hair; and the "white and all white," covered with little curls. In 1720, a campaign wig was introduced from France, that cost fifty pounds; it was full curled, and eighteen inches in front, with drop locks, and this wig was exhibited in Sidney-alley, Leicester-fields, at a shilling entrance, as a great curiosity, being made without sewing or weaving.

The fluid for dying hair, now considered as a modern invention, was however known in 1710 as the Tricosian Fluid, and gained great repute. The introduction of hats, too, caused great amusement to the wits, as a change in male fashions, for one, in describing the innovation, says, "that between the hat and the eyebrows a piece of forehead appears like a sandy road in a surveyor's plan," and again, that the only difference between the beaux of St. James's and the beaux of Moorfields, was, that the one wore their hats on their heads, and the other under their arms. When hats were first introduced the wearers were so charmed with them, that it was difficult to persuade them to take their favourites off, even when etiquette required it; and at the court of Nassau, in Dublin, a gentleman was indicted for wearing his hat in the court. The Attorney-General moved in favour of the defendant, that the indictment was falsely laid, for it was expressed that the gentleman had his hat upon his head, and his attorney had clearly proved his client not to have a head.

Our present female fashions bear a strong resemblance to those of the belles of 1760; the long bodied gown, the hoop, and the cardinal of black silk, differed little from our modern costume in its most modish style. Flowered silks, too, were much worn, coloured aprons trimmed with lace, and "black silk furbelowed scarfs," as they were called in the *Post Boy* of 1709. Our fashionable bonnets, too, are little more than hoods, and quite gay enough to raise the wrath of the spectator. I fear, however, that the reader will now be tired with my comparisons and recollections of the past and present, and as a contradiction to one therefore old and received opinion, soon I hope to grow obsolete, that "when a woman once begins to talk of dress, she knows not when to leave off," I beg to conclude my "Gossip on the Olden Time."

MIRVAN:

A TALE OF THE MOORS OF GRENADA.

CANTO I.

I.

THE sky is delicately fair
As beauty's face in pensive thought,
And night through its transparent air,
Appears so soft, so lightly wrought,
As 'twere a canopy
Far floating 'tween the earth and sky—

II.

Amid that scene which speaks of rest,
Of drowsy night in slumber hushed,
Of hope by happier visions blest
Than ere the waking sense surveyed,
Of holy peace to spirit crushed,
And pallid cheek and aching head—
Why from yon casement streams the lamp,
Its star-like wakeful ray?
Are watchers there by sickness' bed,
Would terror's thought the night evade;
Or does the mind, of holier stamp,
In secret silence pray?
Yet hark! some wandering zephyrs nigh
Soft music's mingling tones conveys;
Or is't a gently grieving sigh
Hath stolen joy's soft voice away?
It comes again, and now more clear,
And words and thoughts are hovering near,
And night amid her silence caught,
Through all her dreamy soul is wrought
Suspensively to hear.

1.

And wilt thou come when all is peace,
And wilt thou keep thy vow to me,
And prize the tender hour of bliss
That joins our hearts in constancy?

2.

Still wilt thou find this bosom thine,
Though love to thee should work its death,
Then be thine own the pledge to mine,
And time dissolve ere break our faith.

3.

Should other charms thy heart assail,
Should other eyes essay to win,
Should other tongues pour forth the tale,
To list to which thy vow makes sin.—

4.

Ah, heed not thou the newer face,
Let time her first impression prove,
And truth will add a holier grace,
And tell how dearer Zehra's love.

5.

Nor deem us changing passion's foil,
To be a fleeting hour carest,
Thou know'st not half the strength, the soul
That swells in constant woman's breast.

6.

The drooping head and crimsoned cheek
May ruined virtue's anguish tell;
The broken heart more fit shall speak
How slighted Zehra loved too well.

IV.

The strain had ceased, and o'er her lute
A lady hung with pensive brow,
But though her passioned voice was mute,
Her inward thoughts tumultuous glow.

V.

On high her silver lamp was hung,
And o'er the roof and walls it flung
On gilded arabesques its light:—
Full on the maid the lustre shone
And o'er her airy form was thrown,
Sparkling amid her rich attire,
From gems that multiplied its fire,
A glow of brilliant spars;
In that full glow, more softly bright,
She seemed a rival queen of night
Amid her clustering stars.

VI.

While still her pensive head declined,
And o'er her face the feelings wrought
Which half had called her love unkind,
And half on hope still seemed to dote,
A voice invades her watchful ear,
And stifled steps approaching near
Salute the silent ground.
"'Tis he!" She started from her seat,
And rushed impetuous to meet
The wished and welcome sound.
But scarce the casement had she gained
With one glad bound, to reach his breast,
Ere, full upon her view confest,
A warrior of her own dark creed,
With haughty brow and turbaned head,
Her heart's wild joy restrained.

VII.

"Ha, Jussuf, you!" The panting maid,
With looks of dread the chief surveyed,
And would have fled, but that surprise
And fear at once had fixed her eyes,
And made her tremble to the heart.
"'Tis I," he said, and seized her hand,
And drew her shrinking form more near.
"Speak then, what would'st thou here demand?
I like not that imperious air."
He laughed: "Fair maid, thine ire controul;
'Tis now the hour when lovers roam,
Kindly forbear the censor's part
In pity to thy stranger knight,
For he hath come a weary way,
Unblest by candid light of day."
His voice waxed harsher as he spoke;
His eye flashed fiercely forth its ire,
Which from some late carousal took
A more licentious look of fire;
And sternly with his foot he smote
The ground; nor was an answer slow:
For instant at his side a slave,
Obsequious to his master's sway,
With ready hand, to mischief taught,
Stood eager to obey.
"Here, Cäab, bear this lady hence;
Yet, tell me, hast thou dug the grave?"
"'Tis ready." "Ha! thy recompence
Shall fitly match such faithful trust:
Take hence this maid." Scarce had the chief
The prize resigned, ere swift relief
Ends brief possession of his prey,
A blade, with deadly vengeance fraught,
His menial levelled to the dust.

VIII.

Dark Jussuf started at the sound;
And more his soul was startled yet
To see the prize with all its charms,
On which his heart was madly set,
A captive in another's arms,—
Her will without a struggle bound.

IX.

Fierce as the bursting thunder's wrath,
His rapid arm and flashing blade
Deal forth their strokes; and in the death
The madness of his ire essayed
He deigned not to avoid that maid,
But through her breast had struck a blow,
So eager bent to reach his foe.

X.

That foe recedes: 'tis but a step
To save a life prized o'er his own,
Which never yet had sought escape
Where daring most in danger shone.
His dark alboanozo* thrown
Around the maid, prepared he stood
Brave as the Moor in equal mood
The strife of hatred to decide.
And fast and well their flashing steel
Contest the palm of hate and skill,
And make the gloomy eyes of night
To sparkle with impetuous light.

XI.

As thunder-clouds together driven
A deeper frown o'er darkness thrown,
And each with other's lightnings riven,
While silently the moon looks on—
So rushed those chiefs with gleaming steel,
So stood that maid in mute suspense,
Nor seemed her breast with life to swell,
So much her mind was more intense;
But while these foes still rise in strife,
As streams their winter torrents roll,
Within her eye enough of life
Is passing to engross the soul.

XII.

Ha! out upon the slippery ground,
Now dabbled with that menial's blood!
Her hero falls, and on his breast
The Moslem's knee's exulting prest.
The lady may no more survey
With form transfixed the direful feud.

* African mantle worn by the Spanish Moors in winter.

Swift as the Moor his sabre raised,
Swift as his eye its triumph blazed,
His arm with frantic hands she bound.
"Fool! from the tiger tear his prey,"
He fiercely said, as in the air
He reared and dashed away the fair.
But in that instant to his feet
As sudden sprung the prostrate knight,
And showed the combat but begun,
And hate its vengeance still to win.

XIII.

But briefer is that second strife,
The Moor more reckless seems of life;
As if he sought in mutual death
At once to vent his bursting wrath.
Each blow is dealt with deadlier rage,
And clashes on the steel-clad breast.
The mail their sabres cannot stay,
But piece by piece is hacked away.
Few in such desperate feud engage
Who care to live, or hope to wrest
A trophy for the victor's crest.

XIV.

With foot to foot so close they stand,
Each arm feels fettered by its brand,
And its free range restrained; but who
Will yield the space for freer blow?
No, closer still they strive and press,
And more each baffled arm distress,
And round and round—there mortal wound
Must win each inch of beaten ground.
They grapple—close: but still no sign
Of 'vantage may the end define.
Now they throw off each iron grasp,
And stand an instant still, and gasp
Apart; and now again they pour
The fatal sabre's thickening shower.
The furious Moor must learn, at length,
To seek more hope in skill than strength.
Forced for an instant to recede,
He seeks by wearying to defeat.
Now back the Knight in turn is prest,
And parries each fierce blow addrest;
But notes too late the wall behind,
'Gainst which impelled he stands confined.
The Moor throws all in one dread stroke;
But, ah! too keenly overdealt,
That envious wall receives his shock.
His sabre's shivered to the hilt;
And to the hilt as swift the Knight
Has plunged his poignard in his side.

XV.

Back falls the Moor a senseless weight,
But with such burning eyes of hate
As if his soul, mad with despair,
Sought in that basilisk-like glare,
To spend itself in vengeance; yet,
Struck from the tempest of his heart,
It burst at once in one fierce dart
Of lightning to his struggling hate.

XVI.

But little cares that victor now
His flaming eye and scowling brow.
As fair a brow, as soft an eye
As ere the sunniest smiles had lit,
Reward the hard-won victory;
And, like the sunbeam on the cloud,
Smile o'er the tempest's darkening fit;
While tenderest accents thank aloud,
And fonder thanks in blushes glow,
Such as love only can bestow.

XVII.

"Ah! Zehra, dost thou think me changed?
Yet so I am—but not to thee.—
By fate, by death, alone estranged,
May falsehood never make me free.
No! though upon life's desert cast,
With scarce a blossom o'er the waste
To warm the sympathetic breast,
Or charm its nobler powers;
Thy love was still a fountain there,
A crystal streamlet gushing fair,
In the savannah of my soul—
A blessing jewelled in a flower
That could my wildest mood controul,
A talisman of Eden's bower,
With all its pristine charms arrayed;
Thou, in thy beauty flourishing,
Wert still a garden of the spring,
To which my fainting spirit turned,
When parched, and wearily it mourned
To find the freshness and the shade!"

XVIII.

"And thou," she answered, "What hast thou,
My absent Mirvan been to me!
A cedar on the mountain's brow,
To which my fond and fluttering heart,
Like some poor timid peaceful bird,
Hath clung and sought to build its nest,
Happy in thy sheltering breast—
But say what sound disturbs my brave?"
"Ah, 'tis a signal from my slave
Of danger. I must say farewell,
Though I have much of love to tell.
Yet fear not, here I leave my heart,
Whence vain were ought but death to p—
One more embrace—farewell! farewell!"

END OF CANTO I.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF FUDGE.

BY JOHN LASH LATEY.

VERILY, this is the age of philosophy. Nothing, now-a-days, is above or below its all-pervading influence. Men philosophise on every thing, from a stone to a star. The wonderful is made plain; there is now no mystery, "neither in the heavens above, nor in the earth beneath, nor in the waters under the earth;" all is matter of fact; and science is so simplified that he who runs may read. Persons talk as glibly of suns and solar systems as though they had a hand in the making of them, or as though they were no more than so many raisins stuck in a Christmas pudding.

It was said of Socrates that he called Philosophy down from heaven to dwell with men. But we have improved upon him. Our very children have become philosophers—thanks to the pap-meat philosophy diluted down to their juvenile powers—able to give you the *why* and the *wherefore* of everything in nature and art too. They suck in wisdom with their mothers' milk. The fairy tales of former times have given way to food for the intellect. "Jack the Giant Killer" is superseded by a Catechism on Geology. "Puss in Boots," "Cinderella," "Jack and the Beanstalk," and a host of others of a like nature, where are they? The nursery-room knows them not. Any child can tell you that they are *fictions:* they have given way to Elementary Treatises on the Sciences.

There are few things that philosophy has not had a finger in. Thus, for example, we have the "Philosophy of Clothes," the "Philosophy of Food," the "Philosophy of Dreams," and a long list of other philosophies, "too numerous to be mentioned," as the advertisements have it, "in the narrow limits of this paper." May we not add another to the list? Let us try.

By-the-by, there is the Philosophy of the Fiddle—what say you to that? "Fiddlestick!" Nay, not so disparagingly, gentle reader. Even a fiddle, depend upon it, has its philosophy; and as every system has its special expounder, its high-priest, so the fiddle has had its Paganini. What! has the fiddle, say you, no philosophy of its own! Is it merely so much catgut and wood! Ask Mori, Patey, Blagrove, and the rest of them; or, if you like it better, try for yourself. Perhaps you are like the man in the story, who, on being asked whether he could play on the violin, said "he didn't know, for he had never tried." You may fancy there isn't much in it. Then try for yourself, and you will find that it has depths beyond your sounding, that "in the lowest deep, a lower deep still opens to receive you." No philosophy in the fiddle!—tut! it hath a magic all its own, which toe and heel cannot resist. Transport yourself with me to some village wake. See yonder blind fiddler standing on a barrel; he strikes up; straightway every foot is in motion, beating time—such time as it is—to his time; see, couples incontinently form; two long rows from the top to the bottom of the room spring up as by magic, every lad standing opposite to his lass; the fiddler stamps his foot, and off they go like things mad; all is dizzying confusion; the blind man seems inspired; the echo of so many bounding steps gives him fresh power; he throws his soul into his instrument; and the whole room is carried along with him in his musical ecstacy.

Thus much by way of parenthesis. Now for the subject with which we set out: THE PHILOSOPHY OF FUDGE. Strange that so important a subject should have been so long neglected. Dim revelations of it have, to be sure, appeared from time to time; but there has been no attempt, that we know of, at its systematic exposition; it has never been laid fully bare to the world's gaze. The reader will perhaps more readily forgive the feebleness of the present attempt, if he bear in mind that it is not the writer's fault that the subject has not been taken up by abler hands.

Perpetually before the world, directing the operations of society with a power as mighty and as far-spread as the attraction of gravitation, it has been as little heeded as was the latter before Newton, prompted by the fall of an apple, caught at the idea, and traced it into a universal law. Persons ordinarily look more at effects than at causes. Thus, generation after generation of mankind, with their eyes wide open, had seen apples fall to the ground; but they never thought of inquiring into the reason. They were content to be pinned down to the earth by the aforesaid power, without knowing anything about it. Even so, people like to be humbugged—only it must be after a certain fashion, suited to the idiosyncrasy of each individual—submitting to it quiescently, like persons under a mesmerising process.

Fudge is to a man what the lever is in mechanics: it enables him to do that for which his own powers would be insufficient. Archimedes said—or is reported to have said, which will answer our purpose just as well—that, had he a place whereon to rest his lever, he could move the world. Fudge does this effectually. "Soft sawdur, and a knowledge of human natur," ay, that is it, Jonathan Slick: here are lever and fulcrum combined, by which the world is daily, hourly moved.

A certain Mister Burchell (vide "The Vicar of Wakefield") had some insight into this matter, if we may judge from his monosyllabic ejaculations in the memorable scene in which one Lady Blarney and a Miss Carolina Wilelmina Amelia Skeggs had much to say; which conduct of Mr. Burchell gave, it is said, great offence to all the party; and indeed rightly so; for only consider, if his example were generally followed, what would be the consequence. How exceedingly awkward—not to say indecorous—it would be, wherever we were—at the tea-table, in the ball-room, in Parliament, at Court, even in the Church—to have "*Fudge!*" perpetually ringing in our ears.

Fudge has many aliases, of which the one most

current at present is Humbug; it is a perfect Proteus in its way of adapting itself to everybody's taste; its name is Legion, its scene of operation is world-wide. One Tom Little, it would seem, knew some of the family at Paris.

Now, touching this system of *feelosofising* Education which now-a-days obtains among us, and to which we have before briefly adverted—is there not some suspicion of fudge about it? Has it always for its end and aim the giving "a sound mind in a sound body"? the teaching children "*how* to think, rather than *what* to think"? With its mere matter-of-fact instruction, in its repudiation of any flight of fancy, so captivating and graceful withal in the very young, is there not a sacrificing of some of the powers of our nature? Has the human mind no poetry in its composition, which needs being administered to and fostered with delicate care, requiring only to be directed into proper channels, not to be dammed up at its fountain-head, and converted into a sealed well? Is not man something more than a mere calculating machine? If not, Babbage were a veritable man-creator. Can our very young, in sober truth now, be supposed to know what they are talking about, when they rattle forth so glibly, with such an off-hand jauntiness of manner, such a pert volubility, about suns and solar systems—measuring you off with a draper's exactitude, to the fraction of an inch, the orbit of every planet in our system, and the distance of every fixed star? Is there any real information, we ask, in all this? Do the children indeed know what they are prating about? Can truths whose vastness startle and bewilder the comprehension of the maturest intellect, weighing it down with a sense of its own insignificancy, opening to us prospects far stretching on every side into an immensity, of which all we can ever hope to explore is but a speck indeed—can truths such as these be conned over in school exercises, or crammed into the brains of childhood by dint of rod and birch? Does not the schoolmaster here overstep the bounds of pedagogy? Thinks he that he has given *ideas* to the children in his charge? Words! words! nothing more! The schoolroom too often is but a cageful of parrots—albeit of the genus *homo*—pouring out a flood of learned lingo, to them a meaningless, idealess jargon.

Education! what a word of import, when rightly understood! How deep its significance! How comprehensive, yea, all-embracing is its sphere! Yet how narrow is the meaning commonly annexed to the term. Many folk think that they have given their children a good education, or a good schooling, as the phrase is, when they have had them taught writing and ciphering. The rich man, who looks down, possibly with scorn, upon this pittance of school education, thinks full surely he has hit the mark: has he not given his son a college education? and has not the youth acquired a smattering of sundry languages, besides what he may or may not know of his vernacular tongue? Now, writing and ciphering are doubtless very well in their way, and much is the poor man to be respected who has stinted himself to give his children thus much; but alackaday, this is not education. Nor is a knowledge of divers languages a whit nearer the mark, unless it be carried out to some practical purposes. What boots it that I know the languages of Greece and Rome, if I do not avail myself thereof by enriching my mind with the perusal of their poets, their philosophers, their orators? Am I the better in that Demosthenes and Cicero spoke, and Homer and Virgil sang, if I make no use of my newly acquired powers? The knowledge of languages is indeed the master-key wherewith we may unlock and enter at will the storehouses in which genius and science, in past ages and in other countries, have laid up their rich hoards of thought: of invaluable worth if so employed; but, unused, of no conceivable use — *dead* languages then, in very deed! The possessor of which may not be unaptly compared to a miser, having vast treasures in his possession, but valueless because unused. Nay, he is in a worse condition; for when the miser dies, his heir will probably scatter the hoard with a profuse hand, and so the community may be benefited; but the other's treasure dies with him, useless to the owner, and therefore useless to mankind at large.

Milton, in his "Tractate of Education," has some pertinent remarks on this head. Thus writes the poet-sage:—"Language is but the instrument conveying to us things useful to be known. And though a linguist should pride himself to have all the tongues that Babel cleft the world into, yet, if he had not studied the solid things in them, as well as the words and lexicons, he were nothing so much to be esteemed a learned man, as any yeoman or tradesman competently wise in his mother dialect only." And, again, treating of the injudicious system which then obtained, as it still obtains, at public schools and at the universities, and against which, in another form, we have been protesting:—"A preposterous exaction, forcing the empty wits of children to compose themes, verses, and orations, which are the acts of ripest judgment, and the final work of a head filled, by long reading and observing, with elegant maxims and copious invention. These are not matters to be wrung from poor striplings, like blood out of the nose, or the plucking of untimely fruit."

School education, at the best, is but a small part of our training. Every scholar must be to a great extent his own teacher. We must educate ourselves into right-thinking, right-acting men. Nor are the means for this few: they lie scattered around us in abundance. The world—life itself—is a great school, meant, as has been quaintly observed, "to try what we are fit for." Books may do much; but observation and thought will do much more. It is deep thinking, and not deep reading, that makes the wise man. Reading can only teach us what others know; thought may make us ministers of delight and instruction unto others.

Having entered more lengthily than we had intended into what we consider the fudge of education, we will close our remarks upon this branch of the subject with another quotation from Milton as to what education should be. Listen to the master-mind:—"I call, therefore, a complete and generous education that which fits a man to perform justly, skilfully, and magnanimously, all the offices, both private and public, of peace and war."

Some men have a singular knack of humbugging themselves as well as others. Thus in the Christian world, how often will you see a man wrap himself round and round in formalities, and fancy, good easy

man, his goodness is a-ripening fast for heaven, whilst enveloped—nay, incarcerated—within this garment of external decencies, his soul, like a plant, shut up from light and air, dies within him. He lifts up his hands and eyes with pious horror at the recital of crime from which his frigidity is his only safeguard. Thus encased in soul-armour, he stalks about like a knight of old, impervious to the fiery darts of temptation, which so afflict veritable creatures of flesh and blood—dying at last, the likelihood is, of suffocation. He lives by rule: he eats, drinks, and sleeps—and prays, by rule. He thanks God, with the Pharisee of old, of whom he is the precise counterpart, that he is not as other men. He was never known to commit a crime, not he. Has he ever done a virtuous action? Has he clothed the naked, fed the hungry, visited the sick? Has he mourned over penitent error? Has he lifted his voice at any time against wrong and injustice—stood forth the champion of injured innocence—stoutly battling for "God and the right"? Had he no talents committed to his charge—not one—or are they all hidden? All dead and buried: his own cold formal heart the grave of his virtues. What, then, is the broken reed on which he leans? What a question to put. Goes he not to church regularly on the sabbath day, joining audibly in the responses? Is he not a stickler for "Church and State as by law established;" and, moreover, pays he not his way as every Christian should? What though he omit "the weightier matters of the law—judgment, mercy, and faith"—gives he not "tithe of mint, and anise, and cummin"? Has he not filled the offices of overseer of the poor and churchwarden, with much honour, and no inconsiderable profit? And is he not looked upon by all parties as a pillar of the church? Do not his neighbours point to him as a pattern of a well-to-do, comfortable Christian, who goes to heaven his own way, and lets everybody else go theirs—there or elsewhere, as they think fit? What would ye more? Listen! Burchell is at our elbow. "*Fudge!*"

Poor man! he is indeed to be pitied—"having a name to live, and yet being dead."

But what shall we say of those who tempt the thunder of the Most High, changing his temple into "a den of thieves"—buying and selling the cure of souls as you would a case of pickled herrings? The avenues of the Church are thronged by a crowd of eager aspirants; it is a genteel profession; though, God help the journeymen-parsons, for gentility is well nigh their only reward. The army or navy, the bar or the pulpit—it is often a toss-up of a halfpenny which it shall be; but the Church, being the easiest, generally wins; and so the lad, who is come of a troublesome age, is clerically disposed of. Perchance he has a patron to help him to some snug living, or there is one in the gift of his family—else, woe betide him.

Yes, humbug dares (what will it not dare?) to scale even the pulpit. See yon pert popinjay of a stripling skip gaily into the pulpit, rattle over his sermon, and then skip gaily down. Look again, behold that "smooth, fat, oily man of God"——But why particularize? Has not Cowper described them all in his vigorous life-painting? Burchell, here is requirement indeed to give thy lungs full play. Let us draw in a deep inspiration, and shout for thee—"*Fudge!*"

Heaven be praised, all are not such. Not a few are to be found earnestly engaged in their holy mission, fulfilling its duties with sacred zeal; shepherds indeed, caring more for the flock than for the fleece. Prose is insufficient; we would fain have recourse to verse to celebrate their praise:—

1.
The Parish Priest! O noble name!
O sacred calling! dear to fame—
Not the vile breath to heroes given,
Which tyrants seek and villains claim—
At once their glory and their shame;
But that which forms the good man's aim—
Th' immortal heraldry of heaven!

2.
All honour and all glory due
Be paid to those the righteous few,
That to their solemn office true,
From pomp of worldly fame remote,
Their lives to works of love devote;
Who more than merely pray and preach,
Who *act* the gospel, and thereby
In conduct practically teach
Us how to live and how to die!

3.
"Salt of the earth!" Illustrious band
Of bloodless heroes! Lo, they stand
With sword and olive-branch in hand,
Marshalled beneath their Lord's command:
Like polished mirrors bright
Reflecting heavenly light
O'er the dark corners of our land.

4.
Blessings and praise be ever theirs,
And angels' smiles, and good men's prayers!
The tears of penitence,
Sighs hushed in poverty's abode,
And death-beds lightened of their load,
A moral frankincense,
From the heart's altar shall arise,
To heaven's High Priest fit sacrifice,
And call down blessings from the skies.

Shade of Burchell, what sayest thou? .....

The Law. Here surely, if anywhere, shall we find an exemption from fudge. Law—that mighty tribunal which secures to us our property and our lives! Law—the bulwark against oppression, the protector of the helpless, the terror to evil-doers, the rich man's curb, the poor man's strong arm of defence! "*Fudge!*" Yes, even upon the bench, and into the jury-box, that palladium of English liberty, fudge has worked its way. Alas! for human infirmity! what place shall we hope to find exempt therefrom, when even in the pulpit its grimaces are to be seen! We are constrained to acknowledge—painful as the admission may be—that the law is not what it should be; in its administration we do not always find that even-handed justice meted out to rich and poor which we have a right to expect. Some noble-minded judges, however, even this generation can boast. Thank Heaven, we have at least a Denman!

Not the least sagacious, certainly, among the wise men of old was he, who, in reply to the question as to which was the happiest state, answered, "That in which the law is supreme." Bad laws are a fearful evil, but a bad administration of the law is still worse. Rigorously severe or contemptibly stupid laws may be borne, if they press equally on all; but when justice is perverted, when that which is law to the poor man is not so to the rich—when that which

is law to the Catholic is not so to the Protestant—when party-spirit pollutes the very justice-seat and jury-box—then farewell to peace and order; insubordination is sure to be rife, and men will take, as they have done in Ireland, the law into their own hands. A reverence for the law, and, above that, a deep trust in its impartial administration, are essential ingredients in the well being of any people. The inequality of punishment—so monstrously disproportionate—often dealt out in our police-courts for the like offence, to wealth and poverty, is a serious evil, demanding instant redress. Woe to that people among whom the cry is echoed and re-echoed through the streets—"There is one law for the rich, and another for the poor!" That feeling, deeply seated and widely spread, is the most prolific ground of revolutionary outbreaks.

Yet ever and anon does the English law redeem its character, and challenge the admiration of the world. Wealth and rank do not always shield the "great bad man;" soaring high in his "pride of place," the law pounces upon him, and offers him up a victim to its offended majesty. What juries have done to stay the strong arm of power, when put forth to crush freedom of thought, of speech and pen, we all know—are not their deeds recorded in the Chronicles of State Prosecutions? O that juries were always awake to their duties—their high responsibilities—and capable of discharging them aright! O that every judge were a Denman!

Physic. This is indeed the stronghold of fudge. Here is it ensconced in all the plenitude of plausibility. We speak not now of quack doctors and quack medicines ordinarily so ycleped, but of the quackery which obtains throughout the profession at large. It has been said that an honest lawyer couldn't get his living: with how much truth may not this be said also of the doctor: for what is his whole trade well nigh but a thriving upon our ignorance and folly? Few indeed would be the requirements for medical aid, were we but commonly prudent or commonly attentive to the commonest dictates of common sense; had we but a little more faith in nature's restorative powers, and a little less faith in doctors'-stuff. The plan generally in use of paying medical men for their services, through pills and boluses, is an inducement for them to quack. How else can they pay themselves? They are called in, to wit, for some trifling case, and troubled with a long list of ailments, which often are nothing but the fidgets—the result of a do-nothing life of lazy luxury. What can the poor doctor do but put on a sympathising face, feel the pulse, and look at the tongue, shake his head very sagely, and mutter mysteriously about something being wrong in the system; and so, laughing in his sleeve, or lamenting over the folly of his patients and his own doubtful position (as the case may be), sends in a slightly aperient powder or two, with a phial of *aquæ puræ* doctored up just sufficiently to hide its true nature. And he must do this, mark you, not only in order to pay himself for his time, but also to save his reputation from ruin; for woe betide the doctor who cannot sympathise with the thousand and one nameless ailments of his patient, the result of sloth and fancy. He knows how trivial is the complaint, what is its cause, and how easy is the remedy; but dare he name them? He is at once the victim and the victimiser.

Need a word be said of the fudge of trade? Is it not written in characters so glaringly conspicuous that all who run may read? And yet "Ruinous Sacrifices!" and "Fifty per Cent. under Prime Cost!" have their victims even now. Alas for poor gullible human nature!

Doth not Humbug lord it with a high hand in the Senate? and chuckleth he not with exceeding glee at the polling-booth and on the hustings? There, with the mind's eye may he be seen, squatted in one corner like an imp, taking sights, now at the several candidates, and anon at the "free and independent electors," who suffer themselves to be bought, and then wonder when they are sold. To a spectator who has never been behind the scenes, an election is a magnificent moral spectacle. Nothing, to his view, can be freer or more unconstrained than the electoral body in the exercise of their right; tyranny or compulsion of any sort would seem to be altogether out of the question; no lying to one's conscience—no hypocrisy; no voting for one candidate while the heart and understanding are with another; each elector walks with the dignity of a free-born Briton to the polling-booth, and there, unawed, unchecked, unbribed, breathing the atmosphere of truth and liberty, he gives his vote to the man whom his reason approves. "*Fudge!*"

Freedom of Election! Purity of Election! Free and Independent Electors! Sounds sweet to hear—how much sweeter to realize!

Candidates and voters bamboozle each other. "Church and State" is the watchword of one party; "Reform" is the war-cry of the other; and at it the worthy electors go, tooth and nail; unsavoury missiles fly in all directions; the Queen's peace and her subjects' heads are broken apace; rancorous enmities spring up between neighbours: and all for what? "*Fudge!*" The Church and State man wins the day. Possibly he has bribed somewhat higher than his opponent; or he may have had more scope for intimidation with the shopkeepers; or the town, perchance, is some snug pocket-borough; or mayhap, the people have some good old-fashioned prejudices left, and won't be wheedled into change of any sort, content to let well alone. Whatever the cause or causes, there he is, M.P. He goes to Parliament loaded with pledges and promises, which he soon drops, one or more at a time, as his convenience suits or circumstances require, for the old saying that likens promises to pie-crust sticks to his memory. He is pledged—solemnly pledged—to vote against the New Poor-law: at the beck of Ministers he votes for it, or conveniently absents himself from the division. He has promised to uphold the Church and the Corn-laws in all their integrity; and the "farmer's friend" is found voting for Sir Robert's sliding scale, and would himself cut the tie that binds Church and State together if the Premier bade him. The ten hours' bill was his hobby—the hardships of the poor factory children was so nice a theme to work upon the feelings (possibly that and his Anti-Poor-law cry, another humbug of his, won him the few votes that turned the scale in his favour): but Ministers require his vote against the ten hours' bill, or they may be ousted, and he is not the man to refuse them; his protegé factory children may go to him whose dust* is made into

* "*Devil's dust.*" Vide Ferrand's speeches.

calicoes, "and shake themselves," for what he cares. The one business of his life—his sole end and aim, which stands him instead of honour, principle, respect—the "be-all and end-all of his existence" is to care for himself. All else to him is—*Fudge!*

Possibly none know better the use of humbug, or apply it to more purpose, than Ministers of State. They even put it into the mouth of Royalty itself. We all know and feel that speeches from the throne are made up of a meaningless jargon—that they are, in short, "*Fudge!*"

If, then, we find Humbug ensconced even on the throne and the altar, where may we not expect to find it? What of human can we hope to be exempt therefrom?

Military glory. Is not that a fudge? Is it not the veriest of all fudges? Talk of glory to a soldier on tenpence a day, who, if he dies, as likely enough he may, on the field or in an hospital, is stripped and shoved, with a heap of others who have met the same fate, into one common pit. Bah!

It cannot be gainsaid, however, that there is much attractive humbug about "the pride, pomp, circumstance of glorious war;" it is dazzling in the extreme to imaginative and ardent minds. What a magnificent spectacle does a general review present! Troops, in regular succession, with their showy vestments, manœuvring to the sound of spirit-stirring music; the rapid evolutions of the cavalry, one moment merged in apparently inextricable confusion, the next, disentangled with the precision of thought; dense masses of infantry filing steadily onward, or formed into squares, and presenting on every side an impenetrable ridge of bristling bayonets; aides-de-camp galloping in every direction; trumpets sounding, and banners waving; altogether present such a scene of animated bustle and deep excitement, as completely to enthrall the mind. So intense is the emotion produced by this tremendous development of human might, that all thought of consequences is lost in the excitation of the moment. The bright side only of the picture here appears: this is the fudge portion.

It is not borne in mind that those gallant troops may soon meet in some hostile field with their fellow-men as foes, and, outraging the holy sympathies of our nature, deal mutual destruction. Glance at the hideous background of the picture. Look at the battle-field; not when "the note of preparation" swells on the gale, and either army breathes proud defiance; nor when the murderous conflict is at its height; but when the fight is over, and the feverish passions that urged on its victims are sunk into sullen repose. The smoke of battle has cleared away. The roar of artillery is no longer heard. Tens of thousands who a few hours since were full of lusty life, now strew the plains; their mangled frames trampled on alike by friend and foe. The field of battle now wears its most hideous aspect. When the game of war was up reflection was stifled.

"There is something of pride in that perilous hour,
Whate'er be the shape in which death may lower;
For Fame is there to say who bleeds,
And Honour's eye on daring deeds.
But when all is past it is humbling to tread
O'er the weltering field of the tombless dead,
And see worms of the earth and fowls of the air,
Beasts of the forest, all gathering there;
All regarding man as their prey,
All rejoicing in his decay."

Fit scene this for contemplation. Let Glory gaze upon the spot, and turn away with disgust! Let mad Ambition meditate in the charnel-house of its creating, and cease to be a scourge of the human race! Let the votary of fame, the hair-brained enthusiast, he who would seek "the bubble reputation" in the cannon's mouth, learn from hence a lesson, and return to his domestic hearth, with renewed zest for its quiet pleasures! Verily, there is no fudge here.

Glory to the common soldier, we have seen, is an empty name. What is it in the most successful commander? On what basis is it built? Does reason approve it? Does religion sanction it? It is fudge! all fudge!

History, too, has its fudge. In tracing the progress of nations, that portion which is not devoted to the description of courtly pageants is mainly occupied with accounts of battles, sieges, and massacres, as though it were the chief business of men to fight. All that adorns the human character, and exalts us in the scale of being, is but partially touched, or suffered to sink into oblivion. Inventions which enhance the happiness of mankind are left unrecorded. The arts and sciences flourish or decay with scarcely a passing comment. Institutions that have for their object the amelioration of the physical and moral maladies of our species dispense their bounties unnoted. Men may associate to further the interests of humanity, to inculcate peace and good-will among mankind, and their efforts shall scarcely obtain a record to perpetuate their worth. But when fellow-creatures, who should be linked in bonds of brotherhood, meet in deadly hate, the conflict is particularized with minuteness, and portrayed with all the pomp of language. The philanthropist goes on his errand of love unheeded; whilst he who carries fire and sword through the earth—the blood-thirsty conqueror, the man-destroyer, the murderer of myriads—is hailed with acclamation, and worshipped as a demigod.

But the philosophy of history is beginning to be better understood. Besides the treaties and conflicts and relative changes of nations with each other, which may be termed their *external* history, there is in each an insensible revolution, a retrogression or progression, gradually carried on, which may be styled its *internal* history. As in all material bodies, superadded to their mechanical or aggregate motion—contemplated as a whole—there is an atomic motion, a chemical process, going on in the objects themselves; so in nations, is there an interior operation effecting the most radical changes; insomuch that they differ not more from other nations than from themselves at different periods. To mark those intrinsic changes—to note the impulses that affect the social economy—to exhibit in strong relief how virtue matures nations, and vice precipitates their downfall—this is the peculiar province—this is the philosophy, as distinguished from the fudge, of history.

Even Patriotism is not without its fudge. Nationality sadly hookwinks the reason, and lulls the conscience by holding up the Good of Country to our eyes. Thus armies are sent forth, and distant tribes

attacked, and their lands taken from them. And this wholesale robbery and murder, for an extension of territory, is so softened down that a Christian nation, in the year of grace 1844, shall not be shocked thereat; but shall suffer itself to be deluded into the belief that all is as it should be; that a nation is not to be judged by the same rule of right that is applied to the conduct of its individual members. "*Fudge!*"

All true science—all true morality—all true religion—are opposed to patriotism: they are essentially unpatriotic, they are anti-national, they are philanthropic in their character. Science, after ranging through the varied analogies of nature, and winging her flight among the stars, cannot stoop her eagle wing to the shackles of national prejudice. Morality, offspring of the affections and sympathies of our common nature, will not bow her neck to the yoke of patriot-partizanship: to her the white man and the black are alike: her country is the whole earth. Religion, twin-sister of morality, daughter of the skies, aided by her handmaid Reason, breaks down with irrepressible power the partition walls in which for ages fanatic zeal had encased her, and walks forth in the light of her heaven-derived beauty, regenerating the moral world; and, by infusing her expansive spirit of universal benevolence into the hearts and minds of men, would fain remove from nations the boundaries which their evil passions and ignorance and folly have raised around them, and binding all in one bond of brotherhood, thus assimilate earth to heaven.

Whigism (now transmogrified into Liberalism) and Toryism (coaxed into Conservatism), what are they but two huge humbugs, which have long swallowed up the State between them—living on lies, battening on corruption? Every person and thing is looked at through the jaundiced medium of party, and judged of accordingly. A Tory can see no manner of good in a Whig, nor a Whig in a Tory; the Radical loathes them both, and is hated by them as cordially in return.

This should not be. It is high time that the virulence of party spirit should give way to kindly feelings and neighbourly regard. How many noble designs, both of a public and a private nature, have been frustrated by this accursed spirit of party! Why will not persons allow to others the same right of thinking which they claim for themselves? And, acceding that right (which, by-the-by, all are ready enough to do in words), what is there wonderful, that, with the diversities of taste and judgment everywhere abounding, different conclusions should be formed, and why quarrel with persons for so doing?

There are, however, signs of the times from which we augur the breaking up in a great degree of this party spirit—to look for its total extinction would be perhaps expecting too much from poor fallible human nature. In the mere change of names—in the substitution, by common consent, of Conservative and Liberal for Tory and Whig, which has taken place of late years, more significant and respectful as the present cognomens undoubtedly are—may be traced the dawning of a better spirit. Strong symptoms are discernible in many events of modern politics, of the downfal of the two great party feuds. More free will and independent action is now shown than was shown heretofore. There is not so much moving *en masse* in the political arena. Party is made more and more to bend to principle. Thus, on the subject of the New Poor-law a great change has taken place in the relative position of parties, and a considerable intermingling of ranks has been the result. So, also, on the much-agitated, much-involved question of the Corn-laws (though, on this, self-interest has pretty much to do on both sides)—here, again, is a re-marshalling of forces. Lastly, not to multiply instances, there is the ten-hours' limitation proposed by Lord Ashley in the last session: upon which, more than upon any other question, was a disregard shown to mere party—a manifest determination on all sides to view the subject solely on its own merits, irrespectively of the *ins* or the *outs*.

To us, who hold neutral ground, who have never ceased to lament over, and strenuously to protest against, the fierce intolerance of party-spirit, these are gratifying symptoms. The wedge is now being inserted, and we trust will be ultimately driven home. Out of the scattered fragments may a great national party be formed, with one will and one aim seeking the good of our common country!

The Press! sad perversion of its high and holy mission, caters it not also to the appetite for fudge, which increases with what it feeds on? Each particular section of the political world has its own organ, which thrives by touting to its follies and prejudices. It is in the advertising columns, however, that Humbug reigns paramount:—

> "Roses for the cheek,
> And lilies for the brow of faded age;
> Teeth for the toothless, ringlets for the bald;
> Heaven, earth, and ocean plundered of their sweets,
> Nectareous essences, Olympian dews,
> Sermons, and city feasts, and favourite airs;
> Etherial journeys, submarine exploits;
> And Katerfelto, with his hair on end
> At his own wonders, wondering for his bread."

So sung Cowper, and the times are not altered in this respect.

Money: Mammon worship. Not to make mention of this, one of the most frequent and most fatal of the fudges of life, would be a sad omission. Whatever may be said by romancing historians to the contrary, this certainly is the Age of Gold. The present is emphatically a money-getting, money-worshipping generation. Like the Israelites of old, we make to ourselves golden calves, and then bow down to and worship them: blindly mistaking the means for the end. At such painstaking are mankind to be self-fudged. One man, for instance, immures himself for life in the counting-house, adding up column after column of figures, and stores of wealth, until his very soul dies within him, and he becomes a mere money-making machine—poor in the midst of his riches: quitting work, it may be, at last, only to feel how unfit he is for the rational enjoyment of life; and so lingers along in fretful disquietude, sighing for the miserable spirit-bondage, which was become to him a second nature. Another, after having spent the prime of life in the same vain pursuit in some unhealthy clime, returns, with diseased liver, and, worse still, a diseased mind, to his native land, just in time to die, leaving his hard-gotten wealth to some thankless stranger-relation. The *millionaire*—if he be a mere man of money—is as poor, as much to be pitied, as the merest beggar who

in our crowded streets exists from day to day on the chance alms of passers-by.

Money has a wondrous might of its own; its power is little less than miraculous; it is the *open sesame* to all hearts. Test it for yourself, when you next walk out, on the first person you meet. Ah! there seems a fitting object—that man yonder with the shabby dress—the victim, seemingly, of his own improvident, dissipated habits. You ask a favour, and in all likelihood receive a saucy answer—perhaps a sullen denial. But only hold a joey betwixt your finger and thumb, and what a change comes over the man. Pertness at once subsides into civility, and rudeness melts into an extraordinary desire to oblige. With money you are all but omnipotent. Like the centurion mentioned in Scripture, you say unto one man, Go—and he goeth; to another, Come—and he cometh; and to a third, Do this—and he doeth it.

"Money," says the proverb, "is the root of all evil." So in the earth all weeds and noxious plants take root; but yields not the earth also its sweet-scented, many-hued flowers; its herbs, good for man and beast; and its trees bearing fruit each after its kind? In like manner, money is the root of good as well as of evil, and much more abundantly; for, after all, the use exceeds the abuse. The end is not always swallowed up in the means.

In fine, there is no need of seeking the four-leaved shamrock in fairy dells. It exists in this matter-of-fact world of ours in abundance. Money, rightly used, is the veritable four-leaved shamrock. Here, in the world about us, may we "play the enchanter's part"—each according to his means. There is ample room and verge enough for the richest to "weave his spells," and opportunities for the poorest—so that he be not poor in heart—of "casting bliss around."

In some shape or other fudge rules every son and daughter of Adam.

It nestles snugly in the judge's wig. I warrant ye, the putting on the black cap previous to passing sentence, horrifies the criminal almost as much as the judgment itself. The surplice and gown of the priest have their weight, depend upon it, with the strongest-minded among us. Would a sermon, think you, sound so well from a round jacket, or a swallow-tail coat, as it would from a priest in his full canonicals? Not a bit of it.

Fudge stands the recruiting sergeant in good stead: what would he do without it? The ploughman is fudged into a soldier. In like manner the civilian is fudged into submission, and often fudged out of his rights.

Smacks not Charity's dear self somewhat of fudge when she puts her name in print, heading subscription lists, garishly attracting the world's attention?

What is there that hath no touch of fudge in it? Even this article, some may think, is all fudge from beginning to end.

Having thus with feeble hand essayed to sketch some of the more striking lineaments of Fudge (to portray it fully would require a world of experience, and would be the task of a long life); having thus taken a swallow's flight over the subject, merely skimming the surface, and occasionally dipping here and there a wing, leaving its profundity to be fathomed by others possessed of shrewder skill in men and manners: it only remains for us to assign, if possible, some cause for the widely-spread power which Humbug exercises in this world of ours. A cause it surely must have: what is it? Is there anything inherent in the human mind which renders it of necessity a prey to Fudge in some one or more of its Protean shapes? These are questions irresistibly forced upon us, and which we will strive explicitly and briefly to answer. One word, if we mistake not, will explain the whole matter—IGNORANCE! Ay, this is it. This is the stronghold of Fudge; this is the soil in which it takes root; from which it draws nourishment; in which only it "lives, moves, and has its being." Test the solution here given by plain matters of fact—by common-sense reasoning. Does not Fudge most abound in those things regarding which mankind are generally most ignorant? Medicine—the Law—Divinity (not the divinity of the Gospel, but a priest-made divinity)—how does ignorance and its concomitant fear operate through each of these upon the human mind, making us the ready dupes of Fudge! We feel that we have quitted the broad and beaten track of every-day life, and have entered unknown regions, into some one of whose many quagmires and gulfs one false step may plunge us: we grope our way blindly by the aid of guides, on whom we are forced wholly to rely: what a scope for fudge is here; and, sooth to say, seldom is the opportunity missed. Free the world of Ignorance, and Fudge, its offspring, will disappear along with it, as the shade follows the substance; the child cannot live for a moment apart from its parent—who conjured the monster into being only to feed on its own vitals. Those daring pretenders who from time to time have arisen in the world's history to lead mankind by the nose, whence had they their power but in the credulity and fear of their followers? and are not these again clearly resolvable into ignorance?

So that we return to the point from which we first set out—namely that Ignorance and Fudge are linked together in the relation of cause and effect. He, therefore, who expounds to mankind one new truth, or renders clearer an old one—who in the least unshrouds ambiguity—who lets in one added ray of light upon us—who clears our mental vision of the slightest speck or film—that man, be he who or what he may, is a sworn foe to humbug of every kind. Fudge cannot flourish co-existently with knowledge; but will as assuredly flee before it as ghosts vanish at break of day.

There are, however, even in this fudge-abounding world of ours, things in which humbug has no share. Honest Toil working for its daily bread, gathering of the earth's bounty, or traversing ocean to bring to us the products of other climes, or in crowded cities engaged in some useful craft: Science, smoothing the path of labour, annihilating space, conquering the very elements, and making all things subserve the profit and use of man: Genius, scattering with profuse hand its godlike gifts, awaking the soul to a sense of beauty, stirring up and fanning into a flame the embers of virtue which lie dormant in every breast. What has Fudge to do with these? Friendship, too, with its self-sacrificing heroism; and Love, so pure, so heaven-exalting (even these have their counterfeits, as all things good are sure to have);

though by the grovelling, low-minded worldling they may be considered humbugs—himself the while, with his want of faith in things pure and true, the veriest of all humbugs—yet are they not the less verities; soul-elevating, heart-kindling verities; prompting to heroic action, to generous self-abnegation; whose universality would make of earth a "little heaven below," and, lacking which, earth would be indeed a hell. Fudge, thou art powerless here also. Nor hast thou wherewithal to boast over him who fulfils his God-appointed mission, working with head and hand; who by the sweat of his brow obtains a virtuous independence; whose soul strives strenuously after knowledge and truth; whose heart, stored with Nature's holiest instincts, glows with compassion, or kindles into righteous rage at the injustice done under the sun; whose hand is ever stretched out to succour and save. What has Humbug to do with such a man? He, in short,—whatever or wherever he may be—who does "his duty in that state of life to which it has pleased God to call him," can have no part nor lot in

THE PHILOSOPHY OF FUDGE.

THE PAST, THE PRESENT, AND THE POSSIBLE;

OR, PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF A COSMOPOLITE.

INTRODUCTION.

"SHAME on you!" said a friend holding an important official situation — "Shame on you, to be thus giving up your whole mind to the mechanical progress of your country, while the fate, the very existence of that country hangs trembling in the balance, and in a short time you may have no country."

The adjuration was startling. My friend was no boy, full of enthusiasm, no party politician anxious to vituperate his opponents, but a grave man of statistics, whom not even Macculloch could controvert —one who proved to demonstration, that perseverance in the existing system would leave England shorn of her power—would convert into a mere satellite of some rising nation, the fixed star which had through so many centuries served as a beacon light to the world.

My friend was excited by disappointment at the small measure of freedom conceded to trade by the Legislature, and, above all, by the obstinate determination to keep up the artificial monopoly price of food. I was much struck with his earnest passion, free from all personal admixture, in behalf of human progress, and as earnestly I promised him to think seriously upon the "English Future."

To do this, it was requisite for the mind to travel back into the past; to trace the steps by which this land, this centre of earth's civilisation—at the outset only the haunt of skin-clad savage hunters—came to be a land overspreading other lands with its power, and grew to be a world's wonder, bearing the aristocracy of the human race, the elements of

"The Parliament of Man, the Federation of the World."

THE whole system of the world appears to be based on the principle of continual progress from inferiority to superiority. Everything seems capable of improvement to an indefinite amount, or to an amount beyond our limited vision, whether in the animal, vegetable, or mineral kingdom. And this improvement seems co-existent with man's will. If he wills for awhile that progress shall be arrested, it stops; even a retrograde movement partially exists. But there seems to be a power within him, ruling his will and, impelling him, in spite of himself, to go onwards with fresh energy after every retardation, and wherever progress comes to an entire stop in any given direction, it seems to be only for the purpose of intenser concentration for some more important purpose.

The quality in man which induces this progress, is the highest of all qualities—WISDOM, *i. e.*, the dominion, lordship, or domination over knowledge. There seems to have been a time in the history of all nations, when knowledge was of the lowest possible amount, while the mass of knowledge accumulated by some modern nations appears gigantic. Yet there is no evidence that the quality of wisdom differs from, or excels in, the present day, the wisdom of individuals of the earliest ages; for wisdom is a quality of individuals, and not of nations, or of races. Habits and customs belong to various nations, but the wise ones of the earth, are they who give birth to the rules which produce habits and customs. From the workings of their own minds they generate the rules, and fit them to the circumstances of the human beings they guide. Wise men existed in Ancient Greece; amongst the red men of America; and they exist amongst the men of modern Europe; and, perchance, amongst the black men of Africa, and their offshoots.

The quality, *i. e.*, the power of turning knowledge to account, is the same in all; but it differs widely in amount. The greater wisdom may be designated as benescience, or well-knowing, producing benevolence, or well-willing, and resulting in beneficence, or well-doing. The lesser wisdom may be designated as intellect, which turns knowledge to account as an implement of power—not for the benefit of the human race, but for a low, selfish advantage, gained over the comparative ignorance of fellow-men, who are prone to bend before the shrine of power, the offspring of intellect, producing malevolence, or ill-willing, and resulting in maleficence, or ill-doing. Christ and Plato are amongst the few examples of

the greater wisdom. Heroes and conquerors innumerable, of all times and nations—Alexanders, Timours, Cromwells, and Napoleons; kings, queens, and ministers of state, without number; royalists and republicans, aristocrats and democrats—all furnish their quota to swell the ranks, and range under the banners of the lesser wisdom. By the power of sitting in judgment upon their acquired knowledge, they have triumphed over the resistance of opponents, of judgment inferior to their own, even though, in many cases, the amount of knowledge possessed by the opponents may have been far greater than their own.

If we define wisdom to be, the power of exercising judgment, the greater wisdom will be that which exercises dominion over intellect, or the qualities of the mind; the lesser wisdom, that which sits in judgment over all the lower range of human emotions.

Christ is the most perfect type of the greater wisdom, sacrificing self for human advancement. Napoleon is the personification of the lesser wisdom, sacrificing all the world to self. Cold and passionless, playing with mankind as puppets—a charlatan on the great scale—he became the ruler of a large portion of the earth's surface, by blinding mankind to his motives, and dazzling them with the changes he wrought. Like the cheating alchemists of old, who made the baser metals look like the most precious, the crowd gazed on him in wonder; but as knowledge grew, the cheat was exposed; the conqueror of Europe was stripped of his artificial plumes, and caged up, for the safety of others, with as little remorse and as little sympathy, as though he had been a four-footed beast of carnage. He had been useful to the world, but much in the same fashion as a hurricane, which dispels a pestilence caused by stagnation. He earned no reverence; and his name, even at this short lapse of time, is dwindling down to the mere mark of an epoch in European history, exercising as little influence on human actions as Bajazet or Barbarossa.

Meanwhile, from year to year, wider spreads the influence of the founder of Christianity. That high spirit no changes could overthrow, for it is the spirit of human progress. Not even the atrocities committed by those who have taken its name in vain, could overlay it, and the most convincing testimony of its eternal truth is furnished by daily evidence, that vicious men of all classes find their greatest impunity in hypocritically shrouding themselves in the robe of Christianity. The wolf, taking the clothing of the sheep as his best protection against the hunter, gives tacit testimony to qualities which the whole world have agreed to respect.

Not in Christianity only, but in all other systems, the founders of religions have established the most permanent results. Conquerors and their dynasties have passed away, but nations retain the impress of their spiritual guides amidst all other changes. It is evidence of the silent domination of the higher mind over the lower—the greater wisdom over the lesser.

But the highest human wisdom can only produce effects proportioned to the materials it has to work upon, and the circumstances in which it is placed. It is quite evident that certain portions of the earth's surface are adapted to develop certain qualities in animals and in plants, the opposite of other portions. The sheep, which is covered with fine wool in the temperate climates, becomes hairy in the tropics. The furry animals inhabit the snowy regions—the hairy animals generally are found amidst warmth. The juiciest fruit, the pulpiest vegetation, is found beneath the warmest suns; while the resinous juice, and hard, shelly fibres of the pine-tree are the type of the wintry clime.

It is quite true that man, by his art and skill, can modify these circumstances, and transplant the production of one climate into another, and propagate it therein. He can change the development, but he cannot change the nature. He can change the thistle into an artichoke, but he cannot make it produce figs. He can change the crab into an apple, but not into an orange. He may even produce an edible fruit from the pine, but he cannot make it grow cocoa-nuts. He can get hair from the shawl-goat as delicate as silk, but he cannot produce silk from the worm as perfect as cashmere; nor can he make the cotton-tree produce silk, though he can improve its quality manifold by culture. There seems to be one quality pervading nature throughout, which sets a limit to man's endeavours, and which has been designated *race*, or root.

We can trace the links of creation through numerous gradations; scarcely able to pronounce where the stone ends and the vegetable begins, or where the vegetable ends and the animal begins. We run through the tribes of worms and snakes, to which feet are denied as well as limbs, till another step is gained in the lizard, and onwards through the four-footed tribes, displaying various grades of intellect all eclipsed by that of the four-handed race—the monkeys. In the birds of the air, and in the fishes of the waters the same gradations may be observed. Last comes man, the ruler of all the rest by his faculties of reason and speech, and the concomitant processes whereby he is enabled to hoard up knowledge from time to time, and accumulate it into a capital, the true uses of which it is the province of Wisdom to point out.

Minute as are the gradations through this varied range, there seems to be no change in race. In the horse tribe, the Shetland or Java pony and the Flanders horse, samples of the dwarfs and giants of their race, are still horses; and no contrivance of man can change them into zebras or asses, though probably his art, continued through long periods of time, could breed down the Flanders horse to a pony, or breed up the pony to become in its posterity a Flanders horse. Innumerable are the varieties of the dog tribe, from the smallest lapdog up to the mastiff or deer-hound, possibly to the fox and wolf; but no art of man could convert the woolly poodle into a sheep.

And thus with man himself. No art can make him other than man, though artificial cultivation of his lower appetites and passions can degrade him to the likeness of a beast. And thus cultivation of his higher faculties can develop qualities which liken him to a divinity. Either species of cultivation, continued through a long course of centuries, would generate a corresponding aptitude of the physical frame. Climate and other circumstances would materially assist this; and the varieties thus produced are by some naturalists divided into the three great *races*, or roots, which they have mostly agreed to call

the Caucasian, the Mongolian, and the Ethiopian—*i. e.*, the white-skinned, yellow-skinned, and black-skinned. But there is no evidence to prove that they are not all from one original stock. On the contrary, there is strong natural evidence in favour of the latter presumption. Throughout the animal tribes, the offspring of animals of distinct races—where offspring exists—is hybrid. On the contrary, the offspring of every variety of man's race, however intermingled, is endowed with the power of propagation; and thus the whole race—white, red, and black—is capable of an amalgamation as perfect, as though no distinction had ever existed. The distinction, however, is more than skin deep.

The Caucasian variety, from whatever cause it has arisen, is unquestionably the noblest in all attributes, moral, intellectual, or physical. This is, regarding it in the general mass. The Mongolian follows next in succession, and the Ethiopian comes last.

The colour is a general distinction of the varieties, but not always an individual distinction; and it may happen that individuals of the Mongolian variety may be whiter than some of the Caucasian varieties. The most important distinction lies in the formation. In the Caucasian variety the intellectual faculties of the highest kind are found, as well as the attribute of wisdom; and in that variety also is found the highest beauty. For beauty is not a mere question of fancy, as has been sometimes asserted. Its true designation is harmony of external form, indicating harmony of the intellectual powers, as well as perfection of the physical attributes.

In the Mongolian variety the intellectual powers are less strongly developed, and chiefly under the influence of the more savage passions, revenge and sensuality. And even under such stimulus the Mongolian fails to achieve his ends as perfectly as the Caucasian, who brings cool reason to his aid.

In the Ethiopian variety, mere animal enjoyment is the most prominent characteristic. A temperament very hilarious, constant animal spirits, with indisposition to industry, occasional ferocity, and general torpidity, are the qualities chiefly displayed, whether in the state of barbarism or of slavery—the two conditions under which the black variety is chiefly found.

The Caucasian variety is remarkable for a love of justice, and submission to fixed rules. The Mongolian variety shows chiefly an impulsive temperament, as uncertain as that of the tiger, tyrannous even in kindness. The Ethiopian variety is essentially dependent, and grateful and submissive for protection.

The Caucasian is the originator of progress. The Mongolian is the disturber of progress. The Ethiopian is the servant of either, whether for good or for evil. The energy of the Caucasian never flags, never ceases from its onward march; it is

> On on for ever

The energy of the Mongolian is fast and furious, and rapidly dies out,

> Like light straw on flame—
> A fierce, but fading fire!

To the Ethiopian, consecutive energy is a quality unknown.

But though such are the characteristic distinctions of the three varieties, it must not be forgotten that circumstances may tend to degrade the variety favoured by nature, and to uplift the less intelligent. The priests who ruled over ancient Egypt were men of high powers, and they made willing servants do their bidding, and wear the external characteristics of civilisation. A dark-skinned variety, or a branch of the dark variety, built up a powerful nation, ruling over the then civilised world. And the converse of the process which lifted up a dark branch, would abase a white branch; circumstances aiding a barbarian ruler to overthrow knowledge.

But, apart from the consideration of the influence of rulers and teachers, the three great varieties of the human race are subdivisible into many branches, varying in their qualities. Amongst the African tribes some are furious as Mongolians, and some are more intelligent than some Caucasians, such as the Egyptians compared with the Esquimaux. Amongst the yellow races also there are some branches destitute of ferocity, as the Indians of Peru, while others are possessed of considerable intellect, as the subtle speeches of many of the North American Indian orators give proof. Again, great ferocity is displayed by branches of the Caucasian variety, as the Moors and Arabs.

The two great branches into which the Caucasian variety is divided in Europe, are the Celtic and Teutonic. The Celtic branch appears to assimilate more to the Mongolian; the Teutonic branch is the opposite of the Mongolian. The Celtic temperament is choleric, the Teutonic is phlegmatic. The external physical appearance is at once indicative of the difference between them. The Celt, in his purest state, is known by the elongated dark eye, high cheek bones, black straight hair, wide mouth, spare flesh, narrow forehead, ex-sanguine complexion, and slight physical strength. The Teuton, on the contrary, in his purest state, has brown hair, approaching to the red, large blue eyes, rounded face, well formed mouth, muscular person, ruddy complexion, and great physical strength.

The Celt possesses an irritable temperament and wild imagination without judgment. The temperament of the Teuton is torpid, and he has little imagination, but his judgment is sound. The Celt, always active, gathers facts innumerable, which, if accumulated, would form a knowledge capital; but, destitute of judgment to understand the uses of knowledge, he throws away his treasures as fast as he gathers them. He perceives, but does not know. The Teuton, on the contrary, is slow to perceive, but what he does once perceive, he knows, he makes his own, because his judgment enables him to understand the uses it may be applied to. Therefore, good guidance on the part of teachers and rulers may enable a Celtic nation to make rapid progress, but it will as rapidly retrograde when left to itself. But the progress of a Teuton nation, though slow, is sure; what it has once acquired it keeps firm hold of; good teachers may cause it to progress faster, but the deprivation of good teachers will not cause it to retrograde.

The true distinction between the civilised man and the savage, as regards social progress, is, that the savage is ever ready to sacrifice, for the sake of present temporary animal excitement or enjoyment, a future permanent good. The civilised man, on the contrary, is ever ready to sacrifice the temporary to

the permanent, the present to the future. In this sense the Celt is commonly a savage, while the Teuton is civilised. With the Celt, labour is a pressing necessity, endured, but not pursued. With the Teuton labour is a pursuit "never ending, still beginning." The Celt has no plan; the urgent want of the moment alone induces him to work. The Teuton has a plan in all he does, more or less perfect. For this reason, wherever the Teuton plants his foot, the Celt slowly recedes before him. As population thickens, the competition becomes stronger, and when rations become scarce the Teuton provides first for his own wants, and leaves the chance crumbs to the Celt. The Celt may rage and outrage, may even shed the blood of his stronger brother, but it will be all in vain. It is a law of nature, that might is right in the large sense, whether in plants, in animals, or in man. And in direct proportion as might increases, *i. e.* as intelligence spreads, so will increase the protective influence of the strong over the weak. The negro would wither before the red man in America, were it not for the protection of the white, just as the red races have themselves become powerless to withstand the whites.

The question that here arises is—Are then the Celts doomed to perish from the face of the earth, leaving the Teutons alone to possess it?

This would be no desirable result. The most useful arts are not always the most pleasing; and there are higher wants of our nature than those which concern the nutriment of our bodies. For these purposes, the Celts possess qualities which are denied to the Teutons. Valuable as he is for progress, the pure Teuton is a most unpleasing, gruff kind of companion. He partakes of the qualities of the hedge-hog, he is rough to the touch. Not so the Celt. His mercurial temperament renders him socially pleasing. The Teuton will tame the forest, build the house, till the field, blaze the hearth, and spread the board; but the Celt will furnish the song, the dance, and the ornament both of house and person. He has the quality of refined taste, which the Teuton lacks. He will furnish new ideas for the Teuton to sit in judgment upon, and compound progress will be the result.

It would seem that the cause of the distinction must lie in the nervous temperament. Like the Æolian harp, the nerves of the Celt are susceptible to the gentle impressions, while the nerves of the Teuton are like a drum, requiring beating to induce a response. Susceptibility to impressions resides in the nerves; and whatever be the *quantity* of brain, indicated by the external form of the head, it is clear that its *quality* must depend upon nervous susceptibility, as well as nervous energy. Good quality is even of more importance than large quantity.

It follows, therefore, that the close union of the Celtic and Teuton branches, by intermarriage, will produce a better general result than the mere dwelling of the separate branches in the same land. To this intermarriage there is a constant tendency: the refinement of the Celt is attractive to the rougher Teuton. The women, especially, of Celtic race, have gentler manners, softer voices, more of the qualities understood by the term endearing, than those of the Teutonic race. An Andalusian peasant girl is more graceful, and more attractive in her manners, than the Teutonic peasant girls found in Britain; though in the qualities constituting "good housekeeping" she is very deficient. Neither must it be forgotten that the silky gentle nature of the Andalusian, like other Celts, is capable of being roused into appalling ferocity: yet energetic passion is in itself a good thing; it is only an evil when misguided. The Maid of Saragossa, when shedding the foeman's blood in the defence of her native land against oppression, commanded the admiration of the world: the same energy displayed in shedding the blood of her own people in private quarrel, would have been greeted with universal execration.

Some one has described the French people as a "nation of tigers and monkeys." This was after the outbreak of the revolution, in the saturnalia of sudden freedom. It is but saying in other words, that the Celtic branch, which comprises the greater portion of the population of Paris, is capricious in its nature. Of this there can be no doubt. In Paris will be found the most exaggerated Celtic nature, showing at times almost like the artificial imitations of a theatre. I chanced to be in Paris at the time when the news arrived from Africa of the energetic defence of the Fort of Maragran, by a few scores of French soldiers, against an army composed of many thousand Arabs, during a protracted period. A reinforcement of troops had been sent to their assistance, little expecting to find any alive. On their arrival, they found that the defenders had suffered but little; and the greeting they met with was, "Go back again; we want nothing but bread and cartridges." Their only thought was—

The fewer men, the greater share of honour.

All the print-shops in Paris were filled with pictures of this scene of carnage.

A square walled fort was surmounted by French soldiers shooting downwards on the hosts of Arab assailants, represented in all forms of absurd rage; some spurring their horses to the foot of the walls, others shooting from horseback, others planting sloping poles against the walls and trying to climb up them, others flinging their pistols and sabres upwards at their foes, but all apparently as impotent as the rage of a tiger enclosed with strong bars. Some were biting their own weapons, like wild beasts, as if to revenge themselves on them for not killing Frenchmen; their long black hair, bronzed visages, and flashing eyes, strongly resembling the demons of fable. But the remarkable thing was that the artist had given nearly the same physiognomy to the French "heroes;" and but for the military uniform on the one hand, contrasting with the varied picturesque costumes on the other, the innocent bystander might have been induced to ask, "Which are the civilised people, and which the savage?"

One could not avoid the reflection—"What useful purpose is achieved for the human race, by people working hard in France to pay taxes, and maintain African slaughtermen to provide feasts for the vultures." *

We fall back upon the reflection that all things have their uses; and the conquering propensity so remarkable in the French, is valuable to the world. They perform the needful work of destruction, in

* It has been since stated that the episode of "Maragran" was a mere fable, a pure invention, to please the Parisians, and gratify their appetite for *la gloire*. But the illustration is not therefore the less forcible, as a sample of national character.

breaking down the stagnant despotism of vicious systems of government; they are the pioneers of civilisation; they perform the same work in removing the obstacles to national progress, that our Irish labourers do in removing the obstacles to building progress, who pull down the unsightly encumbrances and clear the ground for the erection of better edifices. The ancient Gauls were powerful agents in dismembering the torpid mass of the overgrown Roman empire, and the modern Gauls will be equally efficient in breaking up the petty despotisms of Africa.

Throughout Europe, there are certain districts where the Teuton branch approaches the nearest to purity, and in which its defects are the most exaggerated. And there are other districts in which the Celtic branch exhibits its exaggerated defects. In many other districts, amalgamation has taken place, some in equal and some in unequal divisions. And it would seem to be a rule that, *cæteris paribus*, the greatest human progress has been made in those districts, where the most equal and complete amalgamation has taken place between the two branches.

In the cultivation of the animal tribes and the vegetable also, man proceeds by the progress of what is technically called "crossing the breed." He arrives at the results he wishes, but there is no doubt that in many cases he errs widely in his philosophy, as to the really desirable results. In many cases he produces monsters and deems them perfection. There can be little doubt there exists in every species a natural standard of perfection, when circumstances permit the true development. Of this nature is what is called "pure blood" in the horse, and we may assume the finest specimens of the Caucasian variety in man, to be the pure-blooded human being. In many cases the horse has been deteriorated, and in many cases also, man has been deteriorated, *i. e.* his body has been so altered by circumstances, that the development of his mental faculties has been impeded. It is probable that as the true uses of animals and vegetables become better understood, the art of man will, by crossing, cause them more and more to approach to their natural perfect standard, whether that be a standard originally existing, and from which they have been degraded, or a standard, the germ of which has been planted in them for man to develop by his reason. Tradition and facts seem alike in favour of the least perfect plants and animals having existed on the earth at the remotest periods, but there is nothing to show that each was not at the outset perfect in its kind. Of man himself, the records of elder Greece give glorious testimony. It may be that the perfect union of the Celt and Teuton, with all favouring circumstances, through a period of years, is all that is needed, to restore the perfect Caucasian type—the pure blood of man. It may be, that as human improvement advances, and human drudgery lessens, the whole human race may blend into this type; the knowledge peculiar to the highest philosophers of the present day, having become the common staple of mankind, while the philosophers of that future time, may have acquired a proportionate increase, beyond our present imagination.

(To be continued.)

THROW NOT ASIDE THE LYRE.

THROW not aside the Lyre,
If unto thee be given
The poet's word of fire,
That blessed gift of heaven!

Oh, throw it not aside,
When grief hath o'er thee power,
Nor in the time of pride,
Nor in joy's triumphant hour.

And let not friendship's smile,
Nor even *love's* command,
With sweet seductive wile,
Beguile it from thine hand.

It may bring nor fame nor thrift,
But heed not thou the wrong,
Is the race unto the swift?
Or the battle to the strong?

Thou hast seen the streamlet rushing
From its birth-place on the hill,
In its narrow channel gushing
A meagre streamlet still.

It may never pass in glory,
The gorgeous city's side;
It may be unknown in story,
And all unheard may glide.

But *the spot wherein it springeth*
Is as fresh, as green, and bright,
As where the proud stream bringeth
Its waters to the light!

And like that favoured spot,
Fresh, green, thine heart shall be,
For worldliness dwells not
With heartfelt poesy.

Then throw not by the Lyre,
If unto thee be given
The poet's word of fire,
For, 'tis the gift of heaven!

CATHERINE PARR.

THE SONG OF THE IMPRISONED COUNT;

OR, THE KNIGHT AND THE FLOWERS.

(*From the German.*)

BY LEWIS FILMORE.

I KNOW a flower, of flowers most fair,
For which my heart in sadness pines;
Fain would I seek that flowret rare,
But, ah! my step this chain confines.
The sorrows of my captive state
Press on me with more grievous weight,
When thinking how, with freedom blest,
I clasped that blossom to my breast!

Here, from these steep descending walls,
My weary eye for ever roves;
But never from my dungeon, falls,
Upon the gentle flower it loves.
Who brings to me that blossom bright,
Or lowly serf or belted knight,
Whoever brings that flower to me,
My fastest friend for life shall be.

THE ROSE.

I hear thy voice! Behold, I grow
Thus close beneath thy prison grate;
'Tis for the ROSE thy sorrows flow,
Thou noble Count of hapless fate!
A soul of pride, a lofty will,
Abide within thy bosom still;
And 'tis the Queen of Flowers alone
Is worthy to be called thine own.

THE COUNT.

Thy hue is rich, thy form is fair,
In bud or bloom, wherever seen;
Thou canst as well Love's message bear
As ring or gem of costliest sheen;
Twine but thy wreath for beauty's brow,
And, bright before, 'tis brighter now;
Yet, queenly flower! no spell is thine
Can make me wish to call thee mine.

THE LILY.

The Rose is proud, and seeks o'er all
Her sister-flowers her crest to raise;
I, too, from those who love can call
A voice to speak the LILY'S praise.
The hearts that dwell within the shrine
Of breasts as white and pure as mine,
Go! ask of them: thou wilt be told
That they the Lily dearer hold.

THE COUNT.

Free is my heart from spot or stain—
I harbour not a thought of ill;
Yet captive here must I remain
In solitary anguish still!
Thou seem'st to me the symbol sent
Of Purity with Beauty blent;
Yet do I know one flower would be,
Oh! dearer far than thou to me!

THE CARNATION.

And I will be that dearer flower,
Here in thy Keeper's garden fair;
My varied beauty, every hour,
That old man tends with ceaseless care.
Long as the flowret life I live,
My perfume to the breeze I give,
And from my blossom's silky rings
A thousand coloured glory springs.

THE COUNT.

I may not light the Flower esteem,
That hath such careful tendance won;
They set thee soon in morning's beam,
And soon they shut thee from the sun;
But that which gives my spirit joy
Has beauties that no art employ,
A flowret that with quiet grace
Springs humbly in a lowly place.

THE VIOLET.

I spring unknown and self-concealed,
Nor am I willing now to speak;
But will, to thee to be revealed,
My deep and cherished silence break.
If thou should'st choose me forth as thine,
How I shall grieve no power is mine
To waft thee from my noteless bed
The sweetness I around me shed.

THE COUNT.

The VIOLET soft! I love thee well;
In sooth thou art a gentle flower!
Yet for my griefs thou hast no spell,
They ask a charm of deeper power.
Fair are ye all! but fairer yet
Is she on whom my heart is set,
Nor is it on this mountain peak
That I may find the flower I seek!

There wanders by the Brook beneath
The truest WIFE the world contains,
And many a heavy sigh she'll breathe
Till I am freed from these my chains;
She plucks a small blue flower and sighs,
And oft "FORGET ME NOT" she cries;
Though prison walls between us be,
'Tis thus I know she thinks of me.

Yes! there's a love no chance can blight,
The love that links a wedded pair;
That love amid my dungeon's night,
Yet gives me hope of days more fair.
When sinks my heart beneath my lot,
I only say "FORGET ME NOT,"
Peace to my soul these words restore,
And give me back to life once more.

THE ADVENTURES OF A SCAMP;

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY; CONTAINING MY BIRTH, PARENTAGE, EDUCATION, AND FORTUNES AMONG SUCH PEOPLE AS WE SEE EVERY DAY, AND MY TRAVELS AMONG SUCH PEOPLE AS HAVE NOT HITHERTO BEEN SEEN BY MY FELLOW-COUNTRYMEN; DIGESTED FROM MY DIARY, AND OTHER MEMORANDA, BY ME,

GEORGE AUGUSTUS DELABOUE BAGGES.

CHAPTER X.

TREATS OF A VERY LITTLE MORE LAW, AND A LITTLE LOVE.

I FOUND my first day's observation and my conversation with Willis and Norton a tolerable epitome of the practice of Mr. Dredger's office. A man, as they said, might get on if he liked, or rather, if—contrary to the tendencies of his age, and of the example before him, and the total absence of any incitement or direction out of himself—he could. In the two or three years I spent, therefore, in the Temple, I picked up just such general and accidental notions of law as were enough to teach me by no means to trust to my own opinion on the simplest occasion. In one respect, therefore, I had achieved the wisdom of the Sage. I knew that I knew nothing. I became, as far as my discernment would go, a connoisseur in theatricals, as most of the men about me were. Be it remembered, that at sixteen or seventeen every youth in an Inn of Court writes and speaks himself emphatically "man"—it is the only designation. If you dine in the halls, ten to one if you know the names of your most constant messmates; "the man in the blue coat," or "the man with light hair," or "the man that helps himself to all the mutton," is the periphrasis which distinguishes many a future barrister. The hall hour of five was exceedingly convenient for attending the theatres in term time; the commons lasted just an hour—you could get a cup of tea and be at the doors, as a Templar should, at their opening. Consequently the third row of the pit, or the first of the boxes, generally presented to you the familiar faces which had sate near you at dinner. Those who absented themselves were the few who were really studious, such as Willis and Norton, and the by no means smaller number whose tastes and intellects did not come up to the measure of enjoying the performances of Kean or Miss O'Neill, whose respective powers were the subject of our white and red rose factions. And then there was Miss Stephens, whom every Inns of Court man loved alternately with the tragic heroine; for a night or so Mrs. Siddons reappeared; and there were not a few who upheld the glory of the departing John Kemble as a thing quite uneclipsed and uneclipsable by any new competitor. Besides Young and Charles Kemble, there were Liston, the very first of all artists in his kind, native or foreign, and Munden, Fawcett, Dowton, Emery,—it makes one's pen pause for breath. Who can forget Elliston, whose eye was a volume of fun, and whose voice was cheerfulness and roguery itself? W. Farren and Harley were beginners, and so was the present great leader of the Shaksperian drama, who has lived to reduce the art of acting to true principles on the stage, and to make it respected as an art elsewhere—to disencumber it, if but for a moment, of the pollutions which its pseudo patrons and trading masters had tacked to it as attractions, and to assert that an actor may be, in every respect, a gentleman! We found out Macready then. Young as he was, next to Kean and Kemble he was the man to whom the intelligent looked for intelligence.

It is wonderful how much of such refinement as it has, the law owes to the stage. I by no means wish to disparage one "profession" to enhance the other. The law has men who have won the civilization of literature from other sources—some who have never troubled themselves to win it at all, and yet a very considerable number, left from these, too, who will echo my opinion.

Will my readers wonder that they hear little more of Dredger? His was a legal life—that is, he had no life out of his law. He corrected declarations and wrote opinions, and received attorneys at consultations for fifteen or sixteen hours of the day for more than three hundred days in the year. It is true that he made a difference with the Sundays, firmly declining to see any one on business on that day: "For how," as he said, "could he else get through the arrears of business of the week?" Moreover, he did not always neglect to give his pupils moral advice, such as desiring them to refrain from seduction, and rather, if they must be dissipated, to make those they could not injure the partners of their follies, "because seduction took up so much of a young man's time."

In his office, I saw much of what may be called a heavy sort of comedy, and could trace out some instances akin to the tragic. Young men whose parents had scraped together as a

last effort the sum which was to place a son in a genteel profession, abandoning, for sheer want of direction, a pursuit to which they could hardly find the entrance; one or two becoming private tutors, with little hope of rising out of their eighty or a hundred pounds a year; some devoted, when they had been made most unfit, to the business they should have been at once attached to, and beyond which they had no possible capacity; one or two plunged into the vortex of mere dissipation utterly to perish;—and then, on the other hand, some solitary instance of real hope, of precocious perseverance, winning its way to the goal. I wonder if this picture of the office of a great special pleader has yet become untrue.

Submitting with the best grace to this ingenious contrivance, not for occupying time, but for keeping it unoccupied, it is yet clear that I must think of something, and well was it for me, notwithstanding all that I may tax myself with then and since, that my choice was no worse. I might have wallowed in the same filth in which I saw others immersed; or my own more ingenuous feelings might have saved me; but in all that I have done, and all that I have endured, I have to look back to one circumstance as giving me whatever spirit of controlling goodness has preserved me from sinking under the innumerable accidents of my life and becoming hopelessly reduced to their level.

It is wrong to say that I fell in love. Very few young men do that unless with some very accomplished and easy mannered woman, considerably above their own age—a being whom they at once admire, and who has experience and self-possession enough to set them at their ease. My passion was a very gradual one. I visited Mrs. Luttrel at her pretty cottage, as I had been invited to do by Willis, and I was not at first struck with her niece. I have considered since why I was not; a man of eight-and-twenty or thirty would have been enraptured. She was tall, of feminine proportions, of that order of forms which are called fine. Lissome and graceful as a greyhound, and with as little restraint in her bounding gait. Her complexion was pure; her hair rich and long; her blue eye large and full; her nose slightly, very slightly, aquiline; her face a true oval, with forehead enough for intelligence; cheeks earnest both in colour and in form; and a mouth of exquisite curves, such as Raphael loved to revel in, and a freshness like a young geranium. And with all this beauty, as soon as the first embarrassments of unacquaintance were passed, the habitual expressions were unconsciousness and benevolence. How I have wondered that I thought of her so long only as Willis's sister!

And really whatever was good in my nature seemed to develope itself at that fireside. I sincerely regarded my old school-fellow; there was everything to increase, nothing to lessen our old school friendship. My own fortune I left to my father and his plans; I could, therefore, devote all my interest to Willis's. I could encourage him, and hearten his anxious relations with the opinion of the whole office, that he was "one of the men that would get on." I warmly offered to lay bets that he would be on the bench by the time he was forty. I introduced him to Jawbone at my father's, and my friendship and his own manners made him an especial favourite in Grosvenor-square, the more justly so, as it appeared to my mother that he kept me in a course of reputable proceeding, and that the domestic kindnesses I witnessed at Bayswater, I in some degree infused into my own conduct at home.

Still the female parts of the families remained unacquainted. Mrs. Luttrel was much too proud to conceal that she was not rich enough to reciprocate invitations, and my father and mother thought the intimacy a very eligible one as it stood, and that it was quite as well to carry it no further.

"One may see the young man, and serve him, too, when the proper time comes, without being troubled with his aunt and his sister," observed my father.

"And, really, at George's age we cannot be too careful as to the young women we receive," replied my mother; "whoever visits here may be considered to have a sort of sanction."

"Quite right, quite right," replied my other parent. "George has his way to make, however we may sweep the path for him; and his choice of a wife is of the very first importance. Lord Dilbury has three or four daughters: he is poor, to be sure, but he has interest with the Ministry."

"Those Dilburys are as proud as old Scratch himself, and I hate them about as bad," said my mother; "never surely were such supercilious, disagreeable people; but what is proper for George, I won't cross, I'm sure. I hope I shall do my duty as a mother better than that."

The Dilburys became after this more constant visitors at our house; and that circumstance—especially as the Honourable Miss Jane appeared to take it into her head that I was appointed as her own particular property before my time, and treated me with all the peculiar disdain and exaction she might have done had I been her husband, that negative attraction, as electricians call it, drove me more than ever to Bayswater.

The idea that there was a matrimonial design upon me at home forced me to make comparisons. In these the little, rather meagre, affectedly artless, and forcedly smart Miss Jane, had but little chance with the real dignified Ellen Willis. I was put in mind of love, and

I loved; still I did not speak of it, even to her brother, though I often talked of her, and enthusiastically. I was content to follow her with my eyes wherever she went, to fulfil any commission however troublesome and trifling, which I could get at the knowledge of as acceptable to her; not to make her rich presents, for that would have revolted her delicacy; but, knowing her to be fond of flowers, all the most curious and beautiful that I could procure I found for her, almost unheeding the cost myself, but most careful to conceal it from her. If Mrs. Luttrel heard that a specimen of a new species must have cost two or three guineas from an acquaintance, and said as much, I wondered at it, for it was in my mother's conservatory, and she seemed rather glad to put it out of the way when I asked for it.

What would I have given then for any favourable accident that would make my mother and Ellen acquainted. For, with all her deference to my father's policy, and all her ambition for my advancement, I could depend on her heart. It would cost a struggle—possibly a severe one—but she would be constant to the truth of her sex, she would acknowledge the right of Ellen Willis to be loved, and the honour which such a being would confer upon any man by returning his affection.

But this was not to be. On the contrary, I was more and more openly urged to show attention to Jane, and pretty broad hints were given me that it was necessary to my father's plans that, at a very early age for such a step, I should become her husband. The lady was herself my senior by a few years; another reason, perhaps, for her already treating me as her vassal.

I have said that I never rebelled without I had positive reasons for doing so. In general, I found the other way answer better. I was not of a disputative turn, and very much preferred modifying my father's arrangements, or suffering them to modify themselves, or evading them, or neglecting them, which I did generally with perfect impunity. What was it to me, for instance, that I was a pupil at Dredger's, so called, when my time was really spent at Bayswater, or in the Parks, with Mrs. Luttrel and Ellen, or at the theatre; or, when I could not help it, in Grosvenor-square; or even, for a change, now and then in Dredger's office itself? "What is in a name?" says Shakspeare; and a name, indeed, was my pursuit of the law.

But a plump and plain contract of marriage appeared rather a different affair. I was not, in my simplicity, aware how far such contracts are in practice modified or evaded, or how very often they are neglected; and only perceived that on my wife's part all that I could imagine most unpleasant would be exacted. Besides, there was the absolute renunciation of Ellen; of the only being in the world, except her brother, whom my heart had still, in the great poet's phrase, "sealed for herself." When once determined, I was assured enough; so, taking occasion at the next hint to bring matters to an issue, I did not demur, I refused altogether.

My father was really angry. I was not accustomed to think of him with too much respect; and the light in which fathers in general were considered in Mr. Dredger's office—as a sort of niggardly, unwilling stewards, or agents, very unwilling to "fork out" when required—had not increased my individual reverence. But there is something quite unmistakable about a man seriously in a passion, that puts a stop to any inclination for trifling, especially when that man can at all events cut you off with a shilling, or turn you out of doors without one. Besides, I was not without a sense of his good nature, and an habitual gratitude for his kindness and liberality.

"It is the one thing I have been toiling for, George," he said, in a tone which implied "and I mean to have it too." "Young men are not the ablest in the world to take care of their own interests, and you, perhaps, are not among the wisest or the most prudent even of them. You know I have not grumbled at your expenses, or your follies, or your idleness. I have let you go on in these things just as you pleased, because they had nothing to do with your future welfare in life; but in serious matters I must be allowed to think for you. I have laid a foundation, and I must see my building finished; or else I may happen to leave off altogether, and take up with another branch of my family where I may find the materials more to my hand."

It is wonderful how heroic I felt at that moment. I could have given up every thing for Ellen Willis, and have gone at once and told her so, and then wondered what on earth to do next, but my mother was present; she stopped me, and I had gained more and more deference and regard for her in merely copying Willis's manner to Mrs. Luttrel.

I suffered my father, therefore, to believe himself entirely victor in the contest, maintaining a sullen silence which he was at liberty to accept for an acquiescence, and which I determined to exchange for active opposition. He left me and my mother together. She, with the intuition which belongs to every daughter of Eve, young or old, on love affairs, had penetrated my secret. She turned the conversation on the Willises; drew from me enough to confirm her own surmises; and, avoiding the full confidence which I scarcely wanted any temptation to make, contrived to get rid of me by suddenly recollecting an engagement. I heard afterwards that she and my father had another

conference for nearly two hours, during which, as his own servant informed me, he was sure my name was very often mentioned. The Dilburys dined with us that day, but my mother was not present at the dinner-table, my father making some excuse for her which I scarcely listened to; but about nine o'clock the carriage brought her home, and she appeared in the drawing-room, where at first she seemed somewhat flurried in her manner, but soon after managed to resume her usual placidity. I little guessed what all this boded.

Replying to Jane's impertinences with rather more than usual sang-froid, or receiving them with more than usual inattention, that young lady was piqued into a higher state of sarcastic assurance than usual. However, a hanger-on of the family and of the firm, a bill-broker in the City, happening by some mistake in the invitations to be of the party, I managed to fix my honourable intended upon him, and his servility was flattered in being the butt of a scion of the house of Dilbury. That he engrossed her conversation for the whole evening, even if that conversation were at his own expense, was something to tell of next day, when Simkins and Watts, might happen to introduce fashionable conversation by reading the news of high life from the *Morning Post*. I sate, not "on a hill," but on a music-stool, "remote," revolving many a plan in my mind, and ending with the conviction that I was very determined, if I could only determine what to do.

Lord Dilbury and my father were earnestly conversing in another corner of the room. His lordship had undertaken to hint to the Minister the foundation on which my father desired to rest his family respectability. The Minister was far too astute even to look surprised. He did not probably think Bagges and the peerage so proper for an alliance in Debrett's record as my father would wish them to be, but he by no means directly refused. He even hinted that his Majesty might be inclined, considering the constant support which his Ministers had always received from my father, to bestow the dignity of Baronet. There was hope in this. My father smiled, but shook his head as it was mentioned. He would still be a commoner —he must still, if he meant to be anybody, submit to be bled by those horse-leeches at Swinestead. Lord Dilbury, with the utmost delicacy, hinted at the effect which the news of a proposed alliance with his own house had evidently produced upon the Minister. It had made the great man shake his head and smile still more, and there was some promise about that. It was not certain that my father would be a Peer. No, we could not say that yet; but it was quite as certain that he was not refused. He had applied, and been listened to, and at Court, as in love, that is considered something, though I would rather take my chance in the latter case than in the former. Ladies generally reject more decisively than Ministers. One thing was quite clear, that to make the best of the chances, I must be married to Jane.

The result of my own musings was this: I could at all events, that is, if I could but muster courage enough to do it, avow my love to Ellen Willis, pledge myself never to think of any other woman, and receive her faith in return, if she should only be inclined to give it. Then came my next uncertainty. Should I speak to herself, or to her aunt, or to her brother? To receive a negative from herself would be more than I dared to risk. It may be absurd; but at this distance of time I can fully recal the sickening of heart with which I figured such an event to myself. Then I dreaded her aunt, she was so very good, and so very honourable and prudent, and would be so sure to ask whether I was fully authorised by my relatives. And Willis himself! To take any advantage of his friendship for me—to lead him to do anything out of that which he might afterwards accuse himself or me for doing, was an impossibility. I have some pride in remembering that I felt this. Well, then, I would talk to Ellen, if I could find ever so short an opportunity. I would tell her the whole truth. What I was to promise her to do if she should return my affection, was a matter quite beside my calculations; but I must not marry Jane Dilbury, and I was quite ready to be starved—ay, even without asking her to starve with me —which prospect not being consolatory, I kept it out of my own sight as much as possible by looking hard at Jane, and destroying one disagreeable with another.

Lest, however, I should not find courage or opportunity to speak, I sate up more than half the night to write, and had I not brought down my stationery to the last sheet, with the impossibility of getting another unless I should arouse the house, I might probably never have finished a letter at all. The necessity compelled me. Then "I flung myself upon my bed," as every true lover has long been said to do, or I more naturally crept into it, and lay literally restless till late in the morning. This was a process which did not add to the strength of my nerves.

With some simple trifles for an excuse, perhaps worse arranged than it would have been on any other occasion, I walked, about noon, at a pace which I would not permit myself to slacken, to the cottage at Bayswater. My arrival could be perceived, for I had to open a front gate which rang a bell affixed to it, and pass into a front garden before I came to the door of the house. Contrary to old practice, I saw that my coming raised an unusual stir.

A blind was hurriedly drawn down in the little waiting parlour, but not so quickly but that I could fancy I saw Mrs. Luttrel in the act of doing so. The servant who answered my knock seemed to pause in the hall, and when she opened the door, appeared surprised and almost affected. Neither Mrs. Luttrel nor Miss Willis, she said, was at home. I asked again, as if I had not heard. It was a cruelty to make the girl stammer the falsehood again, but she did so. Would you, gentle reader, have rushed past and insisted on speaking in your own behalf? If you would, you would have loved less than I. I knew that I was purposely denied access. I hesitated—asked whether they would be at home soon—exhausted my own patience and the servant's: did not even leave my card, or desire her to say that I had called, but walked back irresolute, despairing. I did not know all that had passed, perhaps I guessed at more. I would go to the office and seek for Willis—yet how do that? My face was so flushed, my manner so little under my own controul, that all my companions would laugh at me. No—by making haste I might be at Dick's about his luncheon time, or, if he were not there, I might send in a note, or I could drink some Madeira myself. I could do no better. I went to Dick's.

(To be continued.)

RHYMING RECOLLECTIONS.—No. I.

NORWOOD HILL, SURREY.

I had passed the night at a masquerade, from which I proceeded on foot to Bromley, in Kent. Just as I had reached the top of Norwood Hill, the Eastern horizon seemed bathed in a flood of flame. I never saw the sun rise more gloriously. The words Gloria Patri came unconsciously to my lips, and upon that hint I wrote.

SUNRISE.

Gloria Patri! 'Tis the hour of prime,
And praise, and adoration. 'Tis the hour,
Father of mercies! when on wing sublime,
The spirit of the day shows forth thy pow'r.
Rising in joy and glory o'er each clime,
Shedding new life o'er creature, plant, and flow'r.
Gloria Patri! worm although I be,
I raise my spirit here in praise of Thee.

On the lone heath-hill, while the sweet bird's hymn
Commingles with my worship; and afar
Fades on the sight night's ebon diadem,
Wends to the vesper-wave each sister star,
Her pearly path, and struggling through the dim
Twilight where the pale moon's opal car
Nature arises, fresh in dewy bloom,
Like renovated Beauty from the tomb.

Gloria Patri! 'Tis the hour of prime,
And peace, and purity, ere yet the sun
Looks down upon the scenes of care and crime,
Or man's sad task of slavery has begun.
Gloria Patri! 'tis the hallowed time
Most genial to the pure soul's orison
When every creature over land and sea
Should pour one universal hymn to Thee.

Blest hour of sunrise! O'er th' Atlantic wave
Oft have I hailed thy dawn when dawning youth
Flew o'er the sands and sought the coral cave,
Where Ellen's lip met mine in voiceless truth,
And hope, whose blossoms bloom beyond the grave,
And love unpierced by Falsehood's serpent-tooth.
Dawn of my life and love, though bowed and worn,
I breathe thy freshness in this vermeil morn.

And in my wanderings, spirit of the day!
How oft I hailed thy beamings on the Rhine,
Or glowing through the sable forest's spray,
Or lighting up the Jungfrau's brow divine,
While mountain, lake, and city 'neath me lay,
And Friendship's arm was fondly clasped in mine.
Rent in the dust my harp and heart must be
Ere cease their thrillings, sweetest hour, to Thee.

Gloria Patri! when th' unsetting sun,
The Sun of Righteousness comes forth in might
And mercy; when worn Earth her task has done,
And sin and sorrow vanish, as the night
Flees from the dawn. Oh! may each earth-lost one
Meet us where souls in ecstacy unite.
Pour the glad hymn of myriads blest and free,
Gloria Patri! there in praise to Thee.

NEW BOOKS.

A New View of Insanity—The Duality of the Mind. By A. L. Wigan, M.D. *Longman, and Co.*

When a new theory is broached upon any subject, it generally meets with opposition from the prejudiced and uninformed. They little reflect how much learning and profound thinking are necessary, even to shake the most slightly based opinions, held upon unimportant subjects, or that before you can advance a new system, you must be thoroughly acquainted with all its predecessors or contemporaries. This alone admits of the presence of learning, and should always entitle every one, known not to be a *charlatan*, to a patient and impartial hearing.

The title of this book, "The Duality of the Mind," is itself sufficiently startling; but when the author (who so often has delighted our readers under an assumed name) states that it is proved by the Structure, Functions, and Diseases of the Brain, and by the Phenomena of Mental Derangement, and shown to be essential to moral responsibility, then indeed the investigation of his discovery becomes of the highest and most interesting importance. After an extremely modest preface—(in which the following quotation from Swift is happily given: "It is with theories as with wells; you may see to the bottom of the deepest, *if there be any water there:* while another shall pass for wondrous profound when 'tis merely shallow, dark and empty")—the author, in one or two introductory chapters, acquaints the reader with the origin and nature of his work. In Chapter III. he gives a description of the Brain adapted to Non-Medical readers, its functions, &c.; a most essential piece of information to qualify and interest them to understand and admire what follows. In Chapter IV. he reveals his theory with the propositions to be proved, and the results if proved. But let him here speak for himself:—

I believe myself then able to prove—

1. That each cerebrum is a distinct and perfect whole, as an organ of thought.

2. That a separate and distinct process of thinking or ratiocination may be carried on in each cerebrum simultaneously.

3. That each cerebrum is capable of a distinct and separate volition, and that these are very often opposing volitions.

4. That, in the healthy brain, one of the cerebra is almost always superior in power to the other, and capable of exercising control over the volitions of its fellow, and of preventing them from passing into acts, or from being manifested to others.

5. That when one of these cerebra becomes the subject of functional disorder, or of positive change of structure, of such a kind as to vitiate mind or induce insanity, the healthy organ can still, up to a certain point, control the morbid volitions of its fellow.

6. That this point depends partly on the extent of the disease or disorder, and partly on the degree of cultivation of the general brain in the art of self-government.

7. That when the disease or disorder of one cerebrum becomes sufficiently aggravated to defy the control of the other, the case is then one of the commonest forms of mental derangement or insanity; and that a lesser degree of discrepancy between the functions of the two cerebra constitutes the state of conscious delusion.

8. That in the insane, it is almost always possible to trace the intermixture of two synchronous trains of thought, and that it is the irregularly alternate utterance of portions of these two trains of thought which constitutes incoherence.

9. That of the two distinct simultaneous trains thought, one may be rational and the other irrational, or both may be irrational; but that, in either case, the effect is the same, to deprive the discourse of coherence or con gruity.

Even in furious mania, this double process may be generally perceived; often it takes the form of a colloquy between the diseased mind and the healthy one, and sometimes even resembles the steady continuous argument or narrative of a sane man, more or less frequently interrupted by a madman; but persevering with tenacity of purpose in the endeavour to overpower the intruder.

10. That when both cerebra are the subjects of disease, which is not of remittent periodicity, there are no lucid intervals, no attempt at self-control, and no means of promoting the cure; and that a spontaneous cure is rarely to be expected in such cases.

11. That however, where such mental derangement depends on inflammation, fever, gout, impoverished or diseased blood, or manifest bodily disease, it may often be cured by curing the malady which gave rise to it.

12. That in cases of insanity, not depending on structural injury, in which the patients retain the partial use of reason (from one of the cerebra remaining healthy or only slightly affected), the only mode in which the medical art can promote the cure beyond the means alluded to is by presenting motives of encouragement to the sound brain to exercise and strengthen its control over the unsound brain.

13. That the power of the higher organs of the intellect to coerce the mere instincts and propensities, as well as the power of one cerebrum to control the volitions of the other, may be indefinitely increased by exercise and moral cultivation; may be partially or wholly lost by desuetude or neglect; or, from depraved habits and criminal indulgence in childhood, and a general vicious education in a polluted moral atmosphere, may never have been acquired.

14. That one cerebrum may be entirely destroyed by disease, cancer, softening, atrophy, or absorption; may be *annihilated*, and in its place a yawning chasm; yet the mind remain complete and capable of exercising its functions in the same manner and to the same extent that one eye is capable of exercising the faculty of vision when its fellow is injured or destroyed; although there are some exercises of the brain, as of the eye, which are better performed with two organs than one. In the case of vision, the power of measuring distances, for example, and in the case of the brain, the power of concentrating the thoughts upon one subject, deep consideration, hard study; but in this latter case, it is difficult to decide how far the diminished power depends on diminution of general vigour from formidable and necessarily fatal disease.

15. That a lesion or injury of both cerebra is incompatible with such an exercise of the intellectual functions, as the common sense of mankind would designate *sound mind.*

16. That from the apparent division of each cerebrum into three lobes, it is a natural and reasonable presumption that the three portions have distinct offices, and highly probable that the three great divisions of the mental functions laid down by phrenologists, are founded in nature; whether these distinctions correspond with the natural divisions is a different question, but the fact of different portions of the brain executing different functions, is too well established to admit of denial from any physiologist.

17. That it is an error to suppose the two sides of the cranium to be always alike, that on the contrary, it is rarely found that the two halves of the exterior surface exactly correspond; that indeed, in the insane, there is often a notable difference—still more frequent in idiots, and especially in congenital idiots.

18. That the object and effect of a well-managed education are to establish and confirm the power of concentrating the energies of both brains on the same subject at the same time; that is, to make both cerebra carry on the same train of thought together, as the object of moral discipline is to strengthen the power of self-control; not merely the power of both intellectual organs to govern the animal propensities and passions, but the intellectual an

tagonism of the two brains, each (so to speak) a sentinel and security for the other while both are healthy; and the healthy one to correct and control the erroneous judgments of its fellow when disordered.

19. That it is the exercise of this power of compelling the combined attention of both brains to the same object, till it becomes easy and habitual, that constitutes the great superiority of the disciplined scholar over the self-educated man; the latter may perhaps possess a greater stock of useful knowledge, but set him to study a new subject, and he is soon outstripped by the other, who has acquired the very difficult accomplishment of *thinking of only one thing at a time*; that is, of concentrating the action of both brains on the same subject.

20. That every man is, in his own person, conscious of two volitions, and very often conflicting volitions, quite distinct from the government of the passions by the intellect; a consciousness so universal, that it enters into all figurative language on the moral feelings and sentiments, has been enlisted into the service of every religion, and forms the basis of some of them, as the Manichæan.

While the structure of the brain is considered as the structure of one organ only, there is not much hope of any improvement in our physiology. We know so little of the respective uses of parts in so complicated an organization, that we can form opinions of its functions only by observing the consequences of morbid changes of structure, and the connexion between changes of partial organs and changes of function; but while we consider the integrity of the whole mass of both cerebra as essential to the performance of offices which are proper to each, it is vain to expect that we shall make advance in the knowledge of the separate uses of separate parts. Had we treated the eye in the same manner, we should have contended that opacity of the crystalline lens could not impede vision, because we saw that vision remained when one lobe or hemisphere (or whatever we might call it) of THE EYE was obliterated. How much stronger would have been this illustration had the organs of vision (the two lobes of the eye we will suppose) been concealed from our view by a bony covering, their axes directed to one aperture, and cataract only to be recognised on dissection, after other morbid changes had taken place tending to mystify and obscure the judgment. I can fancy some teacher of anatomy holding up to ridicule the doctrine that transparency of the lens was necessary to vision, and showing, in refutation of so absurd an assertion, one *lobe* of the eye completely opaque, yet the vision perfect to the last, when every one knew that the integrity of both lobes was essential to the performance of that function, and consequently opacity no impediment to vision. *Q. e. d.*

These propositions, of a verity, are tough things to handle. In Chap. V. the Doctor disclaims MATERIALISM in very energetic terms:—

Should any one, after reading the following pages, be inclined to suspect me of a leaning to Materialism, I protest beforehand against an erroneous inference, which must be drawn either from an inattentive perusal of my book, or from my own want of power to express my sentiments with clearness and precision. No one can entertain a greater repugnance to that cheerless and desolate doctrine than myself; if this world were the *be-all* and *end-all*, the sterile prospect would dismay the stoutest heart.

The author then clearly points out the distinction between the word Materialism as used by Atheists and metaphysical physiologists.

The following passage contains a most novel and interesting theory:—

The light of day, however pure and colourless, if it pass through a distorted or coloured medium, will be distorted or coloured,—through red glass it will be red, through yellow glass it will be yellow; and if it pass through several media of different densities, or be twice reflected, it will be decomposed and polarised. So with the *mind*, in the sense in which that word is generally used.

To me it seems that the provision of two distinct and perfect brains, for this object, is like the provision of two ears and two eyes. In thought, as in vision and in hearing, each organ may suffice to perform perfectly all its appropriate functions, yet the two when in health produce only one result. We have only one sound with both ears, each of them hearing it at the same time. We see only one object with both eyes, each seeing it separately at the same time. We carry on only one train of thought in both brains, each thinking it at the same time; all this however is contingent, not only on the perfect health of the organs, but on their due exercise and cultivation. In disorder or disease, brain, eye, and ear, convey separate, distinct, conflicting ideas,—one, or both, necessarily erroneous.

The Chapter (VIII.) on False Perceptions, Errors of the Organs of Sense, &c., contains many most interesting cases of delusion; also instances of cerebral disturbance from diffused gout. The following anecdote is amusing as well as instructive:—

A gentleman of large hereditary fortune, having a very numerous family, chiefly of girls, resolved to lay down his expensive establishment, for the sake of making provision for them. He let his house, sold his carriage and his large stud of horses, gave his hounds to a friend, and retired to a house of moderate size, with one man-servant and three females, and, with a good library, he occupied himself in aiding the tutor and governess in the tuition of his daughters and younger children. His pride was much hurt on first encountering the change, for he was generally supposed to be a ruined man, and not a few stories were told of his shameless extravagance which had brought him to his present degradation, although in fact he had always lived much within his income. I mention these things to shew that he was a man with strong self-command and high principle. "I bide my time" was his consolation, and he often declared that he had never experienced real happiness till after his change of habits; yet he was morbidly sensible to slights, and had the change in his position been compulsory, instead of voluntary, I do not think he could have survived the vivid sense of degradation. When it was found, however, that out of his annual savings he was regularly investing large sums in the names of his daughters, that no interruption had ever taken place in his eleemosynary benefactions, and that he was even able to purchase portions of land, for the purpose of completing the form and compactness of his estate, public opinion entirely changed, and the man who had been so largely abused as a spendthrift, became as extravagantly lauded as a hero. He was simply a man of high principle and great self-command.

This gentleman came under my care with a long list of anomalous ailments, and it was not for a considerable time that I was able to form a decided opinion of their origin. It was one of the two

"monster ills that mimic all the rest"—

gout and hysteria—it was *gout*. Having always cultivated the practice of forming a medical opinion slowly, and adhering to it pertinaciously, I was not turned from my convictions by the many contradictory opinions of other advisers, in some respects superior to myself. I could not go through with them on every occasion the logical process by which I had convinced myself; for all the reasons were not always present to me in the same order and force, but I knew that I *had* investigated thoroughly and satisfied myself absolutely and that no other series of arguments, however consecutive, could produce a more absolute conviction. I therefore remained of the same opinion.

The gentleman gradually became bewildered in mind. He expressed occasional alarm at the excessive rapidity of his thoughts, and spoke of the difficulty of convincing himself that he had parted with his hounds; he repeatedly rang the bell for the keeper, and then, perhaps, before the servant could answer it, recollected, and was ashamed of the error. His expression was, "there always seems to be another person *thinking with my brain*, and telling me things that I know to be false, but which I have the greatest difficulty to prevent myself from uttering as my own." The slightest opposition to any absurd sentiment which he uttered under this impulse made him furious, but by affecting assent to his assertion or confused

attempt at argument, and by a tone of great sympathy and compassion, I could sometimes gradually and gently lead him to explain the two trains of thought which were passing through his mind, and I very much regret not having committed them to paper. They were, however, as completely unconnected as two trains of thought passing through the minds of two distinct persons; yet, in the midst of the confusion produced by this mental disturbance, he could sometimes, as he phrased it, "suddenly pull up and throw himself on his haunches." It went on in this manner till he became entirely unable to control his morbid trains of thought, and it assumed the character of positive insanity. His friends took steps to place him under restraint: a conclave assembled at his house, keepers and a strait-waistcoat were provided, and it was only by most forcibly pleading the frightful consequences of such a proceeding to the welfare of his daughters, and showing the obstacle it would create to their establishment in life, that I procured a little delay. Sometimes I could assign such reasons for my belief as seemed to me irresistible—more frequently I could only oppose my dogged conviction to the acute arguments of an able man, and I was *talked down*. There is something, however, so impressive on others, in an absolute faith like that which possessed me, that I succeeded for more than a week in procuring delay; at last, I was allowed four-and-twenty hours more as the very latest period they would consent to wait, at the expiration of which he was to be removed to an establishment for the insane. Happily, four-and-twenty hours were not required to prove *me* in the right (which was a matter of trifling importance), but to save *him* from a degradation which I firmly believe would have had fatal consequences. In the night he was seized with pain in the great toe, which in a few hours swelled to a great size,—all his delusions vanished, and his reasoning powers became extraordinarily acute, as is, I believe, always the case under an established fit of gout, however the temper may be spoiled.

Had this man waked from his insane dream to find himself in a strait-waistcoat, and surrounded by plebeian controllers of his actions, I think it highly probable that, with a mind so susceptible and a sense of personal dignity so acute, his indignation would have produced a revulsion which might have rendered his recovery hopeless, and the belief of the friends in my ignorance would have been confirmed.

Doctor Wigan in his Chap. IX. dips into the question of Phrenology, with which he professes candidly not to be thoroughly conversant, yet adduces some instances from the highest authorities of its agreement with his system. His quotations from Dr. Holland are decided proofs that he is not a solitary, vain speculatist, but one who has the opinion of a "profound thinker, able physician—a scholar, philosopher, and a gentleman," on his side. From these citations it is quite evident that the two learned doctors are of the same, or nearly similar ways of thinking on the subject-matter of Mr. Wigan's book, namely, that the brain is a double organ. In Chap. XIII. some additional arguments are brought forward, and the writer again speaks of Phrenology rather sceptically. From this, the work, for a considerable portion of it, consists of instances derived from very high authorities, followed by extremely logical "inferences," to establish the author's theory. He gives one case, upon the high dictum of Dr. Hawkins, which we subjoin :—

E. B., a young and hitherto healthy woman, the mother of two children,—in humble life, but not in indigence,—applied at the Hitchin Dispensary, in consequence of the most miserable feelings, accompanied by the strong and almost irresistible propensity (or temptation, as she termed it) to destroy her infant. This feeling first came upon her about a week before, when the child was a month old; and she was now sunk into an extreme state of dejection, and she begged to be continually watched, lest she should yield to this strange propensity.

Now, to destroy one's own child is not a natural propensity which can be assigned to a separate phrenological organ, even if there be one; it is not an instinct; it is not an animal impulse; it is no part of the natural mind, requiring, like the sexual and other propensities, to be constantly watched and controlled, and prevented from passing into excess, by the exercise of the higher intellectual powers. It is a diseased action of a whole brain, which cannot at the same moment have this propensity and a wish to prevent it; cannot be in two opposite and antagonist states at the same moment; the thing is a manifest contradiction in terms, and as impossible as that yesterday should come after to-morrow; but it is very possible that, as one brain alone is a perfect organ of thought, feeling, sentiment, and volition, one brain may have the morbid propensity from disease or disorder, and the other be perfectly healthy, and occupied in watching and controlling the insane desire. All this seems to me so clear, so perfectly conclusive and satisfactory, that I really cannot conceive the state of mind which could refuse assent. One brain *can* act alone,—one brain *does* act alone in the ordinary business of life, in *my* opinion. It is proved that it does so when the other is destroyed: there is no other mode of explaining the matter without arbitrary assumptions which shock the reason; and this mode explains it entirely.

Chapter XXV. commences with quotations from Dr. Macnish, on "The Philosophy of Sleep," which are, at the least, very amusing—but less so than the author's own illustration of "Argumentative Dreams."

There are few individuals (says the doctor) accustomed to dream, who have not, sometimes, when in that state, held a controversy, apparently, with another person. Like Dr. Johnson they may have been overpowered by the greater prowess of their imaginary antagonist, and felt mortification at the superior wit of their collocutor. Dr. Johnson, in relating a dream of this kind, remarks, "Had I been awake I should have known that I furnished the wit on both sides."

The same chapter contains many philosophical and interesting reasonings upon Sleep and Dreaming, and Moral Concussion. The following extract is curious.

I recommend very strongly, in cases where the insanity partakes of the nature of mental torpor or imbecility, the use of black pepper as snuff; it has an extraordinary power of rousing the brain, and has even a considerable influence in slight coma from concussion; but in the senile torpor, almost amounting to coma, its effect is astonishing, and many a man may, for a short time, under its influence, be able to resume full possession of his judgment, and dispose rationally of his property. The powder sold under the name of Grimstone's Eye Snuff is almost exclusively black pepper; there is, I believe, a small quantity of tobacco or other substances put into it for disguise, but its beneficial qualities arise solely from the black pepper, and every addition is, *pro tanto*, injurious.

The arguments brought forward to prove the non-identity of mind and soul we hold to be conclusive. The author says :—

If mind and soul were identical, then the soul could not be an immaterial principle—for mind, we see, is a thing of gradual growth, increasing bit by bit, from less than that of the lowest quadruped to the exhibition of the highest intellect. The infant just born has no voluntary power—no *will*, no reflection, no perception; it has scarcely sensation; yet all these come by slow degrees, and the accumulation of faculties which are ultimately to constitute *a mind*, may be retarded or entirely prevented by disease or want of cultivation. Some of these faculties may progress to the injury or extinction of others, or they may be all developed in due order and succession till they make the godlike gift of reason. Can the mind then be a thing, *per se* distinct and separate from the body? No more than the motion can exist independent of the watch; and all the arguments of theologians and metaphysicians on this subject are founded on the confusion of terms. Predicate what you please of the *soul*, you cannot

exaggerate its exalted nature; but do not confound it with *mind*, which is nothing more than a collection, an *aggregate of functions*, and the word itself only a term to designate a set of processes, any one of which may be defective, excessive, or absolutely wanting, without destroying, and sometimes almost without materially impairing the reasoning faculties. No man possesses all of them in perfection, or he would be superior to humanity; few possess any of them in perfection; but a moderate degree of excellence in many of them may be attained by almost any one who is subjected to due cultivation, and they may almost all of them be lost by neglect and desuetude.

I have before spoken of the effect of pressure on the brain, and will here give the illustration a little more at large.

If I apply my finger to an opening in the skull, made, for example, by the trephine, and press gently on the brain, I gradually extinguish vision, hearing, and the rest of the special senses, and produce the effect called coma, or deep insensible sleep; the pressure continued longer and more forcibly, goes on to extinguish all mental faculties and manifestations, voluntary power, sensation, and perception, consciousness, memory, imagination, judgment, in fact the whole mind. The animal now possesses only organic life, and is utterly unconscious of its own existence; all the intellectual faculties are in abeyance, they are not annihilated. But we may advance still further in the process of extinction, as in the state of asphyxia from drowning; there is now scarcely a remnant of organic life, even—it is the left ventricle of the heart, in which alone there is the slightest spark of vitality,—it vibrates with a tremulous motion, and there alone *latet scintilla forsan*, and, if carefully fanned, may light up again into consciousness and power the whole congeries of functions which form the thinking man—but as yet, the body remains cold, motionless, unconscious, a mere clod, without any cognizable signs of life, even by a medical eye—it may be cut to pieces, or the bones broken, and no more pain will be inflicted than on a cabbage—it has not, indeed, by any means, so much life as a vegetable—it is dead, absolutely dead in every sense, except that there resides, in the left ventricle, this germ of vitality; and restoration is still possible.

No theologian will surely allow that the *soul* has yet left its earthly dwelling, and can be called back by friction, warmth, and brandy—yet by such means we can restore the MIND, which no longer existed in any form or mode of being.

What, in fact, had I done by the pressure of my finger on the brain? I had not annihilated a single faculty, yet I had extinguished the MIND, and had the pressure been continued, it would never have returned; death and dissolution would have come, and the body would have been gradually resolved into its primary elements—into the hydrogen, nitrogen, oxygen, and carbon—the phosphorus, lime, and manganese—and the MIND of that individual would then be, indeed, annihilated.

Thus with the watch. I move a little point, and it stops; if I leave it there, the motion is suspended: does the motion continue to exist? The watch, like the body, will be gradually resolved into its ultimate elements by chemical action, and the *motion* of that individual watch is for ever annihilated. I take off the pressure from the brain, and all the faculties resume their action, and the man becomes again a thinking, acting, sentient being. I move the little point of the watch, and the motion is resumed. I cannot see the slightest discrepancy in the reasoning process. To ask where the MIND is during the interruption to its functions seems exactly the same as to ask where the MOTION of the watch resides when I have placed the little spring against the great wheel, which prevents it from making its revolution. To speak of the mind, then, in this sense, as connected with the material world by means of the brain, has strictly no more meaning than to speak of digestion as connected with matter by means of the stomach.

The *divinely mysterious essence* which we call the SOUL is *not* then the MIND; from which it must be carefully distinguished, if we would hope to make any progress in mental philosophy. Where the soul resides during the suspension of the mental powers by asphyxia, I know not, any more than I know where it resided before it was united to that specific compound of bones, muscles, and nerves. Revelation here tells us nothing, and our own faculties could not even make us comprehend the existence of the soul, nor from any other source but Revelation can we form an idea of its nature or its destination.

Do not suppose, reader, that I would make a profane comparison between the production of man's ingenuity, the watch, and the workmanship of the Creator; the difference is as great as between the beings who formed them. The movement is the result of the mechanism of the watch, but all the parts may be put together, and they will not set themselves in motion; the maker gives the first impulse; he could not even form the instrument on whose perfection he prides himself, unless God had bestowed on matter certain qualities, and established certain principles and laws of elasticity, momentum, and gravitation. It is the Almighty who confers the powers which set the watch in motion—without those powers, qualities, and principles, we could not form the watch; and the difference is not greater between the watch and the thinking quadruped, than between the quadruped and man—the only animal who has the power *to think of his own thoughts*, and consequently the only animal responsible for his actions.

Many subsequent pages are devoted by the author to the further establishment of his theory, in which a hundred instances, facts, and coinciding authorities, are quoted; after which he arrives at his Inferences and Conclusion, from which we make the following extracts:—

And what, then, is proved by all these arguments and examples? *Cui bono?* What is the result—the effect, the benefit of the discussion? I reply, first of all, *the establishment of a new fact*, in the firm belief that every truth involves sequences beneficial to society, although the mind that makes the discovery be incapable of perceiving them. A conviction that no truth is sterile, but the parent of innumerable other truths that seem in no way to spring from it, but which could not have had existence had not the first led to them, by exciting the interest and curiosity of fresh minds. I just catch a glimpse of corollaries to be hereafter drawn from the premises I have endeavoured to establish, which are so important as to be absolutely startling from their novelty and extensive influence, but to which I dare not even allude at present, lest I should cast discredit on my theory.

In the next place, I think that the new doctrine may lead to further advances in the road of improvement as to the management of the insane, and may also lead to the anticipation and prevention of the diseases of which that disorder of the understanding is the consequence.

Thirdly, that it may excite compassion for the wicked, and induce society not to rest satisfied with the punishment alone of the guilty, but to make greater efforts to reclaim them, and to remove the causes which give rise to the acts of criminality. That it may also establish the conviction, that in the great majority of cases it is not voluntary intentional depravity which leads to crime, but ignorance and imbecility, from the want of development of all the higher portions of the intellect, by early cultivation of the brain; that it was God's pleasure to give mankind not a perfect, but a cultivable mind, and that all its best and highest qualities are the result of education; that without such moral instruction as it is the imperative duty of society to enforce, we have no right to exact obedience to the laws, or to punish the breach of them. That man has no valid claim even to the accumulation and conservation of wealth, but by concurrent endeavours to accomplish these objects; that it is as much the duty of the State to furnish education as to furnish food, and as great a crime on the part of society to let any of its members perish for want of teaching, as to let them perish for want of physical nourishment; and that till a man has been placed in a position to learn his duties, it is tyranny to punish him for the neglect of them; that the mind in its natural state is a collection of the lowest instincts, in no respect better than those of brutes, and that the natural development of intellect, unaided by education, is nothing more than the animal wis-

dom called cunning, devoted solely to the gratification of the animal propensities. But in this wilderness of weeds that spring up and choke the neglected garden, lie the germs of the noblest plants, which, had they been early cultivated, would have fully occupied the ground, and left no space for the noxious plants that now disfigure the soil.

There is little danger that this mode of thinking should lead to too great indulgence towards criminals: the comfortable conviction which occupies the mind of every one who has been exempted by his position and education from temptation to commit the grosser crimes —the more than adequate indignation excited by the offences of the uneducated—the very disgust and detestation we have been taught to feel for the crimes we could never be in a position to commit,—these things are quite enough to ensure at least a sufficient degree of severity in our judgments of others, and there is little danger of becoming too lenient towards any faults but our own. The Divine founder of our religion felt no anger, no hatred, no scorn, no indignation, towards the wicked, nothing but sorrow and compassion. Let us imitate the feeling as far as our imperfect nature will admit, and think more of implanting good sentiments as motives to good actions, than of deterring from bad ones by the extravagant severity of punishment, which never yet accomplished its intended object.

But one of the most important of all the consequences of my theory, if on investigation it be found worthy of entire confidence, will be the establishment of a merciful feeling towards the great number of unhappy beings who have one brain requiring incessant control; who, with all their efforts, lose their hold from time to time, and commit acts of extravagance and folly, inconsistent with the habitual tenor of their lives and their own deliberate feeling. Hundreds of thousands of human beings pass their whole existence in the incessant struggle between two volitions; making the most heroic efforts to overcome their tendency to evil and to error, and sinking from time to time into despair when they have had the misfortune to incur the censure of their fellow-creatures by some ungovernable act of imprudence, contrary to their deliberate will and resolve. Such men, if society at large could be aware of their mental struggle, and duly impressed with a correct notion of the physical cause, would be objects of sincere compassion, and meet with the encouragement which alone is wanting to turn the scale in their favour; it is already nearly balanced by their own virtuous resolves; but when involuntary faults and follies have drawn upon the unhappy possessor of such a brain the extremity of censure from his fellow-creatures, he loses heart, gives up all efforts to recover his own self-respect, and lets himself go to perdition.

The next is important :—

There is yet another among the beneficial results which would follow the adoption of my theory, and that is, an early, a very early, interference with the actions of men who, although they cannot be pronounced absolutely insane, yet are clearly unfit to be entrusted with the control of their property and the government of their families. Whether anything could be devised sufficiently in harmony with our free institutions to obtain the general assent of the people at large, must be decided by men conversant with legislation. If such a measure could be guarded from abuse, and a man in the stage of transition to insanity could be stopped short before he had ruined or disgraced his family, and without the publicity and permanent disqualifying consequences of a commission of lunacy, it would be an enormous blessing to thousands who are now watching with trembling anxiety the moment when the most afflicting certainty shall terminate intolerable suspense. Many of the acts of infamy which have disgraced individuals of the higher classes have been foreseen and foretold to the friends by the medical attendant, but there have been no means of arresting the calamity. The pathological physician sees clearly the point at which the patient either *can not* or *will not* control the disordered brain by the sound one, or the propensities by the intellect: the former is a justification of restraint in every respect as valid as the latter—they are in fact virtually the same.

To this extraordinary work is affixed an Appendix, in three chapters, principally devoted to Considerations of Insanity, which are in some degree rendered unpleasant by the introduction of the antagonism of principles in two controversial religions. But it is a subject which could not be wholly overlooked. The article on the Management of Lunatic Asylums is written rather intemperately, but nevertheless contains some amusing and valuable matter. And now for our conclusion.

We cannot, of course, decide how far the scientific view of the question is established by the arguments drawn from Anatomy, Physiology, and Pathology; but such as the general reader can judge of, seem irresistible. If the theory be really true, it involves extensive and extraordinary consequences, so startling that almost every member of society is deeply interested in its application. The work is full of cases to excite and reward curiosity. Having arrived at the end of it, we will go back to the beginning, and quote from the learned Doctor's Preface a passage which does honour to his head and heart :—

I will only add (says he) in anticipation and deprecation of critical censure, that a man cannot well be accused of precipitation or presumption who waits till his sixtieth year to promulgate opinions he has held during half his life with daily increasing conviction; which he believes to be of the greatest importance in medicine, morals, and jurisprudence—in the management of the insane—in the treatment of criminals—the education of youth—and, above all, in the discipline of *imperfect*, *defective*, and *distorted* minds.

In fine, this is a work of deep philosophical researches, conveyed, even to the ordinary reader, in most pleasant, intelligible, and elegant language. It cannot fail to excite universal attention and delight.

Vacation Rambles and Thoughts. By T. N. Talfourd. *Moxon*, Dover-street.

We have been much gratified with the perusal of these volumes, written evenly and harmoniously, in a cheerful, kindly, and somewhat enthusiastic style. The learned sergeant has been long favourably known to the public by his very successful "Ion," and other dramatic works. He has now given us his amusing impressions during three continental visits in 1841, 42, and 43. The ground has been so often previously trodden that a man's private reflections must possess some really sterling merit and mind to be very entertaining, or even tolerable; our readers will therefore comprehend us, when we assure them that we consider these "Thoughts" worthy of a re-perusal.

The sketches of Swiss scenery are drawn in a very pleasing manner, although, in some instances, the writer was disappointed in the ideas which he had preconceived relative to far-famed objects; as the subjoined extract will serve to show :—

To the left, above a dark hill, rose into the clear blue sky the summit of Mont Blanc, with its subject domes and attendant needles, all robed in dazzling white, except where the steepest precipices were gashed into the snow, and contrasted it with stripes of dark rich brown. This was the first view we had enjoyed of any of the highest Alps, except as a vision in the clouds; and, surprising as it was, I must confess the effect did not equal my expectations. This falling-off might be partly attributable to the mind being filled and perturbed with the loveliness of the vast sunny vale, of a character so entirely different from those icy pinnacles, which, near to it in reality, were close to it in the picture, and which compelled admiration of colours and shapes as unlike those around us as if they belonged to another world. But there is a reason why Alpine heights, seen at a distance of from twelve to twenty

miles by persons who are not familiar with their nearer grandeur, must disappoint an enthusiastic expectant; the masses of snow, almost uniform in colour, do not admit of the sense of distance which the varieties of ordinary scenery convey; and the consequence is, that the eye, not making the proper allowances, embraces the mighty objects as comparatively small; and the mind, instead of being uplifted into regions of perpetual snows, brings down the white masses to the level earth, and then regards them rather with curiosity than admiration. The immediate feeling is a perplexed surprise that there should be just before you heaps of snow, not "unsunned," but illuminated by a sun which scorches the earth around you, and that they should give no sign of melting. To one who has had happy experience in Alpine solitudes, and who therefore can in some faint degree recognize in the glittering heights, the length and breadth and depth which have dwindled into a fairy frost-work to the eye, those forms produce a far nobler impression; but a first sight of the Alps, to produce the thrilling sense of which Rogers speaks, should be obtained from a greater distance, where the intervention of a multitude of other objects gives to the snowy mountains their due proportion, or something approaching to it, in the perspective.

His visit to the celebrated field of Waterloo, was anything but pleasurable.

The next day we spent in exploring the field of Waterloo; which I heartily wish we had left unvisited. Never, surely, was the scene of any great action so far despoiled of interest, by petty, harassing, vexatious details, as this. We could not, indeed, expect much of striking memorial in a mere battle-field, vastness and silence—the faithful preservation of such vestiges as are most closely associated with the master-minds that here played out the game of death—are all that could be wished for: but these, as far as possible, have been confused or destroyed. As if the level plain, beneath which so many brave soldiers are reposing, were not as appropriate a monument as a mound of the same earth, the inclination of the ground which the British forces occupied has been violated, in order to scoop out materials for an ugly mass of dirt, surmounted by a frightful lion—oh, how like the monumental lion of Lucerne! The scene of carnage is changed for one of civil spoliation: for every step is infested with lazy, urgent guides or beggars; some thrusting their physical infirmities, some their false relics, in your face; and some putting forward nothing but their sturdy prayers, ready to be turned into curses; all around you is pettiness, pretence, and plunder. A kindred spirit of mean exaction pervades the miserable hotels, at one of which you are obliged to stop; the host charging you the price of chambertin for vin ordinaire you cannot drink; and the waiter is astonished if you do not pay him handsomely for bringing it into the room, as if he had some hand in winning the battle; while the low, white-washed walls, and pot-house chairs, and flaring coloured prints, complete the sense of discomfort. Then, in order to substitute the idea of carnage in its shocking realities—too recent to be blended with events which are removed by time beyond a relation to surviving sorrows—for the greater feelings the scene should suggest, as the mighty witness to the adamantine part of British nature and the catastrophe of Napoleon's career, you are beset with such relics as the skull of a soldier, with teeth of horrid whiteness, to indicate that he fell in the bloom of life. The day was intensely hot; the road dusty, flinty, arid; so that the shade of the dullest fir-grove I ever traversed was a welcome solace; and the voiturier deaf to all our entreaties that he would move faster than at a foot's pace, who thus gave to our misery a ludicrous completeness.

The second volume will be perhaps the most popular, and we fully concur in the concluding remarks upon our enjoyment of scenery. Mr. Talfourd says:—

In estimating the wealth with which the mind may be endowed by excursions as rapid as these into foreign lands, I think it will be found to consist almost exclusively in the images which the scenes of the external world have impressed upon it, and in the feelings they have excited. It would be obviously absurd to hope that, from intercourse so transient and imperfect as the railway carriage, the steam-boat, and the *table d'hôte* allow, any knowledge of the character of the people of the fair regions at which a holiday traveller glances can be acquired, beyond a few picturesque aspects of glancing light and shadow. You cannot, indeed, pass through any section of Germany, however rapidly, without becoming sensible to the charm of that unaffected good-nature with which all classes seem imbued; associated in the women with a quiet, serene grace, a benevolent repose of manner; and in the men, especially the young students, with a brotherly affection for each other, and a disposition to be and to make happy, which refers their university duels to the mere tyranny of custom. Indeed, the gashes which these encounters have left, may generally be observed scarring faces which beam with good-humour, and show how little concern hatred or envy, or any real passion, has in producing those passages of foolish bravery. In Switzerland, it would be a sad waste of precious hours to spend them in endeavouring to pluck out the heart of the mysteries of character which lie within the human forms which are dwarfed by the mountains among which they move and perish, while the mountains themselves, with the snows they sustain and the streams they nurture, freely expand to the gaze, and invite the eye, the heart, and the imagination to concur in holding the most intimate communion with their grandeurs.

But the knowledge of scenery which is achieved by such excursions is all clear, unalloyed, and priceless gain; for it not only enriches the chamber of memory with the pictures which can be expanded at will, but nourishes the power of appreciating all other kindred scenes, and redoubles the charm of those we may afterwards enjoy at home. When, therefore, we pursue the inevitable comparison between the Alpine scenery of Switzerland and that which lies among our own mountains of Scotland, Wales, and the north of England, we institute no invidious scrutiny, but trace out the links of that process by which familiarity with one form of nature increases the facility of appreciating others resembling it, and heightens the enjoyment of all.

The pleasure which is derived from the contemplation of fine scenery is, I apprehend, nearly in proportion to the power with which the mind grasps its colours and forms, and realises a kindred between their attributes and its own. The mere presentment of the mightiest external varieties of the earth's surface to the eye of curiosity, except in the comparatively rare instances when they melt into harmonious pictures, can excite, at most, only a sort of stupified wonder. To the youth of a poet, gifted with a peculiar sense of beauty, they may be, as they were to Wordsworth, a passion, "an appetite, a feeling, and a love;" though even then it may be doubted whether the premature development of deeper sources of pleasure has not unconsciously blended the spiritual with the external. But to children, in general, the Book of Nature, spread out before them in all its wildest sublimities, lies unread; and it is not until they have begun, not merely to think and feel, but to reflect on their own past thoughts and feelings, which they have gradually associated with the scenes in which their emotions have been born and cherished, that they begin to understand and to love the world without them. In this respect, the experience of every youth of sensibility and reflection, is a picture in little of the history of his species. Old as the world has grown in the arts of life and death, and early as divine inspiration enkindled the spirit of poetry in its favoured inheritors, it is only in times comparatively modern that the mind seems to have awakened to a sense of its external grandeurs. In the Hebrew sacred poetry, each image is singly contemplated as attesting the glory of God, or is employed as the symbol of his terrors; the breath of a pastoral simplicity is wafted from the depths of patriarchal ages; Mount Sinai flashes with the terrors of the law; and the harp of David sometimes trembles with the sweet influences of sky and earth; but there is no picture, enriched by the heart's experiences, to break the elemental vastness of the imagery in which the voice of eternity is heard. In the Homeric poems—all vivid as they are—

> As full of spirit as the month of May,
> And gorgeous as the sun at Midsummer,

the pictures are of the camp, the battle, the city, the fleet—not of the mountain and the flood; and the frequent similes by which they are studded, instead of indicating an

aptitude in the poet's mind for informing the shapes of the universe with life and passion, or clothing human affections and powers with the aspects of matter, show, by the imperfect associations which often introduce them, and the mosaic air they give to the composition they variegate, how faintly the sympathies between the world of matter and of thought were perceived even by the genius which inspired them. As the poetry of Greece became more refined, the sentiment of scenery was still further repressed, until it was lost in the tendency to make all things subservient to the beauty of form. It breathes again in Virgil, but still with a subdued and courtly sweetness; and scarcely is felt again till it bursts out in lusty life in Chaucer. Hence, after mingling with the flush of Elizabethan genius; enriching the passion of Shakspeare; mantling in the luxury of Fletcher; and embossing the stateliness of Milton; it was crushed by the iron sense of Dryden; dissipated amidst the artificial brilliancies of Pope; and feebly held its obscure way beneath the frost-like etiquette and sparkling conceit of our Augustan age. In the revival of the true poetical spirit it has expanded triumphantly among us: breaking forth with gorgeous enthusiasm in Thomson; becoming coldly pure in Cowper; shedding a consecrating influence on a multitude of glorious scenes in Scott; and enabling us to consecrate all scenes for ourselves by the teachings of Wordsworth. No one can doubt that the deeper seriousness which Christianity has shed through our human life, has attached itself to the silent forms of nature, and has given them an interest which, reflected and reduplicated by our poetry and romance, is now not confined to men of genius or even to men of thoughtful leisure, but is felt more or less vividly as a pervading sentiment of common existence; gleaming in upon the busiest hours; and deepening the long-drawn sigh for repose from the bustle of the world, with a longing after the visitations of beauty and the approaches of wisdom.

Our space warns us that we must now conclude by cordially recommending these refreshing and instructive Rambles and Thoughts for the recreation and delight of our readers.

THE ATTACHE; OR, SAM SLICK IN ENGLAND. By the Author of "The Clockmaker." *Bentley*, New Burlington-street.

WE were always decided enemies to slang; it is a poor substitute for wit or humour. Our English slang is bad enough, but of all the disgusting perversions of language that of the American dialect is the most intolerable. It possesses all the easy flippancy of their manners, which are as distant from good breeding as dishwater is from champagne. This work is written in its idiom, and is wearisome vulgarity throughout. Some of Mr. Slick's observations on England and Englishmen are just enough, but there is a vein of jealous Yankeeism which accompanies them. The style of these volumes will not much improve our literature, and does no great honour to the taste of their author, Judge Haliburton, who is a kind of Anti-Roscoe in refinement.

We will give one quotation, that our readers may judge for themselves.

"If you recollect," said Mr. Slick, "I was a tellin' of you yesterday about hooks and eyes, and how I larnt the fust lesson in that worldly wisdom from Lucy Foley. Now, our friend that entertained us yesterday, is a hook, a Tory hook, and nothin' else, and I must say if there is a thing I despise and hate in this world, it is one o' them critturs. The Tory party here, you know, includes all the best part of the upper crust folks in the kingdom,—most o' the prime o' the nobility, clargy, gentry, army, navy, professions, and rael marchants. It has, in course, a vast majority of all the power, talent, vartue, and wealth of the kingdom a'most. In the natur' of things, therefore, it has been in power most o' the time, and always will be in longer than the Whigs, who are, in fact, in a gineral way not Liberals on principle, but on interest,—not in heart, but in profession.

"Well, such a party is 'the eye,' or the power, and the 'hook' is a crooked thing made to hitch on to it. Every Tory jungle has one or more of these beasts of prey in it. Talk of a tiger hunt, heavens and airth! it would be nothin' to the fun of huntin' one of these devils. Our friend is one; he is an adventurer in politics and nothin' else—he talks high Tory, and writes high Tory, and acts high Tory, about the toploftiest; not because he is one, for he is nothin', but because it curries favour, because it enables him to stand where he can put his hook in when a chance offers. He'll stoop to anythin', will this wretch. If one of his Tory patrons writes a book, he writes a review of it, and praises it up to the skies. If he makes a speech, he gets a leadin' article in its favour inserted in a paper. If his lady has a lap-dog, he takes it up and fondles it, and swears it is the sweetest one he ever seed in his life; and when the cute leetle divil, smellin' deceit on his fingers, snaps at 'em and half bites 'em off, he gulps down the pain without winkin', and says, oh! you are jealous, you little rogue, you know'd I was a-going to import a beautiful one from Cuba for your mistress. He is one o' them rascals that will crouch but not yelp when he is kicked,—he knows the old proverb, that if a feller gets a rap from a jackass, he hadn't ought to tell of it. If 'the eye' has an old ugly darter, he dances with her, and takes her in to dinner; whatever tastes her'n is, his'n is the same. If she plays he goes into fits, turns up the whites of his eyes, twirls his thumbs, and makes his foot move in time. If she sings, then it's a beautiful song, but made twice as sweet by the great effect she gives to it. After dinner he turns up his nose at cotton lords, and has some capital stories to tell of their vulgarity; talks of the Corn-law League people havin' leave to hold their meetin's in Newgate; speaks of the days of Eldon and Wetherall as the glorious days of old England, and the Reform Bill as its sunset. Peel wants firmness, Stanley wants temper, Graham consistency, and all want somethin' or another, if 'the eye' only thinks so. If there is anythin' to be done, but not talked of, or that can be neither done nor talked of, he is jist the boy for the dirty job, and will do it right off. That s the way you know the hook when the eye is present. When the eye aint, there you will know him by his arrogance and impedence, by his talkin' folks down, by his overbearin' way, by his layin' down the law, by his pertendin' to know all State secrets, and to be oppressed by the weight of 'em; and by his pertendin' things aint good enough for him by a long chalk. He talks big, walks big, and acts big. He never can go anywhere with you, for he is engaged to the Duke of this, and the Marquis of that, and the Airl of t' other. He is jist a nuisance, that's a fact, and ought to be indicted. Confound him, to-day he eyed me all over, from head to foot, and surveyed me like, as much as to say, what a Yankee scarecrow you be, what standin' corn, I wonder, was you taken out of? When I seed him do that, I jist eyed him the same way, only I turned up my nose and the corner of my mouth a few, as much as for to say, I'm a sneeser, a reg'lar ring-tailed roarer, and can whip my weight in wild cats, so look out for scaldin's, will you. When he seed that, he was as civil as you please. Cuss him, how I longed to feel his short ribs, and tickle his long ones for him. If folks could only read men as I can, there wouldn't be many such cattle a-browsin' about in other men's pastur's, I know. But then, as Minister says, all created critturs have their use, and must live, I do suppose. The toad eats slugs, the swaller eats muskeeters, and the hog eats rattle-snakes; why shouldn't these leeches fasten on to fat old fools, and bleed them when their habit is too full."

THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER, a Collection of Small Poems. By ROSE ELLEN H——. *Kerr and Co.*

THIS is one of the flowers of Poesy which never should have bloomed at all. The writer, independent of the absence of new thoughts, seems to be totally ignorant that there is such a thing as prosody, or musical rhythm. We never, in the course of our reading, encountered such rubbish. "The Last Rose of Summer" in the realm of intellect is an aristocratic title, to which a thousand more worthy pretensions have become extinct, and, but for the dread of introducing bad company, we would say to this collection of very small poems, "Go sleep thou with them!"

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Jasper Brooke," "Stories of Advertisements," and "The Young Sempstress of Goodman's Fields," will appear in our next.

Many Unaccepted Communications are in the hands of our Publisher.

THE
ILLUMINATED MAGAZINE

FATHERLAND: A TALE OF TWO EPOCHS.

BY J. W. CARLETON (CRAVEN), AUTHOR OF "HYDE MARSTON," &c., &c., &c.

CHAPTER V.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

OUR little habitation was situated at the foot of a sloping hill, sheltered with a beautiful underwood behind, and a prattling river before: on one side a meadow, on the other a green. My farm consisted of about twenty acres of excellent land, having given one hundred pounds for my predecessor's good will. Nothing could exceed the neatness of my little enclosures; the elms and hedgerows appearing with inexpressible beauty. My house consisted of but one story and was covered with thatch, which gave it an air of great snugness; the walls on the inside were neatly whitewashed, and my daughters undertook to cover them with pictures of their own designing. Though the same room served us for parlour and kitchen, that only made it the warmer; besides, as it was kept with the utmost neatness, the dishes, plates, and coppers being well scoured, and all disposed in bright rows on the shelves, the eye was agreeably relieved, and did not want richer furniture.

Vicar of Wakefield.

'Twas day,
And the bright sun was in the firmament,
A thousand shadows of a thousand hues,
Chequering the clear expanse. Awhile his orb
Hung o'er thy trackless fields of snow, Mont Blanc,
Thy seas of ice, and ice-built promontories,
That change their shapes for ever—as in sport—
Then travelled onward, and went down behind
The pine-clad heights of Jura, lighting up
The woodman's casement, and perchance his axe;
Borne homeward through the forest in his hand.

ROGERS'S *Italy*.

WHEN Sailor Jack made a clean breast of it, after the manner related at the close of the preceding chapter, the unexpected turn taken by the evidence, threw the assembly into consternation. The justices looked upon each other as people are wont who find themselves in a dilemma they have not courage or cunning to contend with, and held their peace as men are not accustomed to do, as they ought, when they have nothing to say to the purpose. So dreadful a charge made in the presence of a father, who had all but met a fearful death from the catastrophe of which his son was denounced as being the instigator, struck terror and dismay into the hearts of all who heard it. For awhile there was a deep silence, and then, at the suggestion of the clerk, the legal machine of the bench, the court was ordered to stand adjourned, and the prisoner to be remanded for a week. As they were about to remove him, the fellow, turning sullenly to the magistrates, said—

"Where am I to be stowed away?"

"You remain in the custody of the officer who brought you here," replied the official mouth-piece. "He is responsible for your production on the day to which this inquiry is adjourned: the bench will make no order as to the place or manner of the keeping."

"Back to the lock-up," cried the constable, "it's only too good for such chaps as you and your friends, some of whom I hope to give you for company before to-morrow morning: back to the lock-up my lad: what, you don't fancy your lodging? I wonder will you relish your supper better: come along."

The wretch gave a look of frozen hopelessness: but he spoke not.

The day was young and bright, and gladsome, as they barred the dungeon and left him alone, with darkness, remorse, foulness, and despair. It was the soft and silent hour of twilight when they sought and found him, stark and stiff, self-hurried to a terrible account, with all his imperfections on his head! The jury that inquired into the manner of the death, pronounced it *felo de se*: is it asking too much of our charity that we believe the accusing spirit who flew up to heaven's high chancery with the verdict, blushed as he gave it in, or that the recording angel as he wrote it down dropped a tear and blotted it out for ever?

When Gabriel Grant turned his back upon the smouldering ruins of Oversley Court, the catastrophe of our third chapter, he was probably more seriously perplexed, more "nonplused," as he himself would have called it, than he had ever before been by any of the chances of his eventful life. In the first place he would have stepped out, wooden leg and all, a thousand times more briskly, and at his ease in heavy marching order, than he did with the silk shawl and the sleeping child within it, which he carried as gingerly as one who bore a valuable china vase over a floor of polished oak, or upon the ice. But this was only a present difficulty; where was he to transport his burden, what was he to do with it? It is impossible to say into what extravagances his inexperience of childhood might have betrayed him: who can tell but that he thought he should be required to suckle his foundling, or teach its young idea how to pap at the least.

Oppressed with these, or similar solicitudes, he made but little progress, and it was daylight before he had reached the entrance of the village. All the neighbourhood was astir, but, although groups of friends and acquaintances passed him, none staid to ask tidings as to the nature of his parcel, but pressed eagerly and anxiously onwards for the scene of calamity. At length the old soldier arrived at the cross which has been spoken of as standing on the skirts of the hamlet on the road leading to the court. Here, also, it may be remembered, was said to be a cottage, to which the name of fair Rosamond's bower attached, because it was a place of rustic loveliness and fragrance, and because it was the home of Rose Kennedy, the pride of the village maidens. As he was about to seat himself on the mound, at the foot of the cross, the door of the cottage opened, and Rose, whose custom it was to rise with the sun, passed through it. Wherefore she was abroad so early indeed, it were not so easy to divine, but as Morris Mason at the moment was seen to leap the stile from the churchyard, probably his arrival might have had something to do with it.

The air of the young man was disturbed, and his gait that of one who would fain seek counsel and consolation. As he took the girl's hand, which was held out to greet him, he seemed to confide to her news as strange as unwelcome, but while yet it was being told, he caught sight of old Grant, and, springing towards the spot on which he sat, demanded in hurried words, "what had come of his mission to Edward Neville."

"I have seen nothing of him," answered the veteran—"they very nearly did for me in the home-park, and before I could get to the castle it was burnt to the foundation, all except one of the towers. What has become of the people I know not, but sorely do I fear it has gone hard

with them. The only living thing I found was the babby, which a man on fire rushed out of the turret with, as I was making my way into it. He is burnt to death too, I believe, for he was all in flames when he jumped over the terrace into the slopes; sorry am I for him, poor fellow, for it was he that knocked the pistol out of Hoskins the higgler's hand as he was putting its muzzle into my ear."

While he thus spoke his burden began to manifest symptoms of uneasiness, and as soon as he had made an end, a lusty cry announced that its consciousness had returned, and apparently not altogether to its satisfaction. The sound drew Rose Kennedy to the spot, and lifting the child from out the ungainly resting-place wherein it lay, she hushed its wailing with the charm that woman's touch and woman's tone ever exercise upon infancy, and hastened with it into the cottage. The old soldier and the young lover followed, and perhaps there was less difference than the convention of romance would assent to, between the feelings with which the old head and the young heart regarded that bright girl engaged in the fond and gentle duties of a matron. The veteran—for age is garrulous—was the first to break silence, that is to say, methodically, for it must be admitted the young stranger had, by no means, been taciturn from the moment he opened his eyes, and was still making the most unchivalrous wail, despite the damsel's presence on hospitable thoughts intent.

"Rose," he began—that is to say Gabriel Grant—"Rose, do you think ye could coax the young gentleman to leave off his music just for a minute, and tell us a little about himself and his friends?"

The maid bent herself soothingly over the child, and breathing on his brow a kiss, soft and sweet as a rose leaf, she whispered, "Baby boy, will you say what is your pretty name?"

"Guy Neville," shouted the child, bolting upright on the bed on which he had been laid, and looking round him in such sort as his namesake, the king-maker, is represented at the battle of Barnet—"Guy Neville, that's my name; who are you?" His eyes flashed and his cheeks glowed, and his little form seemed to draw itself out as he waited for an answer.

"By this good daylight," cried the ancient of the wooden leg, "young master's a Trojan: that I mayn't die, but he's as fierce as a cheeta."

"And where am I? and where's mamma, and Christian, and papa? he said he was coming back so soon," cried the child impetuously. "What for you don't speak?"

"Poor lamb," ejaculated old Grant, "it's easier to put such questions than to answer them: Rose, my maid, you must do the best in this matter that you can, and when things are going more smoothly, come over to my hut; a few trifles I've got there, may be would make the little hero more easy. He is used to gimcracks, and I brought a lot of gods from the Gauts that'll do for him to shy at beautiful. Come for them yourself, Rosy, for you'll be there and back again while my timber toe would be thinking of it. So now I'll stump off."

While Gabriel thus held discourse with Rose, Morris Mason gave her father such details of the burning at Oversley, as he had learnt from others; and acquainted him with circumstances connected with it beside, of which he alone was possessed—that sorely disquieted the good parish-clerk. Even after Grant had set out for home, they continued their consultation, and when it broke up, old Kennedy intimated his design to go to the ruin, and, as he said, "see what was to be done."

Leaving the child in the care of young Mason, Rose departed for the dwelling of the pensioner, and having received the miscellaneous deities, and other odds and ends of which he spoke, was making the best of her way back again, when she encountered Lionel Marsena as he had been left by Hoskins and his *aide de camp* Sailor Jack. What came of this meeting—so far as the invitation to the cottage of the parish clerk—has been formerly told, and having housed the wounded Jew securely, at least from another broken head, we proceed to deal with the fortunes, or rather the misfortunes of others, who stand in need of similar attention.

Those of the villagers who reached Oversley Court the earliest, found that steps had already been taken to provide for the exigences of the moment. A litter had been put together from the materials at hand, on which the body of old Marsena was laid, scorched and blackened, but with indications of remaining life in it. On this it was conveyed to the village inn, accompanied by Edward Neville and several servants, all bearing marks of the dreadful business in which they had been so lately engaged. As the day advanced, the usual tranquillity of the hamlet gave way to bustle and constantly augmenting excitement. Groups of country people were constantly coming in with articles of value, rescued from the ruins of the building, or with some piece of exaggerated news. Towards evening, it was known that one at least of the gang of incendiaries had been secured; that he had made a confession implicating other parties, and that the whole affair was in a fair way of being fully developed.

As soon as he had seen the sufferer attended to, Edward returned to the scene of the fire. Before he left it, indeed, the dreadful fate of his father was no longer a matter of doubt, but still the fact had not been established by any substantive proofs. These, however, awaited him on his return; the remains of the unfortunate

Baronet had been discovered, and close to him the ashes of shrivelled parchment, which made it probable he had lost his life in an attempt to save the deeds that were executed but a few hours before the conflagration. These, of course, were utterly destroyed, and Neville, as he stood beside the ruins of his home, saw nothing but the ruin of his hope around him. In the event of Simeon Marsena refusing to renew the compact so rudely broken, it was obvious that the claims of the other creditors would now absorb all the remaining security.

It may seem strange that no mention is made of another and a greater anxiety which pressed upon the ruined heir of Oversley, a care beyond the loss of parent or of fortune—the fate of his first-born; but he felt his boy was safe. It will be remembered when the letter of Mason the lawyer, intended for Lionel Marsena, fell into his hands, through the mistake of the messenger, that he forthwith dispatched Christian Marillac to communicate what he imagined to be its purport, to his father. As he calculated the Swiss had arrived before the commencement of the fire, he concluded that, upon its first discovery, he had carried the child to some place of security and concealment, of which he should have present intimation. The disappearance of Marillac confirmed this belief, and, of course, saved him from any very sinister anticipations, though not from all solicitude.

As hour after hour passed, he grew less and less at ease, and at length came news that brought despair. In consequence of what had fallen from Gabriel Grant, old Kennedy, on reaching Oversley, had set about diligently seeking for the body of the man who had thrown himself from the terrace, at the moment he let fall the child which the pensioner had deposited with Rose. After a long and fruitless search he came upon the burnt trunk of what seemed to be a human being, and, having procured assistance, he succeeded in bringing it to a sort of temporary store-house, which had been put up against the walls of the tower that continued standing. In this charred figure Edward Neville recognised his courier, and he saw in it evidence apparently conclusive of what had befallen his infant. As a forlorn hope he sought around the spot on which the body was found, but there was nothing there beyond the trace of a single form which had, as it were, branded its shape into the turf whereon it was discovered.

Was then Marillac dead, and had the destiny of his charge perished with him? Thus mused the bereaved, as unconsciously he once more sought the scene of havoc and calamity. There, as he stood looking on it with eyes that perceived not, word was brought that the man still breathed, and that efforts were making to restore him. It was long a doubtful essay, but at length the lifefulness of nature triumphed, and consciousness returned. The miserable being opened his eyes upon his master, and read full well the question he would ask. "In my trance," he gasped, "I dreamt I caught him out of the flames, and that, while they were consuming me, he was safe, for I hid him in my heart; I know it, they have *not* burnt him, they *could* not; did I not swear to bring him again to his mother? I shall see him before I die."

From noon till evening a strong body of able and willing peasants had been employed among the ruins, and scarce a relic of value was met with, so complete was the wreck wrought by the fiery tempest. At sun-set they desisted from their labours, and, with the scanty produce, set forward for the village. Thither, too, they bore the last survivor of the conflagration, if indeed such he might be, and brought him to the cottage of the honest parish-clerk, who urged, that as Providence had made him the instrument of recovering him in one sort, he was entitled to the attempt to do so in another. Fortunately, he did not find it already occupied by a full-grown patient. We had seen how Rose Kennedy offered asylum to young Marsena, but, on her arrival, Morris Mason, relieved from duty as nurse to Guy Neville, proposed to conduct the Jew to Gabriel Grant's, where he said he would meet with a good welcome and better attendance, inasmuch as the old soldier was more used to cases of broken head, and skilful in their treatment. No doubt this was very considerate on the part of Master Mason, and it would be invidious to speculate as to whether it arose from anxiety about the wounded man or himself. In spite of the ugly thumps on his occiput, the Israelite was a particularly good-looking fellow, and, little as he might relish the morning's walk with his lady-love, it is not assuming too much to suppose young Morris liked the promise of an evening *tête-à-tête* still less. Therefore let us give him credit for pure philanthropy without further investigation of the account.

The evening was fast falling when the melancholy procession reached old Kennedy's. A moment before its arrival, Rose had left "the spare room," in which little Guy was sleeping, on some domestic errand—and thither the Swiss was carried. The chamber was so dark that they laid him on the bed, without being aware that it was already occupied. Curled up, and gathered to the smallest compass, as the flower prepares to meet the night, the tiny slumberer lay crouched beneath the snowy counterpane—on its extremest corner. Whosoever had contemplated the bright blossom and blighted trunk of mortality as they lay thus side by side, could scarce have failed to understand the moral written on such a page of life.

Depositing their burden noiselessly on the bed, the bearers departed, leaving Edward Neville alone with the sufferer—himself how much the greater sufferer of the twain!

"Give me air," said Christian Marillac, "I shall be better if you give me air."

Edward drew back the curtains, which had been closed; and threw open the casement. The sun was below the horizon, but there was still a golden light in the west. Its rich rays poured through the open window: the cool fragrant breeze, the hues of twilight, gorgeous and glowing, fell on the spot where the boy slept. Half awaking, and bursting from the covert in which he nestled, like the bulbul from the rose-bud, he murmured "Do you love me, Christian? and where are you—oh where are you, Christian?" The Swiss started as one in whose ear the last trumpet was ringing; he leaped from the bed as one endued with a new life. Through the shades of purple evening, he beheld the child with stretched-out arms and beseeching eyes, appealing to him, answering the prayers of his vision, in rosy, lusty health. He turned to the father, who stood wrapt in passionate amazement and transport.

"Did I not say it," he cried, "did I not swear to return him safe—and is he not safe? and why do you not take him to your heart quick? I said I should see him again before I died, and do I not? My hour was all but come—I was spared for this moment—in mercy—in pity. Now I am ready—resigned—happy."——As he reeled backward Edward caught him in his arms, and placed him once more upon the bed.

The day succeeding, though forty hours had not passed since the occurrence of an event that had thrown the whole neighbourhood into consternation, things began to assume much of their accustomed regularity and repose. The usual routine in such cases was in progress indeed; but beyond those whose duty it was to direct it, there was no indication of moment abroad; calamity existed, but it made no sign. Either the injuries Marillac had received had been overrated, or the iron constitution of the mountaineer was more than a match for them; for already was he as full of vigour and effort as before they befel him—and Neville had despatched him, with his child, to London, previous to the investigation, of which mention has been made.

Simeon Marsena, it has been seen, was slower to recover; and as the period approached to which the examination of Sailor Jack had been adjourned, he evidently grew more and more feeble. His son was no longer a lodger in the tent of the old Waterloo-man; he was again the inmate of the parish clerk's cottage, and the patient of his daughter. Perhaps the state of his mind made it necessary that a careful nurse would watch over him: and certainly a more diligent one it would not have been easy to find. But if it was the state of his heart that had made him change his quarters (as some meddling gossips ventured to insist), the move was not a judicious one. Gabriel Grant was still in attendance upon him—and so was Morris Mason; indeed the latter was very rarely absent, notwithstanding it was known that his father had left his house somewhat hastily—deputing the care of it to his son. Thus was a great establishment broken up, and its inmates thrown upon the resources of a little hamlet—where comforts awaited them that suffered little by comparison with those they had lost.

The most singular and palpable feature of the Fatherland of the Briton is that of which he is himself the least qualified to judge. It is absolutely necessary that an Englishman shall have passed a long term of exile from the place of his nativity, before he is in a condition to feel the wondrous contrast between her rural and metropolitan life. Every day is making this opposition the more remarkable, because every day is promoting centralization, on the principle of the vortex, whose power of attraction increases *pari passu* with its circumference. It is hardly too startling a proposition to assert that ours is perhaps the only country in the world where rural life in its strict and apposite meaning is to be met with.

By rural life—properly so called—is understood a social system existing apart from all dependence upon or participation in the habits, pursuits, pleasures or pains, incident to the colonists of cities. Rural life is a state of being perfect in itself; a society possessing all the elements of peace, plenty, comfort, content, and circumstance necessary for those who compose it. On the continent of Europe we find, haply, a district occupied by a peasantry sufficiently cared for and satisfied with their position, or a region crowned with stately castles and noble chateaux; but the lord of foreign lands rarely, if ever, makes his home with nature, and the character of the dependant always in some degree takes its tone from the taste of those to whom he looks up as an authority. In England, not alone the traces, but the rich and rare presentments of civilisation, refinement, wealth, power, science, and art, are everywhere to be found. You see them in the country as well as in the town, not, perhaps, similarly developed or engaged, but alike diffusing an atmosphere of ease and grace and beauty around them.

Our country is called by the foreigner, a garden—does he mean the epithet disparagingly? Are the hedgerows that breathe perfume on summer, and give shelter to winter, appliances that seem to him either uncomely or inconvenient? Do our emerald pastures offend his eye, or the music of our groves his ear? Has he

wasted a day in one of our villages—inspected its school—inquired the history of its almshouses—asked whence the funds for its dispensary—investigated the origin and *materiel* of its book-society, or learnt who the occupant of its great house is, that the maidens and youths speak of as the lord of the manor, the old people as the agent of Providence; the good steward of his master, who is in heaven? If he has not, he knows nothing of the rural life of England; if he has, he has learnt but little. He must see our rural population at their labours, and in their sabbath, rightly to comprehend their characters, their principles, and their motives; he must become familiar with the life of our country gentlemen, to understand their office; he must read, mark and learn, the theory and practice of our resident landlords, to be taught the secret of that system, which has given to our economy an element for which no other language has a term; our rural life a charm and a consequence elsewhere unknown.

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Sailor Jack being dead, of course there was an end of any hope of further details from him concerning the burning of Oversley Court, and young Marsena's connection with that event. Indeed, before the arrival of the day to which the inquiry was adjourned, the village had returned to its ordinary state of repose, and, with the exception of Edward Neville and Lionel Marsena, none of those remained who became its occupants under such melancholy circumstances. Although the time allotted to the existence of a wonder was far from fulfilled, little was heard about the accident at the Hall, as the good gossips spoke of it, beyond an occasional remark upon the uncertainty of life and fortune, and such like subtleties of philosophy. Duly, according to their adjournment, the magistrates met, and being informed that the prisoner had made away with himself, and that the verdict of the inquest upon the late Sir Percy Neville, was "accidental death," they as duly separated. It has been said, the world little knows what a small supply of brains can turn out a respectable Minister of State: what would it think were it enlightened upon the amount usually appropriated to the bench at petty sessions?

How long will it be a fact, credited by civilised Christian people, that in England the treatment of those suspected of crime was once more penal and severe, than after conviction had taken place? That such is the carrying out of the law at the present moment is past peradventure, not alone in remote and ill-cared for districts, but in the heart of our great metropolis itself. The New Prison, at Clerkenwell, is the place appointed for the safe-keeping of persons charged upon wholly *ex-parte* statements, awaiting evidence being adduced against them, the arrival of witnesses, or, in short, anything or everything that shall make such a case as would warrant their committal for trial. Millbank Prison is the receptacle of the convicted felonry, awaiting conveyance beyond sea; of the worst of transports—villains of every conceivable grade of atrocity: murderers, who have had the luck to come within the loosest interpretation of manslaughter; in short, of vagabonds, ninety per cent. of whom would have been hung at the Old Bailey a dozen years ago. And in what relation of comfort and convenience do these two gaols stand towards each other? The board and lodging of the convicts, under sentence at Millbank, bears such comparison with that of the accused under suspicion at Clerkenwell, as the *ménage* of the Clarendon does to that of Marylebone workhouse. Why does not some Member of Parliament, with bowels, call for a return of all persons remanded, during the past year, from the Metropolitan Police-offices to the New Prison, and of those subsequently committed for trial and discharged.

No doubt it is a most difficult thing to deal with, but still the economy of our prison discipline admits of vast improvement. We rob poverty of the consideration we lavish on crime. Fashion has latterly taken the felon under its especial protection: the red manslaughterer, the perfect burglar, the accomplished swindler, is accommodated previous to his voyage out, with the best of everything at Millbank; while the juvenile spiller of blood, the sucking cracksman, the infantine collector of pocket handkerchiefs, is provided for at Parkhurst, in a style not inferior to Eton, Westminster, or Harrow. Preposterous as this may seem, as far as regards the substantive comforts of life, and a sound and useful education, it is true to the letter. Presently will come reaction, and this absurdity will be reformed, but not one hour should be lost before some of the crying abuses of our justices' law are remedied. The state of places for the confinement of prisoners under charge, is almost everywhere infamous. Perhaps there is not in all merry England such provision made for the vagrant—man, or woman, or child—who ventures to beg rather than steal or starve: as for the wandering pig or itinerant donkey, the village pound is invariably a more comfortable lodging than the village "lock-up." Were the annals of our parish Bridewells to be written, the fate of Sailor Jack would be found no rare episode in their history.

As soon as he was able to travel Simeon Marsena took his departure, and without any interview, save in public, with Neville. Thus was he left to perform the last offices for the remains of his father, alone, and in bitter anxiety as to the future. Although Mason the attorney was not to be met with, and those whom Sailor Jack denounced as his accomplices had succeeded in flying the

country, he had collected enough to put him in possession of the main facts connected with the destruction of his home, and hope. That those by whom it was perpetrated were instigated by the desire of plunder, chiefly, if not altogether, there was sufficient proof, as also that there were others abetting, whose motives were more obscure, but whose implication was equally certain. That the absent lawyer was an agent Edward Neville did not doubt; neither, foul as the source whence the intimation came, that Lionel Marsena was also involved in it, mysterious and motiveless as it seemed. He learnt that the Jew's son arrived a few days before the catastrophe, that he was in frequent communication with Mason, and that the leaders of the gang of trampers and gipsies, at whose door it was laid, spoke of him as being known to them confidentially.

Here was evidence too strong to allow him to doubt, however repugnant to his reason, that this young man was accessory to an outrage, that jeopardied the life of his own father, among those of many others, and exposed to certain spoil and violence the property of one to whom he was inferentially bound by the ties of friendship. Day after day wore on, and Edward was still an inmate of the Crown, unpossessed of any clue but the circumstantial testimony spoken of to the event in which he was so deeply interested. This may appear strange, when he, to whom all the facts were known, and who had been so publicly linked with that knowledge, dwelt within a few paces of him, and equally shared the village gossip and observance; but the very cause that would seem to have secured the information operated to keep him in the dark. Every body knew that the great Jew's only son, who came down from London to burn his father and his friends, and rob their house, was lying disabled from an attack made by some of his own gang, and everybody concluded that Sir Edward also knew it—of course. Had young Marsena been laid up at Canterbury or Broadstairs, no doubt he would speedily have been aware of it, but we look upon life as men view a landscape from the top of a mountain; we examine all that is remote and distinguished with difficulty, carefully and curiously, while we rarely cast eyes on the scenery at our feet.

But ill news journeyed more surely and more swiftly; already was the new heir of Oversley aware that every acre of his patrimony was in the grasp of the law, and that nothing was left for him but ruin or chancery—synonymous terms. Having, therefore, paid a farewell visit to the spot of his nativity, and as he gazed, felt how fitting a funeral pile it was for the fortunes of the last of the Nevilles, he turned his back on it, in that suicidal feeling of philosophy which has made men cut scurvy jokes on the scaffold, or set off for London with fourpence in copper in their pockets, and the determination to become Lord Mayors in their hearts, and as he made his way towards the village smiled savagely as he caught himself repeating—

> The world is all before me, *where to choose*
> My place of rest!

But this temper did not abide long. Hope, that indeed "springs eternal in the human breast:" Hope, that proffers the readiest welcome, when the world refuses its hospitality: Hope, whose disciples enjoy by instinct a wisdom more perfect than ever Plato taught, set before him the blessings that still were his—the love which endowed him with a wealth more precious than mines of gold—the parent's sweet and holy privilege—whose office is twice sanctified! The spirit of the godhead entered into him—the life of immortality vivified his essay and his purpose: he acknowledged "it was good for him that he had been in trouble."

Though old Kennedy and his fair daughter lived on terms of cordiality with their neighbours, and in the reciprocation of continual acts of kindness, there was none of the intimacy between them common to the intercourse of rural people, who are wont to use the *entrée* of each other's houses, as the birds of the air the fields of either. This was fortunate for their guest, who either was, or pretended to be, unfit for present removal, and who would have found it anything but pleasant to have been exposed to a battery of village curiosity. He was, however, able to leave his room and enjoy the fresh hour of prime, and the quiet fall of twilight in Rose's fairy garden—and not unfrequently in the company of the enchantress herself. This fragrant enclosure was begirt by a hedge, lofty and withal of a goodly substance; but there were eyes in the village, keen enough to pierce it, whose owners stated that the stranger so far from standing in need of assistance in his walks, was in the habit of supporting the parish clerk's daughter, on such occasions, by means of his arm thrown round her waist: but small communities are proverbial for scandal:

Quietly as matters were conducted, it was obvious to the perception of old Gabriel Grant (which enabled him to see but a very few miles beyond his nose), that there was something in the wind which boded a change of some sort. During the very brief space that Lionel Marsena had *bivouaced* with him, he had contrived to ask as many questions about Rose Kennedy, as would have made a decent cross examination on a special retainer; and when he urged his return to the cottage of the parish clerk, on the plea of not desiring to intrude any longer on him, the veteran began to whistle the British Grenadiers, with remarkable energy. Whether it was the milk of human kindness, or

a more potent liquor, that brought it about, Gabriel's heart was as soft as one of his own invalided powder puffs—so when the young Jew besought him to effect his return to his old quarters in the village, although his reason misgave him, he set to his mission with all his soul and strength, and the very next evening, was seen conducting the strange gentleman over the common and through the meadows which led to the rear of Kennedy's cottage.

Contrary to his usual habit, the campaigner was somewhat uncommunicative: not that he held his peace indeed, but chiefly that he carried on his conversation in the form of soliloquy. His theme too was not general, but for the most part harped on one string—in this wise, "Well, God forgive me, I've made a pretty kettle of fish of this—no doubt. Poor fellow! Morris my boy; scooped out as clean as a cocoa nut! Well, isn't it all the better for *her*: for my posy—my attar of rose? What business had the son of a sergeant-major of rogues: a provost-marshal of thieves, an adjutant-general of rapscallions to think of the like of her? But he was a good lad and a kind, and may be he'll cut his throat for love—and how shall I ever sleep in my bed after that? It's all over between him and his sweetheart to be sure: what should ail it? This gentleman with the broken head and the black eyes—(they *are* uncommon black and bright surely)—will not be long turning the girl's head; all the more certain because he'll either be hanged for arson and burning Sir Percy to death, or run off with her in a coach and six. Pooh! they'll not hang him, they never hang rich people; and they say his father has money enough to pay the national debt, and plenty to live on afterwards. Now is Rose at the bottom of it all I wonder? Women are so cunning, you can't trust them, that's the truth. Didn't Poll Pouter keep company with me (and the silver watch I lent her), and then marry the bandy-legged mess-waiter? Mayhap the two young fellows will fight, and murder will come of it, and it'll end that way; and then Rose will go mad and wander all over the parish with hair streaming about her shoulders, and a whisp of straw in her hand for a nosegay. Oh lord, what'll become of me: who will lay Morris Mason's ghost; or settle poor Rose's mind again—or suppose the young Jew should run distracted, and set fire to the village as he did to Oversley Court, sha'n't I have made a pretty finish of it?"

In this strain the troubled spirit of the pensioner grumbled out its perplexities till they reached the parish clerk's; and it by no means assuaged his anxieties that Rose met them at the threshold, and bade Marsena welcome in her most engaging manner, and most becoming costume. However, there was now no help for it; so, heaving a sigh as he cast a lingering look on the maiden's lavish curls of chesnut, and the round outline of her glorious form, as the breeze of evening sculptured its rich proportions, Gabriel Grant turned his face towards his hut—perchance a wiser, but certainly not on that account a happier man.

Lionel Marsena was in love with the village beauty: there is no other phrase to convey the fact of his having seen, admired, and formed the resolution to possess her—honourably—though indiscreetly; in short, as the young ladies at the finishing schools say, he loved, "not wisely, but too well." Like the passion of Neville for his sister, it was conceived at first sight and was the offspring of accident. Lionel had not been another day beneath the roof of old Kennedy when he had plighted troth to his daughter. Thus had two young men taken the most important step in life upon impulse. Was it because the same blood flowed in their veins—because they inherited similar tastes from their sires, or imbibed like opinions in their cradles? It was from a far more irresistible cause than any of these. It was that, in obedience to the ordonnance of fashionable practice, each had submitted a warm and plastic spirit to the brand of wayward, wilful example, before a process of sound and vigorous theory had fitted it to receive the impression uninjured.

It is no part of the object of this tale to urge capricious charges against this or that system of education, but to point out, by the career of characters drawn from life, though grouped together by the means of fiction, the effects, the natural consequences, of a principle of instruction, persisted in long after the necessity for which it was designed had passed away. We have all heard from our fathers—it is the tradition of every family of condition in the land—the gladiatorial state in which the pupils of our great public schools have ever lived together. Will any Eton boy deny that his experience of the customs and collisions of that seminary, come quite up to all he had ever read of the courses of the Spartan youth? Now, without staying to divide opinion upon the social benefits conferred on mankind by training a gentleman intended to promenade St. James's-street, as though his lot in life were cast among the Affghans or the cannibals of California, let us admit that boxing is laudable in the abstract, and using a child of tender years as a warming-pan when the mercury is at zero, a manly, humane, and chivalrous practice. Passing these points, that might be cited against the systems of our great popular seminaries, it cannot be denied that, to bring up a youth like a prize-fighter is not the most likely way to teach him the small sweet courtesies—neither to render his disposition meek or pliable.

Who is "the observed of all observers" at a public school? To borrow its probable expression, "a fellow with the heart of a lion and the pluck of a bull-dog." These may be excellent qualities in their way, and very useful for the Indians of the valley of the Missouri, but for an English gentleman of the nineteenth century, they seem scarcely the necessaries of life or education.

The tendency of the examples of our primary educational resorts is to deify personal prowess, and to make physical courage the first and noblest attribute of man. It will be said that the refinement and aristocratic tone of our universities operate as alteratives upon the rude and ungentle habits acquired at school, but to the moral more than the natural subject applies the maxim, "Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined." Your youth, indeed, does not, when he grows to manhood, manifest the influences of his second nature as he was wont. If a senator he does not "pitch into" a member who maintains views of policy opposite to his own, nor, if entrusted with a commission in the household brigade, does he draw his Toledo upon a brother guardsman whose guage of Cerito's ancles may not agree with his peculiar standard. But when you see the man who has undergone the routine of a fashionable bringing up, discharging the services of his social position with the care and forethought of the citizen of this unimaginative world—when you see him ordering his duties and his feelings by reflection rather than impulse, you look upon "the perfect monster" and not the species.

It is to the honour of our age that so accountable a subject as education has attracted general interest and consideration, and it must be conceded that, as far as regards the system applied to the instruction of what are called the lower and middle classes, a vast improvement, a wonderful revolution, has been effected. But here, if we have not altogether stopped, we have advanced as if doubtful whether good or evil would come of our progress. We read that after a residence of three years at Cambridge, Bacon departed with a profound contempt for the course of study pursued there, a fixed conviction that the system of academic education in England was radically vicious, a just scorn for the trifles on which the followers of Aristotle had wasted their powers, and no great reverence for Aristotle himself. And what has been done for that course during the couple of centuries which have elapsed since the immortal author of the greatest scheme of philosophy ever bestowed upon the human race, thus spoke of it? With the exception of occasional unseemly outbreaks concerning forms and ceremonies, the round of academical practice has never departed from its cycle, nor its reading wandered from the ornamental to the useful. It is, indeed, a dangerous passage of literary knight-errantry to couch quill against the might, majesty, and omnipotence of the classics; but whatever good came in the olden time of making a man good for nothing but to slit the weasands of his antagonists, now that the temple of Janus has been long closed, without the slightest chance of the god opening shop again, why should our sons be brought up as if we were the contemporaries of Achilles, or Orlando Furioso? What is Plato to Young England?

The ancient philosophy, says one, who took high honours in its school, disdained to be useful, and was content to be stationary. It dealt largely in theories of moral perfection,

which were so sublime that they never could be more than theories, in attempts to solve insoluble enigmas, in exhortations to the attainment of unattainable frames of mind. It could not condescend to the humble office of ministering to the comfort of human beings. All the schools condemned that office as degrading; some censured it as immoral. Once, indeed, Posidonius, a distinguished writer of the age of Cicero and Cæsar, so far forget himself as to enumerate, among the humbler blessings which mankind owed to philosophy, the discovery of the principle of the arch, and the introduction of the use of metals. This eulogy was considered as an affront, and was taken up with proper spirit. Seneca vehemently disclaims these insulting compliments. Philosophy, according to him, has nothing to do with teaching men to rear arched roofs over their heads. The true philosopher does not care whether he has an arched roof or any roof. Philosophy has nothing to do with teaching men the use of metals. She teaches us to be independent of all material substances and all mechanical contrivances. The wise man lives according to nature. Instead of attempting to add to the physical comforts of his species, he regrets that his lot was not cast in that golden age when the human race had no protection against the cold but the skins of wild beasts, no screen from the sun but a cavern. To impute to such a man any share in the invention or improvement of a plough, a ship, or a mill, is an insult. "In my own time," says Seneca, "there have been inventions of this sort, transparent windows, tubes for diffusing warmth equally through all parts of a building, short hand, which has been carried to such a perfection, that a writer can keep pace with the most rapid speaker. But the inventing such things is a drudgery for the lowest slaves: philosophy lies deeper. It is not her office to teach men how to use their hands. The object of her lessons is to form the soul. *Non est inquam, instrumentorum ad usus necessarios opifex.*" If the *non* were left out, this last sentence would be no bad description of the Baconian philosophy, and would, indeed, very much resemble several expressions in the *Novum Organum.* "We shall next be told," exclaims Seneca, "that the first shoemaker was a philosopher." For our own part, if we were forced to make our choice between the first shoemaker and the author of the first three books "On Anger," we pronounce for the shoemaker. It may be worse to be angry than to be wet. But shoes have kept millions from being wet, and we doubt whether Seneca ever kept any body from being angry.

It is very reluctantly that Seneca can be brought to confess that any philosopher had ever paid the smallest attention to anything that could possibly promote what vulgar people would consider as the well-being of mankind. He labours to clear Democritus from the disgraceful imputation of having made the first arch, and Anacharsis from the charge of having contrived the potter's wheel. He is forced to own that such a thing might happen; and it may also happen, he tells us, that a philosopher may be swift of foot. But it is not in his character of philosophy that he either wins a race or invents a machine. No, to be sure. The business of a philosopher was to declaim in praise of poverty, with two millions sterling out at usury; to meditate epigrammatic conceits about the evils of luxury in gardens which moved the envy of sovereigns; to rant about liberty while fawning on the insolent and pampered freedmen of a tyrant; to celebrate the divine beauty of virtue with the same pen which had just before written a defence of the murder of a mother by a son.

Barring here and there an extreme point, in what does the lore of the modern classic course differ from the *code philosophique,* the gentle nothingnesses of the Athenian sages—say rather is it not by degrees the worst? For, while it inculcates the maxim of a gentleman turning up his nose at a shoemaker with all the emphasis of the tutor of Nero, does it not place before him in alluring relief, such scenes of carnage and butchery as would have shocked the groves of Academus from their propriety? The classic authors hold the mirror up to nature as it never was, and never ought to have been. Such a set of scamps as their heroes never had existence, except in the imagination of the modern French novelists. It is doubtful indeed whether *George Sand* would have been on visiting terms with the "pious Eneas;" and have we a right to suppose that even Eugene Sue would have allowed one of the Danaides to cross the threshold of his door?

The modern fine gentleman, or his predecessors, would have been astonished to hear themselves called Platonists, yet they belonged to the school of that ancient exquisite *en pied de la lettre.* Speaking slightly of arithmetic, which he calls a convenience for computing the ordinary transactions of life, he passes to what he considers a far more important advantage. The study of the properties of numbers, he says, habituates the mind to the contemplation of pure truth, and raises us above the material universe. He would have his disciples apply themselves to this study, not that they may be able to buy or sell—not that they may qualify themselves to be shopkeepers or travelling merchants (Anglice pedlars), but that they may learn to withdraw their minds from the shifting spectacle of this visible and tangible world, and to fix them on the immutable essences of things. Plato had as sublime a contempt for a snob as

any member of the upper school since the days in which George Brummell was the glory of Dame Young's. The mighty pedagogues of all ages belonged to the kid-glove school of knowledge . . . . . Assuredly, writes the most accomplished essayist of modern times, if the tree which Socrates planted, and Plato watered, is to be judged of by its flowers and leaves, it is the noblest of trees. But if we take the homely test of Bacon, if we judge of the tree by its fruits, our opinion of it may perhaps be less favourable. When we sum up all the useful truths which we owe to that philosophy to what do they amount? We find, indeed, abundant proofs that some of those who cultivated it were men of the first order of intellect; we find among their writings specimens both of dialectical and rhetorical art. We have no doubt that the ancient controversies were of use, so far as they served to exercise the faculties of the disputants; for there is no controversy so idle that it may not be of use in this way. But when we look for something more, for something which adds to the comforts or alleviates the calamities of the human race, we are forced to own ourselves disappointed. It was not because philosophy was worthless, that those who professed her mysteries turned her to so little account, but because they did not deal with her as the means to an end: so it is with the classics. They offer a noble course of exercise for the mind, a wholesome lusty process of preparation for other study. But those who stop short with them, and deem their task done when they have exhibited to the pupil the ordinary dose of Greek and Latin, resemble the husbandman who should trust to filling his barns and count on a fair harvest, because he had made ready the ground to receive the seed.

Morris Mason, the son of a base, bad father, who had been sent forth like the gleaner to the stubble, to collect such waifs of knowledge as the common field of a free grammar school yielded, returned from the unpromising pursuit with a useful, if not a brilliant freight. On the foundation of a plain practical education, he had built a superstructure of good common sense, and he started as a citizen of the world, with such wares as became his venture. Shortly after his arrival in King's Oversley, his acquaintance with Rose Kennedy had commenced, and presently ripened into a deep attachment. There was little sympathy in their characters, for the girl was a spiritual creature, bred up the idol of her only parent's heart, as ignorant of life as the dove that fed from her hand, and as guileless. The youth, albeit honest and honourable as man may be, had been early taught experience of sin and shame. He had lived among rough natures, and learnt how much of evil and how little of good we must reckon upon encountering in our pilgrimage.

The maid saw and understood his good qualities, and she esteemed him and them, and with this her lover was content, for he knew nothing of romance, and had no hope beyond that which reason instructed him to foster. Thus sped his wooing: he had never told his love indeed: still there was no cause that he should despair when the day of declaration arrived. But he had lived to see his fond prospects wither—the stranger came, and another sat in his seat. Morris Mason was no logician, but he felt that had come to pass which arose out of the ordinary chances of life; he was no philosopher, but he found a consolation in his reliance upon the justice and wisdom that ruled man's destinies, more perfect and satisfying than theory ever devised for its disciples. He saw, as it has been said, another throw down, at one fell swoop, the fabric he had built with much anxious care and tender solicitude—and, though no fatalist, he asked himself could it be chance which placed the fate and fortunes of that being so signally at his disposal?

The visits of Morris Mason still continued as they were wont—though one who had taken any concern in them, would have remarked that their object was somewhat changed. It is true, if Rose happened to be present, he paid her the same respectful consideration that he was accustomed to observe—yet if she was abroad with Lionel Marsena, which was generally the case, he was to be seen in earnest communication with her father. Indeed the confidence between him and Kennedy was the matter of remark among the neighbours, some of whom were bitter enough to say, that as he had lost the young lady, he seemed determined to marry the old gentleman; for your swain is a malicious dog, whatever poets may say or sing of rural simplicity.

Weeks had rolled over the funeral pyre of the Neville, and the memory of it had grown as cold as its ashes. Whether from contrast with the short lived excitement, or from its being a fact of recent arrival, the village of King's Oversley was as silent and solitary as a mausoleum. Its idlers, who in former days did nothing, now did less: its gossips spoke not—gave no sign—and save Gabriel Grant's matutinal mug, the Crown didn't sell a cup of ale in a fortnight. All was still in Rosamond's bower—though rumour whispered that its glades were not without fitting company. No soul in the hamlet seemed moved to effort, save Morris Mason—and even he went mysteriously about. It is time to change the scene to the metropolis.

The mighty tide of being, so deep, so measureless, so strong, that rolls ceaselessly through the vast arteries of the queen of many nations, with a throb, with a rush, with a hoarse voice of power that overwhelms the

fancy, as it dazzles the eye, and elevates or appals the spirit. The crush of vehicles, the throng of passengers, the meeting together of thousands, without tumult, and without disorder. The million separate purposes, respecting each the other, yet tending to its own individual accomplishment. This it is that renders London the most wonderful of cities. This it is that makes all other cities, afterwards visited, whatever their wealth, grandeur, or power, appear, in comparison, uninhabited wastes. Night came down, but it brought no cessation in the waves of that living flood. Still it heaved restlessly, resistlessly, inexhaustibly, without ebb, without diminution of volume, or of might. Night comes down, but not rest. The shadows fall, the vapours settle. The stars strive to look down upon the British Isles. The sceptre of silence and repose is stretched over the creation of the Most High; but the Atlantic hurls its billows upon the British coast, and the headlong current of being rolls, eddying, through the British capital. Lights, more in number than the visible stars of the firmament, renew the dominion of day, and toil usurps the privileges of rest. To a nation that has subdued the elements to vassalage, that orders the fire, the waves, the wind, the thunder, the very light at pleasure, to slave and toil for its aggrandisement; to such a nation it is a trivial thing to set at nought the demands of Nature; to say to Repose, thou art a stranger; to Necessity, thou art my bondsman. Monuments may be piled to the skies, luxury may lavish the wealth of the Indies in decoration and display; but to him who is accustomed to search below the surface, none of these things so affect the imagination as a consideration of the life-springs of this stupendous metropolis. We ask ourselves, whence it derives such an exhaustless profusion of being; what vasty deep is the reservoir? We see, along a distance equal to forty miles, a double row of shops and warehouses, the contents of the least of which are worth a prince's ransom. We ask, who are the consumers of this amazing store of merchandise? "The universal world," is the reply, and we are satisfied.

We visit the Thames with all its docks, groaning beneath fleets of merchantmen. We know, that England has a hundred harbours equally stored, and that her vessels in each of the thousand ports of Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, exceed in number those of all other foreign states. The consideration overwhelms the mind. "England," said a foreigner, "if we calculate only her European subjects, is the most populous of nations, for she can produce more than any other nation in the world. One of her artificers does the work, perhaps, of fifty of another country; he is therefore worth fifty, in the estimate." He might have added, that a population of a million compressed within the limits of a few miles, is equal, for efficiency, to many millions scattered over a wider space.

Thus mused one, who after a seventeen years' ostracism, returned to his country and its marvellous capital; and in this epitome of the universe, Sir Edward Neville found himself—the scion of a race that had played no mean part in the history of its aggrandisement—a solitary and a beggar. Of all places the most forlorn for the friendless, that in which the fact of their isolation is brought home to them with most truth and hopelessness, is a large city, and hence it is, that self-murder is the most common of all its many calamities. The annual amount of suicides in London alone greatly exceeds that of the whole of England beside. The first act of Neville, on his arrival, was to call upon the agents of his father, and the information he received from them as to the state of his affairs, was even worse than he had imagined. For years before his death, Sir Percy was wholly insolvent, living upon the reputation of his property, that twilight of ruin, in which men grope their way for some time after the sun of their fortune has set.

It was obvious that large sums had been advanced by Simeon Marsena, without a shadow of security; and although the lawyers were at a loss to account for such recklessness, Edward full well understood the motive, but he knew also that had his pride permitted him to accept similar service, all hope of it was at an end. Even on this head he was not long permitted to indulge the possibility of doubt, for on his return to his hotel, a note was delivered to him, in which the banker intimated a wish to see him as speedily as it might be. The interview was as brief as decisive. The Jew received his visitor in his library, where he sat, supported by pillows, with the traces of recent indisposition more evident than those of his late injuries.

"You will be prepared, Sir Edward Neville," he said, "for the question I am about to put to you—you are *married* to my daughter?" and the old man grew livid as a corse, and his eyes glared like a tiger's, as he waited the reply.

Neville answered by a simple affirmative.

"I am satisfied," returned Marsena coldly; "I have nothing more to crave, or to concede; I am in ignorance of all that has happened since I left Kent, and I desire to remain so. For the rest of my short term on earth, the sight of one bearing the name of Neville shall never blight my eye, nor the sound outrage my ears, and with my last breath I will bequeath my curse to her who gave cause for that resolve—and it shall be her sole dowry." As he spoke his voice came huskily, and at intervals, as if each word was the result of strong effort. "And this, Sir Edward Neville, I swear

by my sole hope—my hope of hereafter, for I have now none—none in this world. But, perhaps, I may not die till I am your debtor for one more obligation; you have taken from me one of my children, haply you will do the same by the other; you have wedded my daughter without asking my consent; you can hang my son without consulting me; now Sir, you know my business with you, and I bid you good-day."

How few who had seen Edward Neville leave the mansion of the great banker of Portland-place, would have imagined that one more forlorn might scarce be met with in the vast metropolis—and that one the master of the mansion himself. Oh! were that city such as was the fabled palace of truth — a place wherein you might read each man's history written on his brow—as in a book; what a volume would every day of their lives open for the learning and the counsel of her denizens! . . . .

On the execution of the various deeds brought by old Marsena to Oversley, whereby, in consideration of an annuity of five thonsand pounds, the whole of that property, together with its incumbrances, was assigned over to him, as trustee for his daughter; an advance of the first year's annuity was made, and £2500 respectively paid over to Sir Percy and his son. These papers had all been destroyed by the fire, together with every valuable belonging to the inmates. Fortunately, Edward had his proportion of the annuity about him at the time, and this sum now remained to him—the last remnant of his fortunes—the mockery of the prospects with which he was flattered into life. The course he should adopt, at least for the present, was soon decided on; and having briefly communicated with the parties who would have the superintendence of the wreck of his property, while the creditors were appropriating each his particular share, he made arrangements to leave England on the instant.

His air was light, and so was his foot, as he again entered his hotel; for, gloomy as the future seemed, there was a bright present, a goodly foreground before him—filled with precious feelings and anticipations.

"Christian," he said, as the Swiss rose from a sofa on which he was drilling his baby to stand in the attitude of the herald Mercury, 'new lighted on a heaven-kissing hill;' "Christian, see to our passports forthwith—to-night I leave for the Continent. Guy, my boy, are you ready to go to mamma, and the lake, and the birds, and all your old friends. Won't we have a glorious time of it? I wonder will Yager Klopp know you again?

The morning was fresh and gleesome as they embarked at the little pier of Folkestone. With a merry breeze—just such an air as the waves love to dance to—and an autumn sun *coquetting* with them, a flight across the Channel from this new spot for taking wing, is surely a specific for all the ills that flesh is heir to. Never fear the *maladie de mer*—were you as bilious as an Alderman of Bristol, it could not overtake you. You fly like a rocket—a shooting star—a thought. If ever there was a fitting contrivance for bearing a lover to his mistress, 'tis one of those Folkestone boats.

* * * * *

Modern civilisation is distinguished by its contrasts. A man rises at dawn to struggle with his compeers; the day declines, and pleasure, whether of a calm or turbulent character, brings on the period of repose. And there, with sealed lids and stilly frame, lies the world-worn selfish combatant. He dreams, and his spirit is with the mother of his infancy, the spring-buds of his childhood, the hope-visions of his youth. His pillow yet drenched with soft unconscious tears, again he awakens to the business of strife, joy, or misfortune. Our story, a true emblem of life, has also shaken its kaleidoscope. We are no longer in Fatherland with its purpose-teeming millions. We gaze on an Arcadian landscape; its inhabitants are the loiterers of leisure; mountains, snow-capped, glacier-coated mountains, are piled up, even unto the skies; dwellings cluster round the green and fertile base of one of them, perch upon its crags, or lie upon the lake and within the tiny valley they encircle. You are in the land haunted by the poet; desecrated by the tourist, where the eagle builds and the chamois bounds amid the Savoy Alps. One fabric, half cottage, half villa, is superior to the rest. It is of stone, gleaming white in the fervid noontide; its projecting windows, unlike the others, are sashed; three of them open on a lawn, unenclosed, sloping to the clear, still, blue water's edge, where the sleek fat cattle are, apparently, admiring their rich forms and colours in Nature's mirror. But the windows are masked by a conservatory embedded in flowers, from the centre of which a fountain in full play throws its spiral diamond spray into a porcelain basin. Eastern birds, confined in a small aviary, shake their plumage, gayer than the flowers, in the sunbeams, while a low cushioned seat, before a green verandah, in one recess, is occupied by a girl, the houri of this paradise.

Of what avail is a *catalogue raisonnée* of woman's charms, when each adorer is sure to twist the fascinating items into a resemblance of his individual idol. Leah Marsena, as she was still called, although already both wife and mother, was the type of the *touching* character of beauty. You loved before you admired her, although she was rarely gifted; in person tall enough, for that full flowing ease of form defined as grace; her features round and soft

of outline, though wholly regular. She was exceedingly fair and more delicate than bright of complexion, but there was a living radiance in the blue eyes, fringed with coal-black lashes; an arch sweetness in the dimpled smile; a pictured poetry in the thick golden ringlets that reached almost to her waist, in the turn of the head, in the small swelling bust, and miniature feet and hands, and as it were an innocent confidingness in her whole aspect, that was eminently irresistible. She was, as has been said, sitting within a flowery sanctuary, wistfully gazing on the short waves of the lakelet, as though they could waft her the intelligence she coveted; when a servant entered with letters, ere they could be presented, she sprang forward—seized upon one of them—kissed its English post-mark, opened it, and devoured its contents.

It was from Edward Neville: a sad and serious epistle. The first assurance was of his own love, and of the perfect well-being of their child. It went on to portray, briefly, the events of sudden occurrence that had so signally frustrated his designed purposes at Oversley. He shadowed forth his last interview with his only parent, and the bitterness of the recollection that they had parted in estrangement of heart.

"Thus much of the past sweet Leah. Let the dead bury their dead. Our actions must now shape a future for ourselves that shall absolve the departed. I am writing to you in the cottage of a tenant, while the halls of my ancestry are still smouldering in their ashes: I am despoiled of my lands; my inheritance is in the hands of strangers. There is nought left me but the obstinate volition, the energy of manhood. I am firm and fixed on all points but one. Is not my misfortune your undoing? Will not so tender a plant as my Leah shrink and wither in the rough soil of adversity? Can I call you still my own? It is only when I press our sturdy little Guy against my breast, that I find a respite from these doubts. Your soul speaks to me from his eyes, and bids me be assured you have as much courage as tenderness. Well! your father and myself meet again — something tells me he suspects the truth. After this interview I shall better know how to shape my path. In the meantime I dispatch this letter to place before you the alternative, whether you will remain where you are, honoured and affluent, concealing your connexion with me till happier times; or whether you will find an heroic happiness in the privations you may choose to share with your EDWARD."

The letter had been read and re-read (a lover could only guess how often), and was at last enfolded against her beautiful bosom, and still she sat pondering its contents, glad in the midst of sorrow, that her love for the dear one was to be tried so early. The enthusiasm of resolve had lit her cheek with a brighter bloom. Commencing with her own heart, painting an English cottage home, such as only her position in life had permitted her to view it; with all its appurtenances of elegance and refinement, surrounded by those for whom she lived: Edward, and her little playfellow, Guy; she saw no evils in poverty, for she knew it not. To her it was merely a subject of romance: from the period of her arrival on the Continent she had ever dwelt in localities where even the peasantry pursued their avocations leisurely. Care, the grinding taskmaster, that goads to over-labour of hand and brain, had not planted his iron foot among the mountains of Switzerland. Fête days and feasts were as rife with the villagers around her, as with the high-born dames of the land. To her, therefore, the difference of wealth and poverty consisted in distinction of attire, of food, of dwelling: toil she thought not of—toil for bread, that was absurd. Her father's rental, the riches of her present guardians—these, she thought, must ever partly be hers. Thus abandoned to thoughts tinctured with a soft sweet sadness, she heard not the crack of the *voiturier's* whip in the court-yard behind the mansion. She heeded not the successive opening of doors; nor, when at last conscious that some one was within the sitting-room, from which the conservatory alone separated her, did she raise her eye or turn her head. Sure that the intruder (in the absence of Mons. and Mdme. de Martel for the day) was but a domestic, she remained undisturbed by the approaching footstep: the sound ceased: she had forgotten it: her small hand was pressed against the missive within her breast: her heart heaved with a soft sigh. Hark! was that it's echo? No; a dust-stained traveller is at her feet. Edward Neville clasps her to his side—reads every fond thought in that happy face; and, reading, is repaid for every suffering. Oh! triple conjunction of youth, and health, and love, why are ye so fleeting? or being so transitory, wherefore are ye so sweet? . . . . .

Often and devotedly, that evening, did the husband scan the form and features of his wife. But, there was a sad conviction in the loving gaze. He was no longer merely the gentle aristocrat, impertinent and improvident by the very tenure of his birth, who had so lately gone forth to demand a position for his father's grandson, and a home for his bride, in the stately halls of Oversley. He was the regenerated man—the prototype of his time. In contradistinction to his progenitor, the origin of his son's undoing, he would, casting off the slough of the ruined man of fashion, become the origin of *his* son's greatness, and of his

son's son's pride. And Leah would walk hand-in-hand with him, moving his soul for task and toil—working with him the great work. Thus, with eager resolve, had he pondered during his journey back to Switzerland, his thoughts winged with a stern firm hope. And now that, arm-in-arm, they strolled on that romantic shore, the stars (although it was yet day) struggling into existence, and reflected in the pure waters—the beetling crags—the hoary rocks—the snowy ranges of Alp still definite in outline, around them—now how did it chance that while listening to the accents of love and to the words of poetry, as far as this beauteous being was concerned, a barrier of insurmountable difficulty opposed his hope for the future; and the conviction we have mentioned struggled with his reason, and finally settled about his heart-strings. She, whom he had chosen for the partner of his luxuries, in the pride of his eye, and the desire of his heart, was not the helpmate for the man of toil, the man of necessity. She was too beautiful to be useful. How could *she* move without counsel or protection, who, like a startled fawn, would shrink and cower from the rude addresses and requirements of the world of business?

Something of this he breathed to Leah, who playfully over-ruled its reality. And happiness, how brief soever, is, within its duration, even as the presence of the sun to things *ex*ternal, the glorifier of things *in*ternal, the obliterator of the heart's gloom. Thus Edward, who with keen moral prescience, felt the fetters upon his free-agency as indomitable, bound them but the tighter the while with homage, cherishing the very delicacy he deprecated.

Leah's embarrassment lay in another direction. Monsieur and Madame de Martel loved her as their own child. They had led her to understand that she was to be the heiress of their accumulations. In what sense would they receive a proposition to part with her? It had ever been their effort and happiness to retain her by their side. They were two dull, easy, prosy old people, whose daily lives she rendered social and genial: she was the poetry of their existence, and how should she deprive them of it? Edward, on his part, had been unconsciously influenced by the relation in which his bride stood towards these, the parents of her adoption. It was, therefore, with infinite surprise that he found far less difficulty than he had counted on. By fair degrees, and with extreme tact and delicacy, Leah broke to them her design and purpose. At first they heard it with marked regret, and an attempt was made to turn her aside from her intention. Anon they found, or took for granted, that it was unavailing, and then came apathy in their appeals—and then they ceased altogether. Soon they came to speak of her departure as a thing of course, and they lent their assistance towards it; and they deplored Neville's altered fortunes, and the possibility that she might feel the loss of the luxuries and conveniences which use had made to her a second nature; but they offered not to amend the one or avert the other. Thus is it with the world and the worldly: how many have been taught the ungrateful lore of the Carthagenian Queen—how few, like her, have learnt how to apply it.*

Edward Neville's precipitate flight from England was the faithful working of his character: he formed no plans—he turned none in his machinations: he was ill at ease: his mind was sore perplexed: he asked not whether the step he was adopting was a wise or a prudent one: he resolved, and acted on impulse. Shall we stay to analyse this resistless power: shall we inquire whether it be formed of disinterested or selfish materials? Perhaps it had best be let alone. . . . . .

But that step had been taken—the time had come (and out of place, for what affinity has reflection with the future?) when it was fitting to continue the progress thus began. It was the season for action—the momentous question, "what is to be done?" was no longer to be blinked. It is in such a strait that man perceives the divinity within him. It is now he feels the fire that warms him is a fire from heaven.

> Lulled in the countless chambers of the brain
> Our thoughts are linked by many a hidden chain:
> Awake but one, and lo! what myriads rise,
> Each stamps his image as the other flies!
> Each as the various avenues of sense
> Delight or sorrow to the soul dispense,
> Brightens or fades, yet all with magic art
> Control the latent fibres of the heart.

Thus was Edward affected—thus was he influenced: he was ready, willing, restless to be doing; eager for activity; recoiling from passive duty; the master and the slave of impulse. On the matter of his personal embarrassments, on expedients to meet and vanquish them, he was free of speech and buoyant of spirit, in his communications with the partner of his fate—but of the dread interview with her father he had never spoken—and it was hard to blame his silence. When heart meets heart in such scene and season as smiled upon this re-union of the husband-lover and his mistress-bride, who shall marvel he gives it cheerful greeting, and for a while, at least, cheats his heart of its solicitudes? Shall we wonder that, in the spirit of a short-sighted philosophy, when loitering among the green valley of that romantic land, or listening to the dreamy music of its fountains, he should say to care "get thee behind me," or resign himself, a free-will offering, "to fond forgetfulness a prey:"—

* Huad ignari mali—miseris succurere disco.—VIRGIL

Oh! it is pleasant with a heart of ease,
Just after sunset, or by moonlight skies,
To make the shifting clouds be what you please:
Or yield the easily persuaded eyes
To each quaint image issuing from the mould
Of loving fancy!

At moments he was about to reveal all, and then his courage quailed at the thought of turning into despair the fair visions it was too evident his gentle companion pictured to her heart.

"Did *he* see our boy," she would murmur, "and how sped the meeting? He knew him not, but say, did instinct give no sign? And you are such a churl of news I covet so much; tell me, does he know, or does he believe, our union?"

"He suspects it."

"And how did the conjecture affect him? I am not careful," she said, looking tenderly into her husband's eyes, and laying her hand impressively on his arm, "I am not careful of these things on his account, but for your dear sake, my Edward. It is not that I am indifferent to the ties of nature; that I am undutiful, or irreverent, but my spirit never sympathised with my father; he had my gratitude, my esteem, but never my love."

What inscrutable perception is it, which, independent of reason or individual agency of any kind, enables the child to interpret the motives of a parent's actions, to understand aright the indifference or homage, the affection or dislike, to which it is exposed? Who has not known a father lavish on a daughter all the outward evidences of consideration and fondness, and win but a cold return? or one apparently in the matter of kin, "a little less than kind," worshipped with a passion amounting to idolatry? Is it that nature teaches the young idea to read the weird volume of the heart by a key which affords access to its inward recesses, that, on the principle of eternal justice, instinct is given as a compensation for experience?

The calm tenor of their life was occasionally broken by questions such as these, and their consequences, the obvious anxiety and pain given by them to Neville; for this reason they grew less and less frequent, and presently ceased altogether. The good Savoyard and his wife seemed to take it, as matter of course, that their guests lived on from day to day as unchangeable as the sun that shone on their valleys, and with as little indication of a design to move as the mountains which surrounded them. It is impossible to say how long affairs might have thus gone on—or rather stood still—for the present hour seemed all-sufficient for those to whom it ever returned in a peaceful round. As regularly as the morning broke, on the green slope leading to the lake, you might see a young gentleman in a dark tunic, with a hat of the same hue, garnished with a profusion of scarlet feathers, bestriding a Mont St. Bernard mastiff, followed by a stalwart figure in a Yager costume. At noon, if you took the path towards the chesnut wood, it was odds but you meet a couple, the fairest and happiest you ever encountered; and at eventide, if fond of melody, from out the conservatory, looking on the flower garden, there poured the golden strains of a harp, such as seraphs strike . . . . But as the oasis to the desert wanderer, so are these green spots to man's pilgrimage, no abiding places. Alas! that so sweet a vision must pass—"a change come o'er the spirit of this dream."

(To be continued.)

A BENEDICTION.

BY CHARLES H. HITCHINGS.

God love her—as she loves her flowers,
Which, filling up her little room,
Enrich the happy summer hours
With gentlest beauty and perfume;
E'en as she tendeth them—with jealous care
Lest that one single bloom should fall or fade,
So may God shelter every blossom rare
In her sweet bosom with his tenderest shade.
Spreading his love's all-holy wing above her,
E'en as she loves her flowers, so may God love her!

God keep her—as she keeps her bird,
Which, prisoned in her little room,
Throughout the winter hours is heard
To breathe his music through the gloom!
E'en as she tendeth him—with watchful eye,
And pitying, gentle heart, in his constraint,
So may God tend her soul's captivity
In this cold world, and hear her every plaint.
Spreading around her wings of mercy tender,
E'en as she guards her bird, may God defend her!

God bless her—as she blesseth me,
Who ofttimes in her little room,
Set, in a boundless ecstasie,
And in her love, all grief consume.
E'en as she blesseth me—with words all kind,
And looks of soft affection, sweetly given,
So may God send into her gentle mind
Words of his tenderest love, and thoughts of heaven;
Oh! may good angels evermore caress her!
Oh! as she blesseth me, e'en so God bless her.

TRAVEL AND TALK.

BY LUKE RODEN, M.D.

After a night of sound and refreshing repose at Naples, and before the brain was fully awake, the state of dreamy and painless existence left the mind free to follow any train of thought which might spontaneously arise or be suggested by external circumstances. While in this state of tranquil and half-conscious repose, which we have the power to prolong if the ideas be agreeable, my ears were saluted by the happy chuckling laugh of children at play, a sound which, to me, has an inexpressible charm. They were high above the house on the summit of the adjoining rock, and as the distance was too great to distinguish the language, their shrill treble so exactly resembled that which was familiar to me fifty years ago, that it renewed most vividly the impressions of youth. *I would not let myself wake.* How this mysterious volition is accomplished is incomprehensible; according to the theory of duality of the brain and mind, it is one brain asleep and the other *half awake* and watching it. Whatever be the explanation, it is a state of existence familiar to every man, and in which forgotten scenes flash back vividly on the memory. The noise of children at play is the same all over the world; the recitative peculiar to each language is not yet acquired, and the sound may be called an instinctive expression of the emotions; it requires no explanation to the Englishman in Russia, nor to the Russian in England. Nay, I have been told by friends who have been in China that the same impression is produced on their ears in that country, and they have on first waking fancied they heard the voices of their own children. I should think that no man ever heard it in a distant country without some emotion, nor without a vivid reminiscence of his own early sensations. If the recollections are painful how much is he to be pitied. If he cannot say with the poet—

> Not Heav'n itself upon the past has power
> But what has been, *has* been, and I have had my hour.

If he cannot say this he is indeed unfortunate, and he lacks one of the greatest consolations of adversity and sorrow.

There are few continuous acts of wickedness that one could not sooner pardon than the wanton infliction of misery on children; none that rests so heavy on the conscience. To make the period of childhood miserable is a sin which the poor victim, however amiable, cannot forgive. In the very nature of things it is impossible; its effects are too enduring. Offences in after-life may be expiated—may be overcome by benefits—may be effaced by remorse and atonement; but cruelty to children!—no! it is not in human nature to forgive it. I would not have the sin on my conscience for the world; those who are capable of the atrocity are almost always the most dastardly cowards, and when brought into contact in after-life with the victims of their cruelty, endeavour to propitiate forgiveness by the basest servility. I have never yet seen an exception. One of my friends, now surrounded by a family of interesting children, and whom I have sometimes reproached with an undue indulgence of their caprices, exclaims, "For God's sake let me alone; I was so intensely wretched in my childhood myself that I feel at every moment an icy coldness and sinking of the heart at the retrospection. I dare not think of it, for my gorge rises with indignation at brutality which I could never punish nor revenge. *My* children shall never experience the horrible sensation. To see them happy is the only consolation and the only compensation for my past misery. No, no! whatever be their future lot they shall at least look back on their childhood with pleasure."

Young children, however, are generally cowed down to their miserable fate when under the influence of their tyrant; they cease to feel the rankling which tears the heart of the youth approaching to manhood, who in a school, in the navy, or in an apprenticeship, has to submit to injustice against which it is hopeless to rebel. He nourishes the venom, plans schemes of ultimate vengeance, and leaves all his best affections uncultivated, till he becomes a savage, and almost longs to inflict on others the misery he has himself endured.

I will here relate an anecdote in illustration of the feelings of tyrant and victim. Stories in some degree resembling it have already appeared in print.

Long ago, and at a time when in obedience to the authority of Locke, a degree of severity in the personal chastisement of youth was practised and openly advocated, which would in the present day subject a man to infamy, and, indeed, to the just punishment of the law; when boys of eighteen were stripped, and horsed, and flogged on the bare body, with utter disregard of the decencies of civilisation and common humanity, even at our public schools, and I especially stigmatise Eton; it is not surprising that there should be occasionally found in private schools a monster to whom this exercise of tyranny was a positive pleasure. It seems that the practice of cruelty sometimes so deadens the heart as to efface every symptom of humane feeling, as we observe in the horrors of civil war; and there are men so inherently bad by nature as to feel a positive gratification in inflicting torture.

One of these men, a schoolmaster, who, with no one requisite for his office but an unusual knowledge of Greek, contrived on this reputation alone to keep up his stock of scholars, lived at a lone house in the country, which had formerly been the mansion of a country gentleman. The stables, which were at some distance from the house, had been converted into school-rooms, and the coach-house adjoining was fitted up as a private study for the master. To this there was a covered way, which in wet weather gave admission to the pupils without going into the

open air, and mid-way across this long passage was a thick door, intended to set thieves at defiance. They might obtain admission to the school-rooms and study, where they would find nothing but slates and copy-books; no great temptation to break the eighth commandment.

When the school-rooms were empty and the door in the passage shut and fastened, the most severe punishment might be inflicted on a boy with no auditor but God. The loudest scream was inaudible in the house, and the inhuman brute wreaked his full vengeance on the hapless wretches committed to his charge, with the exulting consciousness that there was no restraint on his actions but his own absolute will; he even dallied with his pleasures, and had a demoniacal delight in the prolonged terror of his victim, while he prepared the means of punishment, and felt a gratification in witnessing the prostration of fear which he produced, by dwelling on the hopelessness and helplessness of his victim. The poor little trembling wretch humbled himself to the dust in his agony, while his master revelled in the delight of irresponsible power. If any of the poor boys subjected to him complained at home, and a father ventured to remonstrate on the cruelty, the schoolmaster had a smirking good-humoured smile ever ready to convince him that "boys will be boys, and nothing is to be done without punishment." "'Spare the rod and spoil the child,' you know, my dear Sir, is an adage sanctioned by long experience; and, as to the addition of terror to the punishment, that is surely *mercy;* had we not better frighten boys into submission than scourge them into it; it is, indeed, pure humanity on my side, by which I make a less degree of corporal punishment effective;" then turning to mamma, he would add, insinuatingly, "Now, my dear madam, let me appeal to your good sense, I know you are superior to the weakness of ordinary mothers, and will give your opinion candidly; is not a little wholesome terror better than so much punishment inflicted on your son's dear little white skin, which he inherits from his mother?—No, no, my dear madam—threats are better than blows—they break no bones you know. As for me, I am a decided advocate for the abolition of corporal chastisement, as soon as ever we have found any substitute equally effective, but I am sorry to say that such has not yet been discovered."

What reply could be made to so reasonable and humane a speech? So the hapless little exaggerating rogue was warned to be more careful, and retired to bemoan his hard fate at having made matters worse by his complaints, with a well-grounded conviction that, soon after the departure of his father and mother, he would have all the arrears of vengeance paid up, with interest; the schoolmaster knowing well that the child's skin would have plenty of time to recover before another visit of anybody interested in his welfare.

So often had the boys been defeated in their attempts to obtain redress, so often had the cunning and the plausible excuses of their tyrant rendered their complaints utterly useless, and drawn on their own devoted heads the extremity of vengeance, that at last the whole school settled down into the desperate silence of despair; schemes of revenge were debated day after day; there was even a general determination to put their tormenter to death, but nothing could be devised which gave a probability of success, and one after another their plans were abandoned; not from a sense of their enormity and wickedness, but from a conviction of their inability to put them in execution.

One boy there was possessing the "soul of fire," and a child of the sun, who bore all his afflictions with so stoical an endurance that he was supposed to be thoroughly hardened, and, having for a time, inflicted a double portion of punishment upon him, the master at last gave over, from a conviction that his victim was growing rather too large and too strong to make it safe to proceed. His friends were abroad and he was compelled to pass his vacations at school; he assumed a placid manner, and, having matured his scheme of vengeance, waited patiently for an opportunity of putting it into execution.

In due time he left the school, and grew up to manhood. For a few months previous to his departure, the schoolmaster, as was his wont, endeavoured to efface the remembrance of his past cruelty by all the servile attentions which his ignoble soul could dictate. Youth is so forgiving; the affections are so warm; the anger so easily appeased; the indulgence of violent feelings of enmity is to them so painful, that he was generally successful in securing, if not their recommendations, at least their silence. Many, no doubt, hoped, and even believed, that his disposition was changed, and that he now saw his error. There was no question of his profound knowledge of the Greek language, nor of his success in conveying it to his pupils; and at a time when to be "a learned man" meant nothing more than to be master of Greek and Latin, the praises of his pupils for their proficiency in these languages, and the pride which they themselves took in their acquisitions, made the merits of the school overbalance all its defects, and it still continued to be filled to his satisfaction.

Two years had elapsed since the subject of my story had left him, and he was now of age. When he one day made his appearance at the dinner hour of a half holiday, and pleading that he had just dined at the Inn, he waited till the repast was finished, and then requested some private conversation with his former tormentor. They passed on into the distant study, the young man locking the door of the long passage behind him, to the great surprise of his companion.

When seated, a vague fear came over the latter at the pale countenance and compressed lips of his visitor, who kept the sternest silence. In vain did the other put on his blandest smiles, and beg to know the object of the visit. It was not till the silence had endured long enough to excite suspicion of insanity in the mind of the schoolmaster, that he at last in low and measured tones said, "I am come for vengeance, and by the living God I will have it."

The schoolmaster was now convinced that his late pupil was insane, and tried to sooth him by honied words. The other in a voice of thunder, called out "silence!—listen!"

He then enumerated all the acts of cruelty of which he had been the victim—reminded his tormentor of his own words, that "screams were vain, for there was no one within hearing," and on his attempting to pass by towards the door, presented a double-barrelled pistol, and swore to shoot him dead on the spot unless he instantly resumed his seat.

He then continued his narrative, and, having finished the horrid detail, exclaimed, "I have come four

hundred miles for vengeance, and I will have it—your life is in no danger unless you resist, but I will return your blows—strip sir—unless you choose to escape it like a man. Choose one of these pistols and stand up, and one of us two shall not leave the room alive, but I believe you to be a coward, and that you dare not. Make your choice instantly or I will fire at you; either take off your clothes or stand up and take your chance with the pistol. I am ready to brave all consequences, and have not come here without preparations for all contingencies.

The tyrant sank down at his feet and entreated forgiveness, but was sternly kicked away and again told that unless he took off his clothes immediately he was a dead man.

Slowly, and with trembling limbs, did he remove one article of dress after another, while the young man produced from under his coat a horsewhip exactly similar to that with which he had been accustomed to be scourged, and holding it up to the terrified schoolmaster, exclaimed, "I stole it—it was your own—it was with this that you gave me my last flogging, and while the fibres of it hang together I will exercise it on your back; strip, Sir, and quickly; or take the consequences."

When all was prepared the tyrant's terror became so ungovernable, that he crawled on the ground in the most abject passion, and entreated again and again the pardon of his crimes. The excess of his fear produced effects that, in spite of his tormentor's feelings of revenge, excited a feeling of the ludicrous, and turned the current of his thoughts. With much effort he composed his countenance and said, "It is enough—I cannot strike anything so utterly abject and despicable. I forgive you; and if you have an atom of manhood about you, you may now take the pistol and fight me." His victim was, however, too far advanced towards insensibility to heed him, and he prepared to depart, saying—"Now, Sir, follow me to the door naked as you are, and lock it after me, that you may have time to arrange yourself before you are seen by the family. Remember, that any attempt to use the law to punish me for the act I have just done, will be inevitably followed by your death. I told you I had made my arrangements, and your fate is certain. I despise you too much to take other vengeance upon you—but bear in mind that I am only one of many who had vowed your destruction, and it is only from my report that you will be saved. Pursue me, and even if you were succcessful, you would die by the hands of another who would not be satisfied (as I should have been) by inflicting a flogging."

The consequences of this scene of terror were more severe than even the spirit of vengeance would have desired. The schoolmaster, on his return to his family, and for some time afterwards, exhibited such signs of confusion and mental imbecility as to give rise to the suspicion of insanity, a suspicion strengthened by the strange expressions which escaped him in his dreams, and by his entirely altered conduct to his pupils. The alarm was given amongst their friends, and one by one the boys were removed on various pretexts. When he opened school again, after the holidays, he had not pupils enough to pay his expenses, he rapidly fell into embarrassments and distress; for a schoolmaster is in the same pitiable condition as an hotel-keeper, or manager of a theatre; if he attempt to curtail his expenses to the level of his receipts he only hastens the process of extinction, and if he do not the largest fortune is soon dispersed. He sank down to extreme poverty, and was just preserved from starvation by the contributions of the pupils he had so cruelly used, but whose contemptuous compassion and alms were received by him with the most grovelling gratitude.

But I am rambling away from my narrative into a province of feeling of interminable extent. It is admirably occupied in the present day, by a host of writers whose talents are equal to the great task they have set themselves to perform, and whose success is conspicuous to every man not blinded by prejudice. There is nothing in which the current literature of the day is so admirably unanimous, as in the determination to put down cruelty and oppression. The same feeling which decided the fate of slavery, and animated the great Howard to the reform of prisons, is at work in every ramification of society. Some of its efforts are misdirected, and tend, perhaps sometimes, rather to prolong the existence of an evil, by showing that it has been exaggerated and misrepresented. Every man of reflection cannot but see, however, that among the many changes which are rapidly taking place around us, the predominant sentiment which directs them is that of humanity and compassion. No old man quits this life without the conviction that, whether with his aid or not, he leaves the world better than he found it. Even the vast power of steam introduced so lately, although it may for a time dislocate society by diminishing the demand for mere animal labour, must ultimately promote the happiness and improve the condition of the great bulk of mankind, by removing the necessity for such incessant toil as now wears down the faculties, and reduces the labourer to the level of the brute. If those who have collected the vast masses of capital do not see the necessity of setting themselves seriously to work to improve his condition, they will find that their heaps of manure will be forcibly spread over the land.

In the meantime the general distress tends to people our vast colonies, and extend "England" all over the world. The rich, however, must learn more thoroughly than they have yet done, that their position has imperative duties even in a worldly sense; and that to neglect the poor is to endanger the safety of their own possessions. They cannot complain of being left in ignorance on this subject, for the conviction is impressed upon them unceasingly by writers of the most opposite sentiments on politics and religion, and of the most opposite motives. "Justice to the poor" is no cry of faction for sordid purposes, but it is a general and enthusiastic feeling, which can no longer be rendered subordinate to the struggle of parties.

NAPLES.

I passed, to-day, over the spot where the noble and gallant Conradin, the last of his race, was put to death, at the age of sixteen, by one of the most atrocious of judicial murders that have ever disgraced the forms of justice. "The place was chosen," says Von Raumer, in his history of the House of Swabia, "as if to show him once more before his death, the beauty of the kingdom he was about to leave for ever." This is one of the thousand recollections which rush to the mind at every step we take in this truly classic land. There is scarcely a spot from

Herculaneum and Portici, down to Torre del Greco, Castellamare, Sorrento and Massa, on one side of the bay, Puzzuoli, Baia, Cape Miseno, and the Islands of Ischia and Procida, on the other (almost all of which are taken in at a glance), that is not connected with some instance of heroic virtue, of strange vicissitude, of patriotism, of devotion, love, or revenge, adding a moral interest to a scene of natural beauty. This country has, perhaps, more than any other, gone through every phase of civilisation, modified and moulded by every form of religion and government, occupied in succession by adjoining and rival nations, when Italy was more minutely divided than England during the heptarchy; conquered in later days by the Normans, the Germans, the French, and the Spaniards, yet after all its vicissitudes still a substantive and important kingdom; we cannot look round in this lovely country without feeling (as we gradually recognise object after object that we had read of in childhood and in youth) a new sense, and vivid conception of a portion of history, of which we had previously but a vague and imperfect idea. It seems as if these things had taken place in the days of our parents, and that we had had the description from eye witnesses of the facts. I have spoken of the electric effect of an inscription at Pompæia, in bringing to the mind a complete picture of the days of yore. At the bottom of a gateway was written in large Roman characters, so as to be seen from the street, "*beware the dog,*" CAVE CANEM. It was as if the town were suddenly repeopled with its old inhabitants! The inscription was formed by pieces of coloured tiles inlaid in the wall, and from its permanence was, probably, one of the habitual warnings which, like our "steel traps and spring guns," was on most occasions a mere "brutum fulmen." This warning had remained on the spot nearly two thousand years, and was now one of the innumerable trifles which show how like was the man of those days to the man of the nineteenth century. We acquiesce in historical facts, on what we conceive to be adequate testimony, but these little things bring back the scenes of past days more vividly than the most powerful description. In morals, as well as in monuments of brick and stone, we have evidence that, despite the varying modes and forms of society, the mutations of armour for silk dresses, bag wigs, high heels, powdered heads, balloons, steam-ships, and railroads, the hopes, fears, and motives of mankind are essentially the same. The description given by Celsus, of the gradual change in the character that indicates the approach of insanity, does not require the alteration of a single word to adapt it to the present day. In all the changes of religion, of forms of government, of the social structure, of dress, and of mechanical appliances, man remains the same, *then, now,* and *for ever,* so long as the human race shall be permitted to exist, the being he was intended at his creation.

CONVENT OF CAMALDOLI.

Went with a party to the Convent of Camaldoli, situated on a very high mountain a few miles from the town. Part of the distance was practicable in carriages, but the latter portion was through a wild forest, where the ascent was almost too steep for horses; some of us rode all the way, but others preferred to make the latter part of the journey on foot. There is no road but the gullies of the mountain torrents. The trees meet over your head; the vines climb across the road, and when in full bearing it can scarcely be necessary to use your hands, for the bunches of grapes will present themselves to your mouth. It is here, I presume, that the schoolboy's millennium will take place, it requires but the addition of houses built of gingerbread and thatched with pancakes. As to the little roasted pigs running about they would be no attraction to me, nor to any schoolboy I ever knew.

Arriving within a mile of the sacred edifice, we noticed a board with a most formidable warning, elevated on a pole by the side of the way, much resembling our "steel traps and spring guns set in these grounds." It was to the following effect:—

> Women are forbidden to advance beyond this post, on pain of the greater excommunication.

Excellent! The other *irrimenta malorum* are excluded by the vow of poverty.

We arrived at last at a small platform in front of the gates, presenting an unbounded prospect, where a door, worthy of the Castle of Otranto, was slowly opened to our loud knocking. The ragged boys who had run by the side of the party all the way up the mountain, now took charge of the horses, and we entered a large quadrangle. Some monks dressed in their white woollen cloth gowns (the colour of flannel), were walking about, conversing or reading; they readily showed us over the gardens, the chapel, refectory, and dormitories; most of them kept aloof, for very few of our party understood Italian, and the intercourse was therefore limited. One monk, between thirty and forty years of age, and who must have been in youth remarkably handsome, acted as the principal cicerone, and endeavoured, in very barbarous French, to make himself understood by all. The view from the garden is one of the most glorious scenes which ever was presented to my enraptured eyes; the extent of it is only bounded by the convexity of the earth and the powers of vision; the city of Naples, its lovely bay and islands; the coast, as far as Moladi Gaeta, Vesuvius, and, in the distance, a faint view of Sardinia and Corsica. Down below, on the slopes of the mountain, were orange gardens, vineyards, olive groves, and very picturesque forests and fields. It was, altogether, an enchanting view, and of such varying beauty from the changes of light and shade, of meridian splendour and softened twilight, that even to those accustomed to this alone, it would seem impossible that so lovely a scene could ever produce satiety.

When we had satisfied ourselves with the view, we re-entered the Convent and partook of refreshment—bread made by the monks, cheese bought at Naples, and wine from the wild grapes of the woods. Meat is never brought into the Convent. The garden produces roses, jessamimes, and flowers, and a few common vegetables; this completes the whole list of indulgences of men, who, I am informed, are, without exception, from the best families of Italy, and have relinquished all the enjoyments which their station would have afforded, for this life of penury and solitude. The wine certainly was not of a kind which would tempt to excess, and the other viands were neither rich nor costly. The little room allotted to each inmate of the Convent had a brick floor, plain white-washed walls, neither curtain nor carpet, and the bed was a sloping surface of wood; I am not sure

that there was even a mattress. No sign of luxury here. How much of the "sunshine of the breast" must be required to make such an abode a *cheerful home*.

"You are very young," said I, "to have quitted the world for ever."

"Young?" he exclaimed, "I am two and thirty, and have been an inmate of this convent sixteen years."

"What?" said I, "you were only sixteen when you came here!—strange! that at an age when the world seems made expressly for us, and for our special gratification, when the imagination is most vivid, and the power of enjoyment most intense—that at such an age you should have been able to relinquish all the pleasures of society, and subject yourself to these miserable privations."

"I do not feel them such," he replied, "there is much tranquil happiness even here. The world has a very different aspect to the man who feeds luxuriously, and sleeps softly, to that which it presents to one who lives on our humble and scanty fare. I have never regretted my decision," added he, "neither would you wonder at it perhaps, if you knew my motives. I was unhappy—very unhappy—I entered this convent and found the tenderest and most affectionate sympathy. Every one behaved to me as a father. Come again, Signor, if you can, without your noble friends. I do not like them—they are supercilious."

"You are mistaken," said I, "it is only their difficulty in speaking your language, which produces such an impression; they are of high rank, especially he to whom you particularly allude; but he is benevolence itself, and they are all incapable of intentionally hurting your feelings. I *will* return another day," said I, "and converse with you at leisure."

And I did go again—and alone. What I then heard must not be committed to the printer's types.

Now this man, said I to myself, had his lot been cast in a Protestant country, under the same circumstances, exempted by station and fortune from the necessity of using his faculties, intellectual or physical, to earn the means of subsistence—this man would probably have wasted a year or two in sickly sentimentality, would have taken refuge from ennui in profligate enjoyment, would perhaps have dissipated his fortune, disgusted and disgraced his family; and after a short but rapid career of vice, would have filled a premature grave a rotten debauchée. Here for deep thinking are materials.

Naples, 18*th January*, 1842.

Yesterday we made a party to visit the Palace of Caserta, for which an express permission is required. We set off in the morning about eleven o'clock; the ladies occupying one carriage, and the gentlemen the other, an unsociable regulation, rendered necessary by the arrangements of the day. Young —— was by my side, and I have never encountered a person of his age so thoroughly well informed. It is rare to meet with a pleasant companion fresh from the University; their acquirements are generally mere classical learning and mathematics, neither of which form agreeable topics of conversation with men of mature age, who have generally forgotten so much of their early learning as to be afraid of committing themselves; and their young companions have nothing else to talk of except subjects which do not form a decorous topic, when there is a great disparity of age. There is an immense difference between a self-educated man and a man regularly drilled, and disciplined by the curriculum of a sound University education. At the age of three or four and twenty, the former has stored his mind with valuable facts, and "can give change" in conversation with his seniors, while the other knows nothing that is worth remembering except as a means of attaining something more. The former is like a clever carpenter, who has been compelled to make his own instruments, and has acquired great skill in the use of them, though they are few and defective. The latter has got a large chest of tools—tools which have been gradually perfected during many generations, the defects of each discovered and removed by a long succession of clever carpenters. He is not yet a carpenter, but he has been taught the principles of carpentry—he knows how to set about his work and conduct it to the end without a mistake, and he knows exactly how to save time by always taking the right tool at first. To drop the metaphor, the self-educated man goes to a certain extent and no further; the other *knows how to learn*. Set the two to a new subject, and the latter has already mastered it, while the former is yet considering the best mode of setting about it.

At the age of three or four-and-twenty, the self-educated man is a pleasant companion; you give him credit for more than he possesses, because you find him better informed than his equals; but at thirty or forty he is very often exceedingly disagreeable. I have scarcely ever met with a self-educated man of that age, who was not intolerable from his arrogant conceit; he seems to fancy that what he has acquired without instruction, is known only to himself, and he despises the learning which has never been within his reach. The well-drilled University man, on the contrary, becomes every year a more delightful and instructive companion; he has been taught how to classify and stow away his acquisitions, and his brain is like a well-arranged cabinet, where everything can be found when wanted. The other has a broker's shop of furniture, of which he cannot make use at the appropriate moment—he is hunting for the article—"Like the Glastonbury thorn, he blossoms rarely and always out of season."

To return to my young companion, in whom I was more than merely interested—there was a modesty and good sense in all he said; such an entire absence of pretension, and so strong a desire to obtain information; such a captivating gentleness and good breeding, and (what always impresses a stranger with a high opinion of both parties) so much deference and respect for his father, that I lost half the pleasure of the day in the reflection that I should probably never see him again. Mine is an unfortunate disposition in this respect; I become so strongly interested on these occasions that the separation makes me unhappy. To pass through the world quietly and tranquilly, one needs to shut up the heart, lock it, and throw the key into a well.

At the end of sixteen miles of level road we arrive at the Palace of Caserta, a noble and magnificent building, exceeded by few, if any, in the world. Versailles and the Escurial are, of course, larger, but I have seen none so perfect as the Caserta. It is a vast quadrangle, of enormous magnitude; the south front has three noble arched entrances, of which the centre one leads into a sort of continuous portico,

supported by a hundred columns. When we were admitted to the grand staircase an universal *scream* of admiration burst from the whole party at the first view of this vast and exquisitely beautiful specimen of architecture. I can conceive nothing more perfect, were the architect furnished with Aladdin's lamp, and unlimited by sordid consideration of the *cost*. Charles the Third began it in 1753; and when he laid the foundations of a palace more in harmony with his taste than his means, little thought his dynasty would be displaced to make room for a pastry-cook. It is more fit for the state residence of the mighty sovereign of Great Britain than the king of a nation of little more than eight millions of inhabitants. The steps of this vast staircase, where three or four carriages might drive up abreast, the walls on each side, the vestibule, and dome at the top of it, supported by its twenty-four coupled columns, are all of the finest marble, of the richest colours, and most exquisite forms; the interior of the dome is charmingly painted; the different sides of this beautiful vestibule communicate with the chapel, the theatre, and the royal apartments, all admirable, but it would require twenty pages to describe them. I was much struck with the theatre, which, though small compared with that of Versailles, is in equally good taste, and has the strange peculiarity that the boxes, of which there are forty in five rows, and an immense one in the centre for the royal family, are supported by the pillars taken from the temple of Jupiter Serapis at Puzzuoli, where only three now remain, but these three are indicative of one of the most curious and interesting facts in the history of the globe, of which I shall speak by-and-by. The royal apartments, put to shame by their magnitude, their proportions, and by the exquisite richness of their decorations, the comparatively poor and bald apartments of Windsor Castle, which are the best we can show in England, at least of the royal residences, for several of her Majesty's subjects are better housed than herself. This great nation needs a little spur to its pride in this respect. The new Westminster Palace will do something towards removing the reproach from us; but till it is completed I shall not believe but some sudden gush of popular economy may stop its progress, and leave it, like the others, a monument of meanness.

Many of the apartments in the Caserta are not yet completed, and require for that purpose larger sums than it is at present convenient to his Majesty to spare. He is reported to be hoarding very largely, but this is perhaps only a stratagem of his enemies, who wish to have it thought that he is convinced of what they are always asserting and wish to be generally believed, namely, that his situation is very precarious, and that he will probably be soon put aside, and make way for a man of the people.

At the back of the palace we see a long stream of water, a succession of cascades in a straight line, of which I shall speak presently.

To reach the beautiful Casino of the Belvidere and its splendid gardens, we had to pass through the village, whose great square was completely filled with mendicants. We here see the blessed effect of there being no statutable provision for the poor. Our carriages were certainly not expected, and therefore this vast congregation of paupers must have calculated only on the ordinary resources of the place, which has no appearance of wealth. The miserable, squalid wretches, some blind, some lame, some extremely old, surrounded the carriages in swarms, and the noise of their petitions was deafening. It was impossible to carry on a conversation together till we had escaped from the crowd: to give to such numbers was hopeless, and there was no reason to make a preference, so we hastened on to the gardens.

These gardens are winding walks ornamented with flowers, cut through an extensive wood of arbutus, myrtles, laurestinas, olives, and other evergreens, occasionally intermixed with the pines and forest trees of England. Views open from time to time over a vast expanse of level ground and sloping hills and rocks, with numerous country seats, statues, fountains, cascades, all glowing in the sunshine. We walked on till thoroughly tired and thoroughly hungry, and having sated ourselves with the beauties of nature, and imitations of nature, prepared for an humbler, but by no means a contemptible gratification—a good dinner and good wine—consisting of "all the delicacies of the season," as the newspapers phrase it, by which they generally mean all the delicacies *not* "of the season;" peaches ripened without sunshine, squashy peas in February, asparagus when it has no recommendation but its absurd cost; and when, from these, and similar miserable tasteless viands, there can be derived no other pleasure than that of the triumph of art over nature; certainly a moral sentiment, and as such, no doubt, higher than a mere sensual pleasure!! But I am quite satisfied with the humbler of the two.

Our dinner, on the contrary, consisted of substantial hams, tongues, sausages, salads, and that triumph of Neapolitan cookery, game-pie—partridge, pheasant, pigeon, and other materials flavoured with a refinement of skill, which, if any one has yet conveyed a notion of to Heliogabalus, and Apicius Cœlius, in the other world, must make them die again with envy. It must, however, be some consolation to them, that in this, their highest branch of art, their descendants have not degenerated.

Our table was spread in an arched alcove or arbour, composed of myrtle, jessamine, and china roses in bloom; remember this was the seventeenth of January; in front of us was an oval parterre, where bloomed the splendid camilla, reaching high above our heads, and covered with a profusion of flowers; beneath it the lavender, the dark red, and the yellow roses, jonquils, violets, mignionette, and the yellow jessamine all in bloom. Down below lay the expanse of level land, terminated by the proud city of Naples, in front; and on the right, the fortress of St. Elmo, the convents of San Martino and of Camaldoli, perched high up in the sky; and on the left the mountains of Torre del Greco, on to Sorrento and Massa, with the Mediterranean and the islands, shining bright under a sun so powerful as to compel us to seek shelter from his burning rays. Vesuvius, on the left, poured forth into the cloudless sky, vast masses of brilliantly white vapour, which bending gently over the edge of the crater, formed a gigantic plume of several miles in circumference, occasionally detaching a portion to float on into the pure Empyrean, not distinguishable from the clouds of ordinary formation. It was a splendid and sublime scene. I will not venture to say how much of the enthusiasm was due to the dinner, and the wine, but certainly if a man had

had to ask me an inconvenient favour, this was the time to prefer his petition.

When the important and most interesting ceremony of dinner was completed, we walked round by the great cascade, and wended our way slowly round to the palace. This extraordinary waterfall is formed by a river brought from a distance of forty-seven miles, according to our cicerone (through twenty-seven according to other authority), through solid rocks, and across deep valleys, one of which, the Maddalone, is traversed by an aqueduct of three stages, the lowest nineteen arches, the next twenty-seven, and the highest forty-five. This great work was accomplished in seven years, and is a strange example of misdirected skill and labour. Such works are necessary for canals and railroads, but for the mere conveyance of water iron pipes would have sufficed. It is curious that so simple a fact as water finding its level should not have been known to the ancients, although they had unconsciously acted on the principle in the supply of water to Herculaneum and Pompeii. We see in the Museum here, the bronze tubes from those cities, as large as, and exactly resembling, those in use at the crossings of streets in the present day, where by turning a handle the stream was directed to any of the four streets, which it was desired to supply. To return to the cascade.

This river gushes out of a picturesque artificial cavern or grotto, near the top of the mountain which is seen from the north front of the palace of Caserta, and it descends in a straight line down a series of steps (with an occasional level), for a distance of nearly two miles; seen from the palace it is one continuous white ribbon of cascade, for the levels are, of course, invisible. Even the formality of the straight line cannot prevent a large mass of falling water from being exceedingly beautiful, but Nature is remedying the defect, for the water contains calcareous matter, and wherever it has access to the nymphs and fawns, gods, and goddesses, satyrs, and dryads, is rendering them, as well as the innumerable steps, more picturesque by the incrustations it is forming upon them.

Occasionally, a small concealed stream is diverted from the main cascade, to turn some silk mills erected by the King in the adjoining woods, the only purpose of utility which this enormous expenditure has produced. Rows of glass buildings, like greenhouses against the walls in the gardens, are devoted to the raising of silk worms, and the country is spread over with mulberry trees.

As we advanced towards the palace down the broad square avenue of turf, bordered by high olive trees (the centre of this great avenue being occupied by the cascade), we encountered innumerable hares, pheasants, and partridges, for whose special accommodation large circular patches of thick brushwood are left in the very centre of the lawn, as well as the woods on each side.

We had seen enough, were sufficiently tired to make the carriage seats an object of attraction, and as we prepared to depart, all joined in the exclamation that we had never enjoyed a more delightful day, all had passed in harmony, no one had even by accident trod on the toes of the other's prejudices—no one had failed in the respect which the most exacting lady could claim, and we had all marked it down as a white day in the calendar.

And now for "a bit of human natur," as Sam Slick calls it. We were just taking our seats when a splendid-looking cavalier rode up to us, known to several of the party; it was the Prince of ——; when informed that we had been over the palace and gardens before his arrival, he burst out into lamentations of his own ill luck. "Here," said he, "I have been moping all day alone, I command the garrison, and occupy the King's apartments—had I known who you were I would have had several hundreds of wild boars driven down from the upper park, and you should have had a shot at them; you should have seen the private curiosities and things, shown only to personal friends. I am vexed, very vexed, at the disappointment." In truth, he looked so.

Oh, the perverseness of mankind! We who had been dwelling with complacency on the pleasures of the day, now turned round and murmured all the way home at what we had lost; we could not reflect with pleasure on what we had seen, for thinking of that which we had missed; as for myself, I did not join in the unholy concert of discords, though I had the most reason; the others could come again at any time, but *I* knew that my loss was final and absolute, *their* gratification was at most only deferred. How entirely are our pleasures comparative, and well is it that God has so arranged the world. Happy indeed is he who is thankful for everything.

(To be continued).

ADDRESS TO THE ICE TREE IN THE MIDDLE TEMPLE.*

Gelidis luxuriosa comis.

EXOTIC stranger, whence and what art thou?
A spectre rais'd from Flora's winter tomb,
In ghostly bloom!—
Fair Beauty sits upon thy snowy brow
As gracefully as e'er was seen
In summer woodland green,
Where weeping willow o'er some gentle brook
Hath seem'd to look
Into its mirror for the memory
Of happy hours that long have ceas'd to be—
(Alas!
No glass
Can show us what we once could see,
And well descry,
Through Nature's own intending eye!†)

Though dost appear
A love-lorn Dryad come
From northern forest drear,
To weep a tear
Over the wat'ry tomb
Of some false truant, fled
From thy cold arms to wed
A Nymph of warmer sky;—
And thither sent to die—
To find his shallow grave
Beneath the tiny wave
That freezes e'en thy sigh!
Or art thou come to say:—"no more
Shall here be trysting as before—
Fond hearts expectant shall not thrill
To meet beneath my icy chill!"

If so, vain Tree!
I tell to thee
Fond hearts will brave the thunder shower;
And when thou'rt gone—
Vanished before the warming sun,
True Love will keep th' appointed hour! W.

* The subject of our Engraving represents one of the most curious effects of the late frost, in the metropolis. Upon the north side of the fountain in the Middle Temple, stood a low tree; and, during the severe weather, the spray from the jet of water, as it fell upon the branches, incrusted it with icicles, which had a very beautiful appearance. Our Engraving shows the beautiful frozen tree, with the wintry background, and a portion of the Middle Temple Hall.

† Cowley has used the word *intend* in its Latin signification: he is sufficient authority.

THE ADVENTURES OF A SCAMP;

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY; CONTAINING MY BIRTH, PARENTAGE, EDUCATION, AND FORTUNES AMONG SUCH PEOPLE AS WE SEE EVERY DAY, AND MY TRAVELS AMONG SUCH PEOPLE AS HAVE NOT HITHERTO BEEN SEEN BY MY FELLOW-COUNTRYMEN; DIGESTED FROM MY DIARY, AND OTHER MEMORANDA, BY ME,

GEORGE AUGUSTUS DELABOUE BAGGES.

CHAPTER XI.

MY PROPOSED ESTABLISHMENT IN LIFE.

Although it was later than our usual lunch-time, I sate at Dick's for half an hour before Willis appeared. I had just called the waiter to me to ask if my friend had been there, when he appeared at the door, cast a glance at the table at which I was seated, and hurriedly turned back. Now Willis was so proverbially mild in temper, so constantly forbearing, that what would have appeared a marked insult in any other being, seemed rather the result of suffering than of anger in him. If he felt irritation, it must be because there was much pain to force it. We reason instantaneously in such matters, or, perhaps, merely use the habit which results from our experience of a character. Had it been any one else my temper would have become fierce, and my spirit defying; as it was, I rushed after him and grasped his arm before he could leave the passage. And then I could not speak. A flush came over his face, and it evidently cost him an effort to recover himself—but he did so—"George," he said, "there is no need of explanation—there can be no desire on our part to provoke a single unpleasant word. What is done is done; we have been friends; I do not wish to think of you ever in any other light than as a friend still. But my sister—you should not—there—I have said enough—I shall wish you well, George, as long as you live, but as we can never meet again except to bring up unwelcome recollections, it is much best that we should part here and not seek each other in future." With this he turned from me, evidently unable to control himself much longer, and I just mustered resentment enough to say "As you please," and with that returned moodily to the coffee-room.

It is a fault, for which I have since a thousand times blamed myself, that I did not analyse my situation; separate what might have been imprudent in my character from what must be entirely blameless; cast aside the rashness and avow and maintain what was purely defensible. But, after all, where was the education which was to give me either strength or discernment for this? And the very mystery which enshrines the passion of love with the young, makes its purest sentiments partake of a false shame. The most serious passion of our existence, it is treated as the most ridiculous; the most worthy, it is treated as the least deserving of recognition; exercising the greatest influence of all over our happiness, it is reasoned upon as the idlest of our whims; the strongest of all our motives, it is expected that we should abandon it as the most transient of our caprices. Praise for ever to our master poets who have placed love among the noblest realities of our lives, and those human beings reasoning and acting upon it with heroic dignity, have made it the parent of fortitude and the victor of death; in this, as in how many other cases, poetry is the only true philosophy. It must be so when philosophy is to deal with the highest parts of our nature.

I drank: it was early in the day for such a revel, but I drank, not to intoxication indeed, but certainly to become what is called elevated! The wine made me moodier in my temper and my feelings, and I might have kept on my solitary carouse till it ended in a frantic misanthropy, but I had not been left unwatched. A servant had been dispatched from Grosvenor-square to the Temple, and had traced me. He brought me news. I was instantly to start for Paris, the family might soon follow me, but a travelling companion had been provided; my passport and baggage would be ready the next morning, and even the servant was allowed to hint that Paris was a remarkably gay and pleasant place for a young gentleman with plenty of money and nobody to control him in spending it, both of which circumstances he was pretty sure I was to have the full advantage of realising.

One moment of deep regret at the now irrevocable parting was succeeded by a baser one of triumph. To this last I was instructed and taunted by the very opportunity prepared for me.

> Being that I flow in grief
> The smallest twine may lead me,

is as applicable to the excess of most other passions. Here was something proposed when I could resolve on nothing. I only wished that the post-chaise had been at the door, and I said so. The fellow was zealous and took his cue, for he had full instructions. "There was no great difficulty in that," he said, "if I were so minded;" in fact he had a supply of bank notes, could order a post-chaise towards Dover in-

stantly; my father and mother would not be offended at my starting without taking leave, they had bid him to say as much; nay, there was a note from my mother." I glanced at it and crumpled it in my hand and bade him get the post-chaise ready as soon as he liked. In a quarter of an hour it was at the door and he was seated on the rail in front.

"And what," I asked, "as I stood on the steps, "is to become of my companion?"

"He is not quite ready, yet, Sir, I believe," said the man, "but he is to come after you, if you prefer it; I am to wait upon you, and the tutor, or companion, or whatever he is, is to bring the baggage after us."

"Oh, with all my heart! the best office in the world for him to begin with to teach him his place!" said I, bitterly, not though with any particular bitterness against the person who was to bear me company, but against any and every person and thing that I could possibly encounter. I got into the chaise, the horses were good, the post-boy knew he was to be well paid, and we rattled over the stones at a speed which forced me to think of the pace, and half to enjoy the madness of it.

Besides, I felt relieved on many points. There was an escape, at least, from all awkward and humbling condolence; there was an escape from my father's and mother's counsel, applied too, as it would have been, like salt to a soldier's lashes, wholesomely, perhaps, but very smartingly. It was really a consolation, if one must be miserable, to escape from the impertinence of notice; but then came the counting of the miles which were so much the more and more of distance between me and Ellen, and fifty times I felt myself the dupe even of the vulgar rascal that seemed to have charge of me, and was on the point of stopping the chaise and ordering it back to London. But what was I to do then?

In the evening we reached Rochester, where Robert, my new valet, proposed that I should dine. The hotel was at least an expensive one, which passes with the greater part of the world for being luxurious. I had no objection; I was glad to be thought for, when I found it so much trouble to think for myself, so I dined. My appetite was too disordered by my luncheon and by my excitement to eat freely; but if I tasted only some of the most highly seasoned dishes which were served, there were anchovy toasts and champagne punch and cigars to be had, and I could finish the day in the spirit in which I had begun it at Dick's.

The next morning, my obsequious and experienced attendant was at my bedside with hock and soda-water, relishes cleverly contrived were ready for my breakfast, the horses were ordered onward again, and by two o'clock, I had reached Dover. Here we must wait for the passport, the baggage, and the tutor, and here Robert evidently dreaded such a pause in the excitement, as should give me time to reflect, and perhaps a disposition to return; but at that period, Dover was the only highway from the greater part of the Continent; but a year or two had elapsed since the battle of Waterloo had sealed the peace of Europe, and the Castle batteries were still constantly sending salutes to ambassadors and potentates, who were coming to pay their respects to the Regent, or had just taken their departure from the then all-powerful court of St. James's.

Such arrivals, and speculation on the uncertain weather, and the aspect of the sea, filled up the time till seven, and then, at the Ship, the et ceteras for which we waited made their appearance. At the first glance I was satisfied with my tutor; satisfied in spite of his appearing to be the last person who should have been selected for such an office, and perhaps because he appeared so. Gordon was a man really about thirty, but with the look of some years more. His hair and whiskers were still black and shining, but his face was thin and somewhat haggard, and his form, in a degree, attenuated. He shook hands with me at once, showed me the passport, but said, that as I had not yet been in France, it might probably save me trouble for him to keep it; asked very anxiously about the dinner, respecting which he made certain extemporaneous alterations, with the most perfect *savoir faire*, adjusted the wines to the dishes ordered, with a decision admirable at once, and enviable; and when the repast was served, entering upon the enjoyment of it with a gusto that made me partake in the entertainment as I certainly should not have done under any other temptation than that of the vanity of showing that I, too, knew how to eat and drink; a piece of aristocratic freemasonry quite as effectual as any other to make men companionable and respectful. He told me his history with the most perfect frankness, took credit to himself for having dissipated his own few thousands, as a proof that he knew how to teach me to spend money; talked without reserve on all such themes as young men are apt to indulge in, but which the guardianship of a tutor is whimsically supposed to prohibit, told me how, at a moment's notice, when he thought himself fairly deserted by fortune and friends, one had come to him with relief, which he afforded freely, since it was not at his own expense, being simply a recommendation to my father, who wanted a man of the world, and a gentleman, to accompany his son on a foreign tour, and to wean his mind from some over romantic notions which pass through the brain of every minor, but which exhibit stronger symptoms in some cases than in others. So he completed his first lesson — assuming the superiority over me, indeed, not, however, by

any right conferred by his office, but by the much more natural one of greater experience, and a full intention of using it for my gratification as well as my improvement. Ours was to be a trip of pleasure—that was, knowledge of the world—and he was the elder proficient.

I am not about to write a road book; if I were, the road book of 1817-18 would be of little use now. I am not about to describe the Paris of that time; it has been well described before me. I am not about to recount my own individual dissipations—it is enough to allude to them: only a word or two in excuse of my parents. They chose to deceive themselves by a word. They thought me romantic—to cure me, they chose, or rather asked for, without choosing, "a man of the world;" they took no trouble to understand either of the terms. What they called romance in me might have been turned from all folly to good honest purpose, a saving aim in my life; what they called knowledge of the world in my tutor, they did not or would not see the extent of. It might be a poison, but appeared to them a poison necessary to a cure, and they left my physician to administer the doses *secundum artem*. He, again, voluntarily misunderstood his office. It was pleasanter to a man who had only qualified himself for a tutor by the process of denying himself nothing—to share in luxuries with his charge than to trifle on the boundaries of right and wrong—pointing out the dangers, but yet making use of my desire for the fruits. We were in the city of vanity, frivolity, and well-disguised vice together: we lived, to outward appearance, most respectably; we denied ourselves nothing that the capital could afford, in the quiet way in which it affords pleasures of all kinds. He did not care to ask whether my father's idea of "knowledge of the world" and his own were precisely alike. If he did not cure, he had spoiled my romance, and that was his office. And so, through the prudence of parental contrivance, I became freed from the bondage of high imaginations, by having little or nothing left to my imagination at all. Love was dishonoured and buried in luxury. So passed several months; then my tutor was handsomely paid and discharged, and my father and mother came to Paris with Lord Dilbury and his family.

I could now see Jane with less distaste, because I had now formed an utterly different idea of marriage. If it were to help me to independence, and the unlimited use of the means of enjoyment, it would not be unwelcome.

Beside this, I was not a little dazzled with the society into which I was introduced by the mere rank of Lord Dilbury. True, indeed, is it, that no man is a prophet in his own country, for, at all events, such a prophet as he may be out of it. Or, to descend from prophets to quacks, it is most certain that the instinct of these gentry is to travel. We English are not alone in appending a certain extra consideration to foreign name and origin, although we certainly carry the folly quite far enough. While the most vulgar American, or the most *roué* Italian, or the merest pretender among Frenchmen, may make the circle of an aristocracy, and be constantly domiciled in their palaces, foreigners fully return the compliment according to their own style of hospitality. In Paris, Lord Dilbury was a "Milor," my father was a Banker, and, of course, by reputation as an English Banker, nothing less than a millionaire. The manners of our family, if distinguished at all, were certainly not so in the sense of elegance; but the French considered John Bull an avowed and allowed monster altogether, and if we were rather amusing as a show than eligible as an example of the graces, we were, at least, what was expected of us. So we were good humouredly tolerated by the French. Nor were we less frankly received by our own countrymen, for an Englishman abroad is so decidedly and exclusively English, that to find a compatriot is to find something he can trust and talk to, and with whom he can abuse everybody and everything to his heart's content. Thus my scene of dissipation was enlarged; and, as it is not difficult for a young man, who has been spoiled into some conceit, and who feels himself backed by money enough never to be at a loss for that means of self-respect, to grow assured enough in society to enjoy it, I placed this advantage to Jane's account with as much gratitude as her vanity and *exigeance* would allow me to retain.

Thus wore away, though not without occasional regrets, my lingering visions of Ellen. I accepted the present plan of my life, in the language of my new acquaintance as "*un fait accompli*," and I spent a full year in the French capital in perfecting myself in that first of all universities in the great art of self-indulgence.

My father visited London from time to time, and, at length, on the meeting of Parliament, proposed our return altogether, that he might be able to attend to his duties as a member, and to earn as soon as possible the coronet which was the tower of his hopes. I regretted the necessity; for the ease and propriety with which my *menus plaisirs* could be carried on in Paris, I could not hope to transfer to the grosser climate of London. However, I had entered my twenty-first year, and I was to be married. I do not say that this consoled me; the further prospect held out to me, as an inducement, was more efficacious in that way. I was to be at once put in possession of a liberal allowance, and I was to make the tour of Europe at my leisure, spending one, two, or three years

abroad as I and my wife might determine. Many of my French acquaintance had boasted to me the climate and the *agrémens* of Italy, and I should have introductions to some of the courts both there and in Germany. My intended bride and I rarely consulted upon any point of our future happiness, but it appeared to suit the views of both that we should travel; and as a concurrence in this matter really appeared to be the most essential of our arrangements, if we did not consider ourselves, in the language of romance, "made for each other," in the language of convenience, we seemed "very decently matched." So back to London we went in the delightful hope of getting out of it as soon as possible, to be married with all speed, that we might at once have done with one another.

CHAPTER XII.

WHAT MY PROPOSED ESTABLISHMENT CAME TO.

My father applied himself with his characteristic energy to the points he was determined to carry. He made it no secret from those who could in any degree forward his plan, that he wanted to be made a peer, and that he was ready to give a consideration to any one who could help him, according to the value received. Now, absurd as any man's project may be, this straightforward way of setting about it, takes off full half the ridicule, and ensures full half of the success. Lord Dilbury was to help him body and soul. For this, Lord Dilbury might make his own bargain as to the marriage. There was no love lost, or pretended, between me and Jane; it was so much the better, it would have embarrassed the negotiation. I was to be a lord in perspective, she was to share my coronet. Many active partisans who need no other mainspring than money, were put in motion. The Minister, who at first stared, sometimes ventured to smile, and at other times was positively annoyed by solicitation in a hundred unexpected quarters, was induced at last to give serious answers. His reply, in about half a year, took the shape of a principle. He admitted that it was right to elevate the supporters of government from the highest ranks of commerce, provided such security could be given for the permanent establishment of the family, in the shape of a large landed estate, as should prove that in that first of English considerations, the race was worthy of being ennobled. An entailed property to go with the title, a "*majorat*," which my father called in English pronunciation a "*majorate*," was the main question. The Minister had not absolutely given his word, but it was possible to drive him up into a corner, and not a few of his adherents were associated to assist in the operation. The peace, too, had led to the better chance of success for liberal opinions, and a stanch vote in either house was worth something. It was understood that I was to succeed at once to my father's seat as member for Swinestead, an understanding by which my father comprehended only another opportunity of chousing a ministry. His dearest hope was to get rid of his darling constituents before a second election should give them an opportunity of bleeding him again; but he confided this part of his project to no one but myself. I could fully enter into it; for I wished to undergo neither a Swinestead election, nor the wearisome attendance of the House of Commons. I kept the secret therefore with most filial fidelity. It was agreed that placards, which cost little, and speeches, which cost nothing, should be expended on the electors; and Jawbone and I went down to visit the borough with my father, that I might be duly introduced as his intended successor. Onwards still my father and his adherents urged his plan, till at length the Minister was driven from his general maxim to the particular application of it, and confessed that, should Mr. Bagges be willing to prove his competency by the purchase of a territorial barony, he might have reason to hope for a titular one. At length, a fixed and personal interview was arranged, and the terms were to be definitively settled.

As may be supposed, the Swinestead vote was one of the Minister's main inducements, and he entered upon this question at once. He hinted to my father the pardonable breach of contract which had once raised a discussion between him and the government, not as casting any reflection upon his eligibility for the peerage, but, as rendering it necessary to take precautions that the price of the peerage should be duly and really paid: my father ventured a great stroke. It was but seven or eight thousand pounds more, and of that two or three were already paid in the shape of those memorable fixtures, which, to do my father justice, he never suffered to be in arrear. He offered to resign, to take the Chiltern Hundreds, and actually to seat me in his place, before the title should be conferred, if the Minister would give his absolute promise on the fulfilment of that condition. The Minister smiled, and paused. He had no doubt of my abilities, my zeal, my devotion to the public service, my excellent principles; in short, I was the son of Mr. Bagges, what need he say more? but he must put Mr. Bagges' paternal partiality to a severe trial. He had a young friend, rich and ambitious, a youth, indeed, in whom the nation might have the highest hopes, for he was about to become by marriage nearly allied to the Minister himself. A seat was wanted for this miracle of promise, and though Swinstead was known to be dear—there was no other in

the market, and, as a Minister, he was not ashamed to say, that the requirements of the public service, in gaining such an advocate for the government, as his young friend must prove in Parliament, would mainly concur with other patriotic motives in raising Mr. Bagges to the Upper House. Now my father had very rarely been taken aback by any absurd betrayal of fortune in making a bargain, especially when he saw that he was likely to have it all his own way. He confessed his own weakness to himself in the memorable exception of Swinestead and its Mayor, but then his desires made him weak; he had now the full opportunity of recovering the advantage in the wants and consequent weakness of the Minister. He spoke of me and my hopes with an eloquence which the Minister declared to be quite touching; indeed the great functionary lifted his handkerchief to his face at certain epithets to conceal his emotions, whatever they might be. My father had copies of the addresses in his pocket; he had meant them for proofs of a very different kind: never haggling so as to let the bargain for an instant go off; but, affecting the most entire sacrifice of his dearest objects to the will and interest of the Minister, he got an unconditional promise that the young Honourable, who was to succeed him, should pay him for his fixtures; and then, with the air of a man who had made the greatest of all possible concessions, returned home to enjoy his triumph.

One thing was yet to be done. The landed estate, to a certain amount, must positively be purchased; and to meet my father's impatience, in the shortest time in which it could possibly be selected and conveyed to him, a purchase, by no means ineligible as an investment, was soon found to the amount of two hundred thousand pounds, a third or more of the money to be left unpaid on mortgage. My father knew his own share in the last stock-taking at Christmas. He had no wish to retire from the lucrative business which had added so much to the capital he had invested in it, or his landed estate, he said, might well have been much larger and perfectly unincumbered. At that time nothing could appear more prosperous than the commercial world. Money was worth a good interest, a large quantity of floating bills attested the immense value of transactions, and my father's house stood in that enviable position that it could borrow money at about half the rate at which it could lend, a name, as my father justly observed, worth having. So, having settled preliminaries with the agent for the sale of the estate, my father thought it as well to call in at the Bank, just to mention to his partners that his draughts would be considerable to pay for it.

Mr. Rags and Mr. Carrydot were both at their posts, punctual and attentive men of business, though each had his peculiarities. Mr. Rags was fond of enjoyment, though in what he called a quiet way. He was a bachelor, and kept more than one snug cottage in the neighbourhood of London, had his box at the Opera, and the *entrée* behind the scenes. All this, however, was perfectly without scandal. Mr. Rags went on as he pleased; he interfered with nobody, and nobody was indiscreet enough to interfere with him. Since my father's return to Parliament, the main direction of the banking concern had fallen almost exclusively to his share, and everybody remarked that its transactions exhibited even more than the usual activity. Mr. Rags was expected to rival if not to outstep his senior as a man of wealth. Carrydot was content to be led. It was enough for him, that is for the present, that he was one of the great firm of Bagges, Rags, Carrydot, and Co. His name appeared on the cheques, and was put upon the paper that went into the Bank of England for discount; and provided a customer would always write the style and title of the firm in full, not cutting out the junior partner from his share of the honours, he might always be sure of the patronage of Mr. Carrydot. Those who contented themselves with merely writing "Bagges and Co.," or even Bagges, Rags, and Co., he considered idle and therefore dangerous. He had the greatest possible veneration for my father, who had brought him forward from a very subordinate situation; he had the most implicit faith in Mr. Rags, whose quickness in business was at once his wonder and envy. One hope he had in store—who has not?—that, as Mr. Rags pushed the whole concern upwards in the scale of consequence, he would lift Mr. Carrydot personally into the chair of an Alderman, and that before he died, he should be addressed as "the Right Honourable Nicholas Carrydot, Lord Mayor of the City of London;" ay, and retire with knighthood, or even a baronetcy, should any sufficient public event happen in his year of office, to invest him with that honour. He watched, therefore, all the probabilities of marriages in the Royal Family, and their subsequent chances of births, and calculated like a life insurance-teller, on the value of given years for swaying the civic sceptre of the metropolis.

I walked with my father into the sanctum of the firm, where credit was so often debated, and where the fate of many a tradesman had been decided, by increasing or diminishing the assistance of the house. Nothing could be more off-hand, than the manner in which my father declared his intentions. Nothing could be more off-hand than the way in which Mr. Rags received the communication. I fancied that I saw a slight flush upon his cheek, occasioned by a momentary catch of the breath, but his usual manner returned in an instant. Mr. Bagges

knew, of course, the resources of the house, and his own share in the capital. Thank Heaven! they enjoyed unlimited confidence, which the purchase of a large estate would rather increase, if possible. In fact, it was only converting so much security of another sort into land. All would be duly prepared for; he would only request Mr. Bagges to give him a day or two's notice before the payment, that stock might be sold at the best possible advantage. Home we came with the satisfaction of having accomplished, as it were, the business of our joint lives; for it was my father's aim to raise a fortune and a family, and mine being only to enjoy the wealth and honour he had prepared, that day appeared to seal the fate of both. Paragraphs appeared in the next day's papers that Mr. Bagges had acquired the fine estate of Thistledown, and hints were appended that he was likely to take his title from his new and enviable purchase. My father called again upon the Minister, and declared the fulfilment of all conditions on his own part; the Minister, who was remarkably kind in his reception, said, "Well," in the most gracious and assuring tone, and that in reply to my father's observation, that he presumed that he might now look upon the matter as concluded. My father, though perfectly trusting, was not without his anxieties that it should be concluded absolutely and irrevocably. At the end of a fortnight, during which he had accepted the Chiltern Hundreds, and the new ministerial candidate had been returned, we had still the same confidence, yet the same eagerness. Lord Dilbury had assured my father that the Minister had said, but an hour before, that all things were in their proper and natural train.

My father, abstracted as he had been for some time from business, always glanced mechanically at that part of the paper which referred to stocks and commercial affairs, and the next morning at breakfast, I observed that, from a casual survey, he read with a deeper interest, pondered, reddened, coughed uneasily a few times, rose before he had finished his meal, and walked fretfully a few times up and down the room. I did not like to take up the newspaper, which he had left on the table, until he went up stairs to complete his toilet, with the intention of going into the City, and then I turned to the part with which, from mere habit of family conversation, I was pretty well acquainted. I saw that the funds had fallen and were likely to fall still more. In another paragraph of the city news, it was stated that the second partner in an eminent firm had been speculating largely for the rise, among other operations which had turned out unfortunately, and that, although nothing could shake the credit of the house he was connected with, yet there were signs in the times which required prudence on all hands. This notice was the beginning of a series of such articles.

But there was more yet to alarm my father, long before he came to their perusal. A special messenger from the banking-house arrived in haste, and the letter was laid in the breakfast parlour, to which my father hurriedly returned. He broke it open. It was in the most agitated handwriting, that of Mr. Rags. It presumed that Mr Bagges would see the fall in the funds, and put it to him whether it would not be better to postpone the payment of the purchase-money for a few days, until a wholesome state of things should come round again. I could never before have supposed that my father's face could be so expressive. Nay, it was absolutely tragic, as if the usual absence of expression had left it fresh and unhackneyed for this momentous suggestion. However, after a moment's pause, he took his course. He rang for his carriage and directed them to drive straight to the Minister's. An hour, and he came back in a state of forced composure. He told me that the arbiter of his destiny had now given his absolute word, that in the course of six days the patent of peerage should be expedited. In six days the Gazette should proclaim him a peer of the United Kingdom. He congratulated my mother, even went so far as to salute her by her title, shook hands with me, though, as I thought with a boisterous, rather than a hearty style of congratulation. In a week I should be assured of my inheritance. At that moment a knock was heard at the door. My father's face flushed again, and he rose and paced the room. Mr. Carrydot was announced; as he entered, my father actually trembled, and held by his chair. My mother could only wonder, and yet, without knowing why, sympathised with my father's agitation.

"Don't be alarmed, Sir," exclaimed Carrydot, as he approached, in a tone that was meant to be soothing, but which vibrated with most uncontrollable expression. "Don't be alarmed Sir, all will be right, but I could not answer to my conscience to keep it from you, there's—there's a run on the house."

My father sank into his seat.

"I knew it," was all he could say.

My mother leaned her head upon both her hands, with her elbows on the table, and looked at him speechlessly. Carrydot tried to utter a few words of consolation, of cheer, of hope, of assurance, but the necessity for using them, and the impossibility of putting them frankly together, made all worse.

My father waved his hand. "I knew it, Carrydot, I knew it. That cursed paragraph has done its work, Sir. The Minister foresaw what was coming. These fellows can always get information for private purposes, though they never seek it for public ones; he knew

there would be a panic, and yet, what has he done to prevent it? And Mr. Rags, the paragraph relates to him, Carrydot! So, Sir, he has been playing with my money, and you, Sir, you whom I trusted to watch over my fortune, you have suffered him to make me a beggar."

"It was always your own wish, Sir, that Mr. Rags should act upon his own opinion, Sir," replied Carrydot, very meekly. "And I trusted him with my humble interests, in submission to your honoured example. I beg pardon for saying so, but it is right to set one's-self clear at such a moment, when one may have nothing left in the world but the good opinion of our friends and patrons."

"Ah, you speak out now, Carrydot," said my father, "and I like it better than any trying to persuade me that we shall be saved. It is hard to bear, old boy, but give me your hand. It is not your fault; no, no, I ought never to have left the business to Rags. He is a rascal. There, don't speak, he is a rascal, and it does me good to call him so. Why could he not be content in his station? Why must he ape me? try to contend with his betters, and so use my money to speculate with? When I read that paragraph I felt it was all up. When did you ever know a house get over such a sentence as that, unless when all the partners were prudent, straightforward, honest men, like you and me, Carrydot?" He then paused for a few moments, walked hurriedly, sate down again and resumed. We waited the while upon his words in perfect silence, for they seemed life or death to us.

"And now, Carrydot," said my father, "do you think that we can hold out seven days? by any sacrifice but seven days? If so, and they make me a peer, they can't take that away again. I know what a poor thing a mere title is, what I have often said of it myself, but they can't let a peer starve, especially a peer that they've just made. They must find me fit for something, and, if they don't, they must find a sinecure that is fit for me, that will prevent their being laughed at as well. And prettily I should be laughed at, when all the world knows what I expected, what I had almost in my very hand, what I had bought and paid for, and what was all but delivered to me—prettily I should be laughed at if it were to slip from me now! No, no, Carrydot, I must have the laugh on my side," and with that he smiled ghastlily, "We must hold out seven days."

"We could try," said Carrydot, feebly, "if Mr. Rags' shares could be realised"——

"Damn Mr. Rags and his shares!" cried my father, almost foaming with rage. "Carrydot, I look to you. Can you hold us up for seven days, by any scheme, any interest, any promise, for seven days?"

Carrydot tried to look as if he were considering, but he could scarcely satisfy the piercing look which my father fixed on him.

"We must try," was all he could muster in answer.

"We must," said my father, desperately.

Another knock came to the door. The servant announced that a person from the Bank wished to speak with Mr. Carrydot.

"Show him up here," said my father, in a voice that astonished the announcer.

The man came in, a clerk; he looked anxiously at Carrydot, and then at my father, and then at me and my mother, as if he could not make up his mind what he ought to say, or before whom.

"Well, Sir?" asked my father, sharply.

"Mr. Rags, Sir, desired me to say to Mr. Carrydot"—— and here the clerk stopped.

"Well, Sir?" said my father again.

"That—that he was wanted directly at the banking-house, Sir," concluded the messenger.

"And what else, Sir? Is there any extraordinary reason for that?" asked my father, with a sort of cynic malice that was quite foreign to his general manner, "Go on, Sir."

"There is rather a run, Sir,"—stammered the clerk.

"Do you know what there is to meet it, Sir? Are you not in a confidential situation, Sir? Shall we get through the day, Sir?"

"Why, Sir, I hope"——

"Hope, Sir! Shall we get through to-morrow, Sir? You are a man of business, are you not? You have access to the ledger—you could give an opinion if you saw the books and they were belonging to another firm. Now, Sir, as a man of business, shall we get through the week?"

"The week, Sir!—why"——

"Two days, Sir? don't mumble and stammer, I want your opinion. Shall we get through two days? yes or no? Will you undertake that we shall get through two days? and mark this, if you could get us through seven, I'd make your fortune; what do you say, your opinion, yes or no, for two days?"

"Why then, no, Sir."

"Ah!" said my father, and he turned towards my mother; I rushed to her for she had fainted away.

Carrydot wrung his hands, then turned aside and blew his nose very loud. The clerk stood trembling near the door.

"Don't ring the bell, George," said my father, "you and I will carry your mother to her room. We did so. Her maid took charge of her, and was enjoined silence. It seemed as if, though no secresy could save us, we had also all determined to keep these facts from publicity as long as possible. We returned to the room. The clerk and Carrydot were exchanging a few hurried sentences in a low voice.

"There then, Carrydot," said my father, "go to the house. If all could be kept right you would do it, but it can't. When you are quite sure of that put up the shutters." Carrydot squeezed his hand and got away. The clerk followed him, and then my father sunk in his chair, and I almost thought he had fainted too.

Of the remainder of that day I have no other impression than of its complete and universal misery. Carrydot came down in the evening to tell us that all was over. He brought a hurried abstract of the accounts, which proved what Rags had taken from the firm, to sport with for his own advantage, and which showed that the dividend must mainly depend upon what could be realised from his very uncertain assets.

The Gazette which should have announced that Samuel Bagges, Esquire, was elevated to the peerage, by the style and title of Baron Thistledown, of Thistledown, in the county of York, announced instead, at the head of the bankrupt list, "Samuel Bagges, William Philip Rags, and Peter Carrydot, bankers."

(To be continued.)

LINES FOR MUSIC.

Un amant à son amie.

My wooing days are past,
Their golden dreams are over,
The time must come at last,
To play no more the lover—
So farewell.

Farewell to woman's smiles,
To kisses, tears, and greetings;
Avaunt ye syren wiles,
Adieu ye midnight meetings—
In moonlight dell.

No more I'll strike the lute
To breathe a lover's duty,
Nor trembling urge my suit
Before the feet of beauty—
Kneeling low.

No more I'll frame the lay
To sparkling eye or dimple,
Whose laughter seemed to say,
"How canst thou be so simple?
Prithee, go!"

I'll seek some hermit's cell
By tangled thickets shaded,
The gloom wherein I dwell,
Shall never be invaded
By maiden feet.

For should thy beauty's ray
But shed a glimmer o'er me,
Entranced beneath thy sway,
Again I'd kneel before thee!
Thou bright deceit!

H. A.

RHYMING RECOLLECTIONS.—No. II.

Νυξ γαρ ἐρχεται.

"For the Night cometh when no man can labour."

Night is coming—when no man may labour,
When sleeps in its scabbard the warrior's sabre,
When the huntsman has wound his last call, and the rover
Casts anchor for ever: Life's voyage is over:
Night is coming!

Night is coming: we go to our fathers—
To the regions of shades, where Eternity gathers
The sheaves of Death's reaping—the spoils of his sickle,
The brave and true-hearted, the craven and fickle:
Night is coming!

Night is coming: the head that is hoary
Shares the low pillow with mankind in glory—
The bright brow of boyhood, the fond breast of woman,
The monarch and mendicant, clansman and foeman:
Night is coming!

Night is coming: Joy comes in the morning;
It comes to the free soul, sin's tyranny scorning;
It comes to the souls who could "*love one another,*"
And lay down life's coil for the good of a brother:
Night is coming!

Night is coming: but a night that is deeper
Shall flap with its foul wings the soul of the sleeper
Who sleepeth sin's slumber, and only shall waken
To horror, when Earth from her pillars is shaken:
Night is coming!

Night is coming: your house set in order;
Broods the death-cloud over Life's narrow border—
Flashes the shaft, winged from Ruin's red pinion,
And crumbles to ashes Earth's tyrant dominion:
Night is coming!

MIRVAN:

A TALE OF THE MOORS OF GRENADA.

CANTO II.

I.

Upon Alhamar's towers the sun
In full Grenadian glory shone,
And high within his judgment gate,
The Moorish King in public state
Sat on his regal throne.
Around oppressor and opprest,
To his impartial ear addressed
The suppliant voice, and justice craved,
Or, armed in guile, detection braved,
And as their arts the council sway,
Turn murmuring, or with mirth away.

II.

Beside the king, with silver beard,
The noble Abenaman stands;
One oft the monarch's foes had feared,
But now for wisdom more revered;
His withered arms and palsied hands,
No more presume to wield the sword,
For he has donned the garb of peace:
But yet supporting age with grace,
His head still nobly seems to tower,
Like some maturer form of power,
With counsel to his lord.

III.

But see what group is gathering near,
What sudden tumult stirs the throng,
What murmur thrills on every tongue:
"Give way, give way—a passage clear.
'Tis Aldoradin with a bier:
Some death most foully done."
They open rank, and forth is borne,
By pensive slaves, a gory form,
In Lybian mantle hid;
And following these, a haughty Moor,
Whose gloomy brows in darkness lower,
And give in eyes that slowly roll,
Fit index of a darker soul,
To herald such a deed.

IV.

"Why comest thou here?" the king demands,
As at his feet the form was laid.
"And wherefore bring'st with bloody hands
"A load, we fear, the grave should hide?"
"I come," the haughty Moor replied,
"At this avenging porch, to crave
The doom of those who strike the brave
By treason in the night;

Who lure their unsuspecting prey
With friendly voice, then basely slay,
And dig the midnight grave."

V.

"Now Alla aid us with thy light!"
The King exclaimed, with troubled brow,
"Nor leave us darkly in our might
To strike the just with erring blow:
Speak, Abenaman, ever wise,
For thou, of late, hast conned our laws;
When blood for retribution cries
Against the guilty hand,
How should that King reward the sin
Whose throne enduring would within
The gate of judgment stand?"

VI.

"Our laws," the noble sage replied,
"With blood for blood the doom decide
Of those who take man's life away
By cherished hate or treachery:
These proved, thy hand alone may shade
From vengeance the devoted head."

VII.

"Now by yon holy hand and key,
Which give this porch its sanctity,
Thine be the doom, as thine the deed,"
The gloomy Aldoradin cried.
"Behold the victim of thy hate,
Our bravest Moor untimely dead.
With thee he last was seen alive,
With thee a guest but yester-eve.
Within thy garden found to day,
All weltering in his blood he lay,
And by his side a faithful slave,
And in thy ground a ready grave;
With lamp to aid thee in the dark,
And spade to hide thy midnight work:
'Gainst thee I here accuser stand,
From thee a brother's blood demand."

VIII.

"I? wretched slave! more like the deed
Than worthy here to raise thy head;
I play the butcher to my guest,
And slay him in the friendly feast,
Or ask a grave to hide my deed?"
The indignant sage amazed, replied,
"I've marked thine enmity of old,
Though fear hath kept its purpose cold.
Have I for this, thou recreant slave,
Still chiefest ranked among the brave?
Still in the battle foremost led,
While thou and thine ignobly fled;
Methinks the discipline were strange
Through which I've passed to such a change:
I veil the rage my thoughts dictate,
And like a coward mask my hate.
Such arts are thine, foul fratricide:
I act no deeds which shame would hide."

IX.

"Shame on thy beard and hoary age,"
Doradin cried, too truly bold;
"That dar'st the foulest deeds essay,
Thy trusting guest and friend betray,
And brave to heaven's avenging rage,
Even while thy grounds blush at the day
Stained with thy murders; wilt deny
The crime thy whispering slaves unfold?
Say, Sirrah, did not yester-eve,
That noble chief now lifeless laid,
Demand thy mistress for his bride,
And had his suit with haughty port
Denied by thy disdainful lord;
Or say, proud chief, is this thy slave?"

X.

Forth stept, as Aldoradin spoke,
A crouching Lybian swart as night,
But Abenaman, as the rock
That braves unmoved the tempest's might,
Smiled at the sight, and waved his hand.
"I grant thee, chief, that I denied
My daughter for thy kinsman's bride;
But tell me, if thy tale be true,
That I in midnight murder drew,
Whence comes on yonder gory sight,
Signs of premeditated fight—
This broken mail, that splintered brand?"

XI.

"Ay, speak of these," the King exclaims.
"Say, Aldoradin, whence are these?
Do Moors with swords woo sires for dames—
Is mail the Moorish garb of peace?"

XII.

"Can I, dread sire, these things divine;
Or is their proper charge with me?
The guile which friendship could entwine
With midnight deed of treachery
Might own, methinks, so much address
As compass trifling mask like this
To aid more deep deceit.
Or surely he whose faithless word
Is still in counsel most revered,
While well disguised he keeps at heart
Against his lord the Christian's part,
Might own a meaner cheat."

XIII.

"The Christians' cause! Doradin, shame!
Does malice so usurp thy soul,
That thou wilt taint a noble name,
And sway our mind by means so foul?"
"Sire, if I err, ask of this slave
For whom his daughter is reserved;
And why our Moors are slighted, save
To give a Christian knight reward."

XIV.

"Prophet of Alla, can it be?"
The King in sudden ire exclaimed:
"Speak, dog! Ha! dost confirm the tale?
I fear thy master is defamed.
If thou 'st conspired against thy lord,
Shudder, vile wretch, at our decree.
Ah! Abenaman, thou art pale.
Nay, if thy daughter's heart hath strayed
To warrior of a different creed,—
And if thine own may have been swayed
Unconscious too, I know the meed
Of loyalty was ever thine;

And yet ere part with thy regard
We will forget—restore reward :
Nay, as we look with hope to heaven,
Thou hast but to confess thy crime
That we may yet redeem the time ;
Then, kneel, and be forgiven."

XV.

"Sire, think not this obeisance made
To rescue a dishonoured head,
The act of contrite shame :
I know no crime that ought to kneel ;
Moved only by the troth I feel
I bend the loyal knee.
Long have I held an honoured name ;
Too long, I fear me lived ; for fame
Seems weary of the tower it raised,
Or envious of the worth it praised ;
Decay at last hath made a wreck
The open tempest could not shake ;
And now, when winter gathers o'er,
The fierce malignant lightnings pour,
And blast the withered tree.
Oh God ! restore that youth, which gave
These feeble palsied arms their power ;
Once, few among our Moorish brave
Scorned Abenaman's angry hour ! "

An instant, with majestic mood,
The aged hero towering stood ;
With hands stretched forth, invoked the skies
While nobly beamed his kindling eyes.
'Twas vain, the secret blight of time
Had treason wrought in every limb ;
Strained with the task, there slowly came
A dullness o'er his languid frame
That trembled 'neath his ire ;
His hands all feebly sought his side,
His eyes dimmed 'neath the quivering lid,
And tears put out their fire.
He felt the shame he could not hide—
For shame he deemed that woman's tide,
And while his heart swelled in his breast,
And sobbed with agony opprest,
He turned unconscious to his sire,
And on his shoulder wept.
The monarch's eyelids overflowed,
And few their manhood better kept,
To see the hero so subdued.
But Aldoradin darkly frowned,
And dipping in his brother's wound
A scarf, stretched to the King the stain :—
"Since feeble tears from treason's eye
May thy soft-hearted mercy buy ;
Since tears may foulest deeds atone,
And frighten justice from thy throne ;
Since tears move more than subjects' slain,"
Said Aldoradin sneeringly,
"What is the price of blood ?
Think not, weak King, that thou shalt save
This traitor from a murderer's grave."

XVI.

"Peace, haughty chief," the King replied,
"Nor draw our fury on thy head.
Would thy fierce vengeance climb our throne,
And wield its sceptre as thine own ?
If rebel we decree to save,
Dar'st thou our royal purpose brave ?
Or is our power a mockery here,
And shall the King the subject fear ?"

XVII.

"Then be this blood upon thy head,"
The gloomy chief impetuous cried :
"Thine be the crime thou hast espoused,
And thine the doom thou hast refused.
Thy blood the bloody deed atone ;
And may this chief, untimely gone,
From heaven the vengeance quickly bring ;
Here I denounce thee, on thy throne,
To justice false—a perjured King ! "

XVIII.

"A perjured King ! " Benaman cried,
And started into sudden life ;
"What traitor-tongue so boldly lied ?
Ha, Aldoradin ! shameless chief,
Dost thou forget thy subject vow ?
Base slave, a sword once graced this side
Skilled in the chastisement of pride ;
Ah, well for thee 'tis absent now ! "

XIX.

"Old dotard, peace ; nor idly rave
Between my mercy and thy grave ;
Let prudence study from thy fears,
Nor thus with others' feuds entwine,
Or arm thine eyes again with tears,
For heavy reckoning still is thine
In undivided load.
Or turn to heaven while life still wanes ;
Ask if yet thither there remains
For Murder's foot, a road ? "

XX.

"Speak to thine own base soul of fears,
Be guilt like thine alarmed to die,
Or to approach a patriarch's years,"
Was Abenaman's quick reply ;
"I have not so misused mine age
To tremble in life's wreck ;
But scorn the clamour of thy rage,
And frown thy fury back.
Let lists be framed, and if thou darest
Approve thy words by manly deed,
Prepare thine arms, and as thou bearest
Thyself, the morn thy cause decide ;
I, leaving heaven to show the right,
Will this time-shaken form oppose,
Which shrinks not yet to meet the fight
I've waged ere now 'gainst nobler foes :—
Nay, Sire ; nor interdict the strife :
'Tis true that age will weakness bring ;
Yet how may I this wreck of life
More truly spend, than for my King ?
Nor want I yet a soul of flame,
That might endow a younger frame
Than these grey hairs would indicate
To play again the hero's part,
E'en now my spirit is elate ;
My veins with wonted vigour swell ;
I cast away mine age, and feel
The young blood gushing in my heart ;

Great wrong will make the weak feel strong,
And why not make an old man young?"

XXI.

And as he spoke, stirred in his soul,
A mighty impulse seemed to roll:
His frame is swelled with sudden power—
His fierce eyes flash—his eyebrows lower;
Firm and erect he rears his head;
As, with the fire of youth elate,
His limbs athletic court the strife—
Their muscles full with bursting life.

The crowd transfixed, with aspect strange,
And hushed before the sudden change,
Gaze on that form, which greets their eye
Like some Herculean phantasy;
As if they thought it false to sense—
Some wild night-vision's airy trance;
And less had wondered then than now
To see it thus with vigour glow.
But, fixed as statue, still he stands,
The firm impress of truth,
Till—doubt confused before its power,
Slow lending credence to the hour—
They deem the age that lately lay
Upon those nerves like apathy,
A pause amid their youth.

With mutual thought each hand is raised,
Still no relaxing nerve gives way;
All unrestrained their shouts resound,
And one wide sea of turbans waved;
While clamorously, "The lists," they cry,
"Our long lost hero's found."

XXII.

And Aldoradin wondered, too,
As burst that change upon his view;
And felt his shrinking heart grow chill—
His tongue turn recreant to his will;
Despite his youth, its courage fail—
Despite his pride, his cold gaze quail
Beneath that old man's eye.
Well did he know that spirit's ire
Had not belied its former might;
But scarce he deemed its waning fire
E'en time itself could not benight,
But, dashing frailty thus away,
Could, 'mid her palsies, so inspire
Age with its energy.

XXIII.

As—half in wonder, half in grief—
The King consented to the strife,
With strong misgiving mind,
And slowly spoke, Doradin clung
To the reluctance of his tongue,
As with a grasp at hope.
But firm, though slow, the judgment fell,
Which to Ben Zurrah's care and will
The combatants consigned;
And as the King the judgment spoke,
The crowds dispersed, the Council broke,
To wait the morrow's skill.

END OF CANTO II.

CANTO III.

I.

The morning dawned with soft grey eye
Along the light-tinged eastern sky—
As Beauty's glance, in slumber hid,
Wakes dimly 'neath the rising lid—
And forth upon the world its light
Broke 'neath the rising veil of night,
Slow brightening into day.
The stars shrunk back in heaven before
That glance of glory smiling o'er,
And as the sun's first golden ray
Pierced 'neath the mountain's mantle grey,
Forth stood the Vega's laughing bowers,
A cluster of unfolded flowers
That shamed night's dreams away.

II.

And 'mid the scene the lists were set,
And eager crowds were gathered round,
Where failing age and childhood met
To see the chief, of old renowned,
Impatient waiting for the King,
The early looked for hour to bring.

III.

At length he came, and reached the throne,
With many a loyal welcome hailed;
But sad he sat, and all alone,
And with his hand his eyes he veiled—
Some said to hide a tear.
Howe'er, his Queen remained behind,
And to the monarch's thought inclined,—
It were no feud for dames to charm,
Where age must raise its withered arm
To guard its own grey hair.

IV.

At last the monarch waved his hand—
The heralds sounded and proclaimed;
And Aldoradin, by command,
Rehearsed his charge—the combat claimed—
And gave his cause to fate.
But scarce the blast had died away,
Ere, as impatient of delay,
The stern defiance backward thrown,
With louder and more angry tone,
Rung from the dervise gate.

V.

The monarch turned to see the chief,
With wonder-wavering belief;
But forth he rode, as stern in might,
As firm in bearing to the sight,
As he some common feat essayed.

His visor Aldoradin closed—
'Twas well to hide that quivering lip;
But vain the act—his grasp refused
The charge it was designed to keep—
He could not hide that lance's point,
Which, like a pine-tree 'neath the wind,
Shook in his aspen hand.

VI.

The charge denied, the warriors stood
Confronted sternly for the feud;

And instant when the trumpet's sound
Gave fury reign, each charger's form
Burst forth as with a sudden storm,
And darted to the shock.
But brief the issue; scarce they met,
Ere Aldoradin and his steed
Lay prostrate on the ground:
And wild and wildered was his look,
As o'er him, with unruffled crest
And sword-point glancing at his throat,
His foe, with foot upon his breast,
Proud and victorious stood.
But hastily the Monarch signed
And bade the victor stay his hand,
And spare the vanquished's blood:—
"Well might he, to thine ire resigned,
Lie sacrificed upon thy brand;
But yet, let us his life demand,"
The King approaching said,
"For he hath served us well of yore,
When, stript of birthright and of power,
We by a fratricide had bled.
And we would pay the faith in him
That saved us from a brother's crime."

VII.

"His brother's crime—ay, 'twas our plot,"
Bewilderedly, Doradin cries.
"Oh, long I thought the deed forgot—
We stabbed and threw him in the moat;
'Twas night, for ever, to his eyes,
For with the morning's early ray
The wolf had made a toilless prey.
The King believed we served his cause,
And blindly nursed his brother's foes."

VIII.

Dumb at his words, the monarch stood
As if each accent froze his blood,
And choked its fountain up,
Till frantic all his passions burst
At once, as wild he cried, "Accursed!
Is this the wretch I sought to save,
Ay, interposed to shield from death
Deserved, while all a brother's faith
Appealed in vain to hope.
Oh, I was blind, and well deserved
The blunder that I made.
The tie of blood that tore my heart,
Our early love, his youth all pled,
Yet with the adder's ear I heard
Which thy vile art had framed.
But die." "Nay, 'tis my turn," exclaimed
The victor, "mercy to demand."
And soft he stayed the monarch's hand,
While kneeling down his casque he raised.—
"Mirvan!" transfixed, the brother gazed,
And sunk upon his breast.

IX.

But starting up in frantic haste,
Convulsed, with horror all aghast,
"'Tis he! 'tis he!" Doradin cried;
"Oh save me, hide me from the deed.
Oft thus I've seen it in the field,
When dying heros round it reeled,
But still it scorned the victory,
And only aimed its blows at me."
Then struggling wildly 'gainst despair,
Doradin in his terror mad,
With bursting eyes and rising hair,
Fell lifeless at the Prince's feet.

X.

While still the royal brothers stood
Appalled before the ghastly sight,
A sudden bugle sounded loud,
And spurring on his panting steed,
A warrior burst into the course;
"How now, Ben Zurrah?" asked the King,
As wonderingly he reined his horse;
"What eager tidings dost thou bring?"
"I come, dread Sire, too late, I find,
To prove the purpose which I bore;
I came as Abenaman's friend,
His spotless honour to defend,
And wring from yonder lifeless heart
A word to make him some amend,
And let his soul in peace depart;
But some good arm hath been before."

XI.

"His soul depart! what hast thou said,
Ben Corrage?" Mirvan anxious cried.
"Brave chief, I grieve the joy to mar;
My heart in secret long desired
To see thee stand victorious here
O'er those who 'gainst thy truth conspired.
Benaman lives—but on the brink
Of being weak and trembling lies,
And clings by one last parting link,
Which hangs in mist before his eyes.
Strained by the working of his soul
In an exhausted frame,
And burning 'neath the slander foul,
That lies upon his noble name,
His fevered nature melts away.
Vain Zehra, with unwearied care,
Hangs o'er his death-bed like despair,
The tyrant closely grasps his prey.
The dying hero to the King
Consigns his child in sacred trust;
But come, ere yet his soul take wing,
And silence hush that noble breast,
For he hath from his daughter's tongue
Just heard the story of thy wrong,
And smiling in the arms of death,
Would bless thee with his parting breath.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF NEWSPAPERS.

BY ANGUS B. REACH.

"NOT a word in the papers. Not a syllable of news—not worth looking into, upon my honour."

So says a "Constant Reader," laying down his huge broad-sheet, after having thrown a skimming glance along its brimming columns—after having travelled from the Dan to the Beersheba of the journal, and found all barren.

"Not a word—not a syllable of news." Not amid that huge store of intelligence from every corner of the earth—not amid that repertory of information from land and sea—not amid all this chronicling of things which have happened, and anticipations of things likely to happen—not amid all these records of human chances and changes—of empires and of men—these scraps of interest touching of things foreign and domestic—these indications of all our wants, our wishes, our hopes, our fears—our well-doing, or our sins—our prosperity, or our misery—our riches, and our wretchedness—the accidents we are liable to—the reverses we have to struggle with—the good fortune we may encounter—not amid all these mementos of our proceedings—our goings and our comings—our births, marriages, and deaths—not amid all this chaos of information—touching everything and everybody—catering to every taste and to every whim;—can he, for whom it is collected and strung together—dished up in the most attractive form—savoured with the most piquant of spices—find a word of interest—a syllable of news!! "There is nothing in the papers!"

And yet the advertising columns alone might very well furnish the materials for an hour's reading, and much more than an hour's thinking. Newspaper proprietors think advertisers by far the best contributors, and we suspect that they are frequently the most amusing. Not that they mean to be so; not that the worthy man who sends in his humble puff of his coats or his boots, thinks for an instant that he is moving out of the ordinary sphere of his leather or his cloth, but, without being conscious of it, he is one of the thousand little authors, who, day by day, publish in our journals, the most extraordinary, the most ample, the most whimsical representations, of the social condition, requirements, and character of a nation which ever was given to the world.

Were a natural convulsion—that indefinite article of so much assistance to theory-forming geologists, to dash the ocean over us, to blot us out of the world—our island, our history, our literature—and were, at some future time, the *savants* of some flourishing city, situated where the great desert extends its most arid sands, now suddenly to become interested in plumbing the depths of past time; in recovering the archives of lost nations; in producing an encyclopædia of British antiquities; an ample view of our long-forgotten habits and customs, learning and laws—an advertising page of a morning journal, preserved by some miracle from destruction, would certainly cast more light at one glance upon our social condition; upon our habits of thought and of life; our various wants and wishes, and how we supplied them; than would every social essay ever written, every volume upon the "condition of England question" ever printed.

In one column might be seen indications of our maritime greatness and our roving propensities; ships to carry us to every part of the world; steam-boats to transport us on wings of vapour over the waters; railways to whisk us faster still over the land. Do we wish for an insight into what the literary world was

doing. There lie the lists of books just ushered into the world, each announcement accompanied by a critic's voucher for the quality of the goods. In what state was the drama? Behold the catalogue of an evening's entertainments. How did people dress in those days? A thousand tailors, milliners, shoemakers, hatters, the best, because the most practical authorities, have written a luminous series of replies to the inquiry. What were the popular meats and drinks? They are all announced in this all-answering sheet. What were the peculiar forms in which growing luxury, with its complicated train of wants, developed itself? Again you are answered. What were the follies, the bubbles of the day, the whims of the hour, the freak most in fashion;—the advertisers will tell you all. They will tell you how we lived and how we died; how we ate and drank; how we travelled, how we dressed, what we read, what we saw, what we believed, and finally, and more clearly and palpably than all, how we were cheated, how we cheated each other!

Nearly a century ago Dr. Johnson said that the science of advertising had reached its height, and that more advertisements appeared day by day than could be easily read. How little he knew what was coming; yet, with what sesquipadilian ferocity would he have thundered forth his anathema against the unlucky wight who might have humbly hinted, that, in his opinion, more might be done than had yet been accomplished in the great art of puffery. We are too apt to think that we have done all that can well be done, and the man would be just as imprudent to-day who would lay down the double sheet of the *Times* and pronounce advertising to have reached its summit level, as was the Leviathan of Fleet-street, who made the same declaration over the tiny pages of "The Rambler," a century ago. A great sight it would be to behold the lexicographer now-a-days rolling with his ungainly waddle into one of his favourite Fleet-street taverns and taking up the *Times and its Supplement*. Whew! what a thundering sentence would bear witness to his wonder. It would require the Ghost of Boswell to record the astonishment of the Ghost of Johnson. "Sir, when, a century ago, I recorded my conviction that the science of advertising had attained its summit, I neglected to bear in mind those stupendous alterations which the revolution of ages never fail of producing in our ever-varying humanity!"

People may write up *veluti speculum* as much as they please on the prosceniums of theatres, but it is to the newspapers that the motto is best applicable. The journal is the age's true mirror. The stage reflects more or less dimly, more or less correctly, any age or any people. The newspaper represents only its own time, but it does that with more than Daguerréotype fidelity. A man may describe a people well, but the people will describe itself better.

Our learning and our ignorance—our wisdom and our prejudices—our speculations, our opinions—what we think, and how we think it—are all daily recorded in printer's ink—every shade of thought is duly discriminated. Every little variation which divides party from party, and sect from sect, duly set forth. All have their daily or weekly organs, and each "organ," be it observed, regularly styles its own friends a "party" but sneers at the friends of every other "organ" as a "faction."

Newspapers then are the true guides to a real knowledge of what is passing in our hearts and our heads, our homes and our streets. Some not very wise man once said, "Give me the making of a nation's ballads, and I care not who makes its laws." But nations make ballads, not ballads nations. Ballads show nations' characters and temperaments; or at least they did so once; it is probably newspapers which best perform that office now. The verse has given place to the column—generally bad rhymes to generally good prose. Give us the newspapers of a nation, and we will tell you what a nation is. We will tell you its government, its religion, its wishes, its tendencies, its habits, its customs, its prejudices, its whims, its follies, and its knaveries. And all this is not the worse shown, because often unconsciously shown. A man who believes that he is developing his opinions, is often showing forth his prejudices; displaying his folly, when he believes himself spreading out the treasures of his riches. So with party newspapers. Each "organ" firmly and fully believes itself, and itself only, to be in the right. It complacently details its party's views, and, thanks to its candour, we gain a full insight into its party's prejudices.

And it is not only the shifting, changing shades of public opinion—in all its diverse hues from black to white—from their notions who contend that black is white, to their views who maintain that white is black—which are duly registered in our teeming broad-sheets. All the little accidents and incidents which chequer ordinary life, which produce pleasure or pain, clothe people in gladness or in mourning, find their brief memorial in newspaper history. The same page which records the battle, tells of the solitary murder; the column which speaks of an eastern empire wrested from its dingy possessors, narrates the theft of a pound of bacon. The conqueror and the pickpocket alike find the memoirs of their deeds blazoned to the world. The Emperor who dies of repletion, and the pauper who perishes of starvation, have their departures alike recorded. Not a kingdom is disjointed abroad, nor a bone broken at home, that the newspapers proclaim not. An approaching pestilence claims the care of an Editor, so does an adopted fashion. Newspapers chronicle alike the ravages of the plague, and the triumphs of the polka. They must omit neither death nor dancing. Nothing is too great or too small for a newspaper. It must grapple with the mightiest subjects, as it must pick up the meanest; whatever interests men the newspaper gathers and displays—and in what are we not interested, from a baby's rattle to God's thunder!

Our modern journals perform a high social mission. They are the speaking trumpets through which different classes in society address each other; they proclaim their grievances, urge their rights, battle manfully against impending injustice, or for attainable privilege. The chivalry of the press is the great modern redresser of wrongs. Our courts of justice, from that of the Lord Chancellor to that of the country squire in the commission of the peace, are vigilantly watched over by prying reporters. No favouritism, no prejudice, can be displayed there—by look, or word, or deed—which in a few short days, or perhaps hours, is not pilloried by the printing-press; scattered over the land; read and commented upon by high and low; and as ef-

fectually redressed, as it is completely exposed. Public meetings would be comparatively useless without newspapers to make known to millions what could, perhaps, be only heard by hundreds. What comparatively small interest people would take in the meetings and discussions of Parliament, were there not daily papers to furnish to every morning's breakfast table in London a silent version of the last night's stormy debate? The reporters' gallery is not the least important spot in St. Stephen's. Recording then everything, speculating on everything, anticipating everything, advocating everything, combatting everything—journalism is the unfailing mirror of a people's facts, and a people's fancies.

Every body, who can read at all, reads newspapers. They form the foundation of all reading. How curiously universal is their study. You enter a coffee-house for dinner or tea, and you call as naturally for your newspaper as for your knife and fork. A London breakfast is always incomplete without a sheet of news wet from the press. Nobody thinks of getting into a railway carriage without, as a preliminary, purchasing a paper. It is the same thing on board steamboats. Members of clubs read newspapers as if they were doing it for a wager. We believe one half of the splendid edifices in Pall Mall might take to letting lodgings, or keeping mangles, or any other species of useful industry, were their members stopped in what seems to be their employment from morning till night—reading newspapers at the windows with their hats on.

But, although everybody studies news, there are peculiar diversities among the classes of students. To your peaceful dweller in the country or in little provincial towns, a newspaper, wherever it may emanate from, whatever politics it may profess, is still a newspaper—a thing to be attentively conned, not cursorily glanced over. It must be old indeed, before it is too antiquated for his perusal. It has passed, perchance, through many hands, and reaches its last distant reader stained and torn; but the worthy old gentleman or lady places his or her spectacles on his or her nose, and proceeds with great gravity and due deliberation to the task of reading every word from the alpha to the omega—from the name of the paper at one end to that of the printer at the other.

Here we are epicures in newspapers: in the evening, the morning sheet is old; and in the morning, the evening sheet is antiquated. London newspapers have most insect-like lives. In the country, the *Mudslush Gazette*, or the *Muddledub Journal*, live out a jolly week, passing from house to house, and conned by diligent local politicians—decent folks, who make up their minds slowly, and read and think, and think and read again. The news is all inwardly digested down to the very smallest paragraph; the very bones are as it were polished, and the marrow sucked out of them. But in town it is different; we only pick out the tit-bits; just take a gobble at the liver wing; gulp down the most piquant of the spices; smack our lips over the most racy drops of soup; and then dispatch all the grosser, lower-flavoured viands for consumption in districts where folks have less food and more accommodating stomachs.

It is odd to observe how different portions of newspapers become turn by turn in most request in different localities, and among different classes. The burly old gentleman, with gold spectacles and a red nose, who monopolises the fire in the snug subscription-room of a City coffee-house, wanders not beyond the confines of the City Article—unless, indeed, it be for a short excursion into the lively details given of the State of the Markets, and the closing prices: if by chance he casts a momentary eye on Foreign News, he sees only the intelligence from the Bourse, and marks only the fluctuation of the Rentes. Far westward, the City Article loses its charms; ladies fair pronounce it "a rubbishing thing," and wonder how any body can read any thing but the Court Circular and the fashionable paragraphs, and the Fashions themselves; and eke the Births, Marriages, and Deaths—particularly the Marriages. Again, the partisan scrutinises the broadsheet; he sees nothing but Leading Articles in it; nothing but Tory Bigotry or Whig Sedition, or Tory Sedition or Whig Bigotry, as the case may be. To a man with top-boots and a gaudy-coloured neckerchief, all is unmeaning but the Sporting and the State of the Odds: and the would-be *dilettante* turns up his nose at everything which smacks not of Literature or Art. If the Police Reports are not very profoundly studied in the drawing-room, they are spelt out every word in the kitchen; and if Horrid Murders and Shocking Suicides find themselves on any occasion rather cavalierly treated in the tavern-parlour, they may console themselves in the exuberance of polite attention they meet with in the tap.

But while everybody acknowledges the influence of journals, nobody seems to care at all about, or think at all about the labours or the merits of journalists. So far as fame or reputation goes, they labour gratis. A journal may be a great thing, but an Editor is a very small one. Everybody sees the one,—nobody knows anything at all about the other. And yet the Editor is the soul of the journal; without him it is but a dead carcass. He confers upon it name, influence, reputation; but neither name, influence, nor reputation, does it—except in very rare cases—yield back to him. There is no profession which exercises one tithe of the controul over the public mind as does that wielded by the journalist, and yet there is no profession, the individual members of which are so little known, so little appreciated, so little honoured. Take all the Editors in Great Britain, they do more towards influencing the destinies of Great Britain, than do the members of every learned profession put together. We go further: we say, take as many men from both Houses of Legislature as there are political writers for the periodical press of this country, and you will find that so far as personal political influence goes—we do not talk of actually wielded political powers, but of political influence over the public mind produced by power of reasoning, or of declamation;—so far as this goes, we believe the powers of the members of the press far outweigh the powers of the members of the Senate.

The talent which raises a man to a high station in the London press, which raises the paper he writes in to a commanding position in public estimation, would, if exercised in any other profession, render his name honoured, if not famous. To rank high as a lawyer, or a doctor, is to rank high in society. If a barrister be generally successful in persuading twelve men in a jury box, that the cause he advocates, the side he

takes up, is the right one, he may look to high honours, to vast emolument. But if an Editor be equally successful in wielding the opinions, in swaying the minds, not of twelve men, or even twelve hundred men, but of thousands and tens of thousands of men—not upon a petty point like the verbal construction of an ungrammatical act of parliament, but upon vast social questions, upon which the fate of nations depends—is he, too, able to look forward to something like corresponding fame and gratitude and respect?

No, he remains a simple citizen; his pursuit unknown beyond the limits of a petty circle; his talents unappreciated except by a petty coterie. He has no legal privileges to guard him in his honours; he is entwined with no antiquated corporation defences; he is no gentleman by act of parliament; but he is fulfilling a great social mission, moulding perhaps the very destinies of a nation, swaying the minds of cities, with every essay from his pen; and what is the guerdon for all this toil expended, the badge of all this power exercised? Personally the journalist has none. He is in the back ground; the dancing puppets have the credit, not he who pulls the wires. And yet credit is given, power is acknowledged. Who benefits thereby? The talent and the influence of a journal we frequently hear extolled. What is a journal? A sheet of printed paper. Where is the use of praising it, unless through it we mean to praise the author of the words which give it its value and its life? But we do nothing of the sort. We never think of him. If a man write an anonymous book, which takes, all the world sets to work to find out his name, and when they have found it they honour it accordingly. But a journal, in its continuity and regularity of argument, may exercise twice the influence and excite twice the speculation in a year, that the book would have given rise to in the same time; but who thinks of inquiring after its author?

The "we" of a book is sought for; but no one troubles his head about the "we" of a journal.

This, of course, we mean to apply to the feeling of the public in general. There is a literary and political circle within the limits of which a journalist may find fame, as cordially given as it is valuable; but as to anything like general or national reputation he can never, as a journalist, hope to attain.

Now this is, by no means, the public's fault; it is the fault, partly, of the stupid anonymous system which prevails in the journalism of this country, and partly of the feeling with which journalists regard their profession and each other. Now they do not half sufficiently respect the one or the other; they never show a sense of self appreciation, and as little of *esprit du corps*. They are not half proud enough. A lawyer or a medical man respects his profession, has a pride in belonging to it, and surely a journalist has just as much reason to feel exalted in the high mission he has to accomplish, as either a member of the Temple or the College of Surgeons. But newspapers have an unhappy tendency to depreciate each other, and even to depreciate themselves, for the sake of their political party. We remember, some time ago, to have seen certain silly things spoken by a certain great man, demolished *seriatim* by a certain weekly newspaper, his arguments and his facts utterly extinguished and overthrown, the demonstration just as complete as that of any problem in Euclid. An evening supporter of the great man in question straight came to the rescue; not one word could it say to rebuild the shattered fabric of its friend's ratiocination; it did not even make the attempt; but it talked of the impudence of a "whipper-snapper journalist" daring to attack the dicta of so venerable an authority!

Now this is mad suicidal folly. Is any man at this time of day drivelling enough to value, at the worth of one pin's head, authority, not only not supported, but contradicted by common sense and ordinary reasoning? But the great man was to stand proof in the armour of his reputed sagacity; the wisdom of a journalist was to kick the beam, when weighed against the senile folly of a legislator! They order these things better in France! There, credit is given where credit is due. The French look upon journalism with common sense, and estimate its claims with common justice. There, newspaper-writing fights its author's way into place, and fame, and power. Here, public men would be ashamed of being connected with public journals; were the beams only plucked out of people's eyes, there are some of our public journals which might be well ashamed of connection with some of our public men.

The anonymous system is, however, perhaps the greatest bar to the due appreciation of journalists, and, of all the foolish systems upon the face of the earth, none has been supported by such foolish arguments. We are told that with the anonymous principle would disappear the authority of journals. If they are only authoritative because they are anonymous, the sooner their authority disappears the better; but if, on the contrary, the two things have no connection with each other, the taking away of one will not, in ordinary logic, involve the overthrow of the other. The *omne ignotum pro magnifico* principle seems to be stretched so far by some people, that the only way, in their minds, of producing the *magnificum* is by calling in the aid of the *ignotum*. These wise men behold the greatest things when they shut their eyes closest. Did they see a thing great they would not believe in its greatness, but when completely blind-folded they logically set it down as stupendous.

Now is there a sane man or woman in England, who after reading a political article, and being convinced or converted thereby, would suddenly dispel anything like rising conviction from their minds, and settle back into their original opinions, merely because they found a name at the bottom of the essay? Are there people who would be convinced by an argument carried on in the plural, but unmoved by the self same considerations when urged in the singular? Has "we" a spell to entrap conviction denied to "I"? We presume that when people read and praise an article, they imagine that somebody writes it. When they see "we are of opinion" in the *Times* or the *Morning Chronicle*, we suppose, as far as we know, that they have sense enough to translate this, "we are of opinion," into the "Writer or the Editor is of opinion;" or do they call up dim shadows of political sagacity and knowledge, embodied in mystic shapes, surrounded by clouds and gloom, and imagine that the real "WE" is something like that? They know, it is to be hoped, that "we" is a mere conventional term, meaning no more than "I," and that although Kings and Editors use it, Kings and Editors are not a bit the wiser or the more powerful because they do. When a man says, the *Times* has shown it, or the *Chronicle* has made it clear, ask him what he means, and he will tell you

that he means that a writer in, or the editor of, either of these journals, showed, or made clear, the matter in question. What then is the great objection to give the name of the writer? Talent is worthy of its fame, as labour of its hire. Nobody is the less convinced by the sought for publicity, but by means of it, he whose due it is, carries off his rightful reward.

The anonymous system may shelter what is bad, and which should not be sheltered, but it cannot display what is good, and what ought to be displayed. Under its cover temptations may be successfully applied to the writer, who, were he known, would never, or at all events seldom, dare so far to risk his character and his reputation, as to turn round on his principles, desert his friends, and fling overboard, as vilest, that which, until then, he had always treasured as most valued.

We hear much of Young France and Young England; we should like to see something of a "Young Journalism;" a new system, imbued with a new spirit—a spirit which should strive earnestly to raise what it animated to its high and proper station in the estimation of society, which it should proclaim and glory in—instead of shrinking from, and denying its calling—which should dignify journalism as it should and may be dignified—which should make journalists respect each other as the first step to the world's respecting them; and which should insist on, and bring it to pass, that those who exercise great political, and social, and literary influence, should possess great political, and social, and literary honour.

THE PAST, THE PRESENT, AND THE POSSIBLE;

OR, PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF A COSMOPOLITE.

According to the earliest histories, the original inhabitants of the British islands were of the Celtic variety, and had partially emerged from the savage state. They gathered tin in some districts, and thereby attracted the Phœnician merchants to their shores. They possessed metallic weapons, and wheel carriages, and used them in war. They possessed also a priesthood, who ruled over them by that power that cultivated minds exercise over the uncultivated; and it appears that the priesthood, known under the name of Druids, were endowed with wisdom and knowledge analogous to that of the ancient Egyptian priesthood. Either from love or from fear, or probably from an admixture of both, the people were attached to them, and did their bidding. They were dependent on them for instruction, for the administration of justice, and for medicine. Teachers, lawgivers, and physicians, combined in one fraternity, could not well be less than rulers.

The amount of knowledge possessed by the Druids seems to have been quite equal to that of the skilled men of other countries of the same period; but their wisdom was apparently not of the high kind which aims at human progress, but of the inferior kind, which seeks to maintain domination over the mass. Their society was probably constituted according to the practice of the Jesuits—attracting and attaching to itself every rising youth distinguished by superior talents. It is understood that the system of rule in China is conducted on the same principle—the intellect being all arrayed on the side of the rulers, and employed in keeping the mass stationary and subservient. This was the characteristic of the Jesuit missions, amongst the Red Men of America.

But it may be that the wisdom of the Druids was in advance of the character of the people. They ruled a capricious nation not capable of great progress, and they did all they could, by preserving a certain amount of order amongst them. The invasion of Cæsar was the test of the character of the people. Under the excitement of impulse they did him great damage; but they could not prevent him from landing, and exacting submission, which, under another impulse, they revoked so soon as his back was turned. The British storms had wrought him more mischief than the British arms. They had warning and time for preparation; yet, after the lapse of a year, Cæsar returned, and overran as much of the country as he chose—forests and marshes being his greatest obstacles. The conquest by Cæsar was achieved less by his own powers than by the fickle and capricious disposition of the British people. In Cassibelan they had a noble leader, probably of Druid training; but, instead of giving their united efforts to aid his plans, they took the opportunity of a foreign foe being in their land to make terms with that foe, and sell their independence for the gratification of these petty clannish quarrels. When Xerxes invaded Greece—a nation of petty states, all jealous of each other—private quarrels were forgotten, in order to make head against a common foe. Centuries after this the British people fell a prey to a foreign foe, because they could not combine, even under the more favourable circumstances of an island for a stronghold. They could not forego the pleasure of a present revenge, even for the sake of the future good of independence. The Greeks were civilised men, accustomed to call the nations around them barbarians; probably because they were not thinkers and reasoners like themselves. The Greeks were of the lofty branch of mankind, amongst whom the higher wisdom was developed. The British were of lower growth. The Roman rulers, accustomed to dominate over subordinate states by their well-digested system, became in time the masters of Britain; and the Druids sought for shelter in a distant corner of the island. Continuing to foment resistances amongst the capricious people, the iron conquerors overwhelmed them in a general massacre.

The conquerors settled quietly, and probably intermarried amongst the wealthier owners of the soil, improving the stock and cultivating the arts of peace, subject at intervals to outbreaks of a similar kind, to those which have characterised the Irish under English

Government,—violent coercion on the one hand, and weakness and ferocity on the other. The episode of Boadicea strongly marks the distinct characters of the ruling people and the ruled. The haughty conquerors seized on the property of a deceased British chief and his tribe, and when his widow complained, inflicted atrocious outrages on herself and daughters, when with sudden impulse their people avenged their joint wrongs, by cutting in pieces a small body of Roman troops, and then massacring in cold blood, seventy-thousand unresisting persons in the capital city. The Roman army then turned to bay, and in a pitched battle, it is recorded that eighty thousand British perished, with the loss of only four hundred Romans.

In process of time, the conquerors found that they had conquered too much of the world. Stronger men than themselves were finding out their strength. The Scots and Picts, men of sterner stuff than the Celtic British, began to task the Roman conquerors, who built up a wall to keep them out, as though a pile of earth and stone were a more enduring material than self-renewing human muscle. To add to their trouble the galleys of the Saxon-Northmen now first hovered round the coasts, they had begun to mark for their own; and the founders of the military empire, extending over the known world, the proud Roman conquerors, were forced to abandon their submissive British subjects, and seek to defend their own seat of empire, now crumbling to pieces under the truth which had begun to dawn on men's minds, that the Romans governed for their own welfare, to which consideration all other nations were secondary. They had wrought their work, their might was no longer right, for there was a greater might bursting forth to be right in turn.

The might of Britain was now a might of Picts and Scots, and their lion rule was heavy on the Romanised Celts. War was for the strong; work was for the weak—

> My sword, my spear, my shaggy shield!
> With these I plough, with these I sow,
> With these I reap my harvest field,
> The only good the gods bestow!

The strong were the few, and the weak were the many, but famine helped to thin their numbers, and, in the fury of starvation, these poor weak people commenced a civil war amongst themselves, instead of turning their united rage on their invaders. Their inward consciousness told them it was in vain. They were marked by nature to be either crushed or protected, by others stronger than themselves, and the language of their abject petition to the Romans to come once more to their help is unquestionable testimony that this was their own conviction:—

"The barbarians drive us to the sea; the sea drives us back to the barbarians; between which we have only the choice of two deaths, either to be swallowed up by the waves, or to be cruelly massacred by the enemy."

Yet once more they arose in their numbers and drove the strong men northward, but it was only for awhile, till fresh harvests covered the land, when Pict and Scot again came to reap them. In despair the Celtic King, Vortigern, dispatched his messengers to the shores of the Sea Kings, to say, "help us or we perish;" and now, Picts and Scots, give ye way, for

> O'er the wild gannets bath come the Norse coursers.

The standard of the Horse, and the standard of the Mare sweep the narrow sea. Hengist and Horsa, the strong-brained leaders of sixteen hundred men of the world-enduring Teuton race, have come to proclaim a change, have come to plant the seed which shall change no more, till time itself shall end. Marvellous was the result. Pict and Scot were strong no longer. Their strength went from them. These sixteen hundred men, steeling with their valour the dejected Romanized Celts, slew or drove into the sea, or into amalgamation with their conquerors, the late formidable foemen. Thenceforward Saxon Might became English Right.

The sixteen hundred liked their task so well that after freeing the land from its foes they determined to adopt it as their own, and they soon increased to five thousand. The capricious Celts would now fain have been rid of their defenders, who saw fit to take to themselves the Picts and Scots from the north, to help them to possess the land. In the French province of Brittany, are, at this day, found the descendants of those who then fled from a yoke they could no otherwise avoid, and there are their characteristics perpetuated.

But not all at once was this achieved. The indigenous Celts were still numerous enough to have walked over the strangers, had they but possessed the power of union; many were their outbreaks, and the standard of the Mare was trailed in the dust, and the strength of Horsa laid low, ere Hengist became the King of Kent. Northmen after northmen, called, indifferently, Saxons, Angles, and Jutes, but all of the strong Teuton branch, swarmed to the centre of the world's future power. Yet a hundred and fifty years elapsed ere the more numerous Celts were awed into quietude or driven to the mountains. The cold regions of the north could not breed men so fast as they were required in the new island home these northmen were hewing out with their swords. And now commenced the struggle for mastery between the chiefs of these northmen, to determine who was the strongest, who should be the leader of the whole, for that too had to be determined by brain and weapon. The love of order was strong in the Saxon men, but it is a law of nature that order—heaven's first law—cannot exist while the weaker has a fictitious power over the stronger. And in their rude way they had to struggle after knowledge. Centuries elapsed ere the question of strength was decided, and the kingdoms of the Heptarchy were all wielded by Egbert. Peace prevailed, and the era of social progress seemed about to commence, but there was more work yet to do.

The raven standard of the Vikings swept the narrow sea, and new bands of northmen came to do to the Saxons what the Saxons had done to the Celts. But it was a harder contest; the combatants were more equally matched. Lodbrog and his Berserkirs made up in energy for his inferior numbers, and Danes after Danes rushed from their birth-place to seek a more genial soil and settle on it, either with or without the consent of the northmen who had preceded them. It was a contest of Teuton against Teuton, whether Danish Might or Saxon Might was to become English Right. The contest was so equal that it could not be settled but by compromise, and the land was divided as best might be, under the wise rule of Alfred, the student, warrior, and legislator, the inventor, mechanician, and engineer; the ruler of the land and of

the sea; the conqueror of the sea kings on their own element; the type of the wisdom and knowledge destined in after ages to give to England the moral dominion of the world. And all this under the pressure of continual painful disease. Was it that the blood of the Celt and Teuton had, in his person, produced that just admixture, which developed mind, in its high state, and triumphed over matter? It is recorded that the contemporaneous King of Scotland, Gregory, was a man of the same high standard, and surnamed like Alfred, "The Great."

The Danes appear to have been the most intelligent of the tribes of Northmen, and the most skilful warriors. The English longbow is traced to them. It was imputed to them as a crime, that "they indulged in baths and frequent changes of linen," and the name they acquired of "Lord Danes," is a proof of their superiority. They had made rapid strides from the time of Lodbrog and Berserkirs; the "Hairy-breeches and Bare-shirts," who guided the earliest northern keels; and, in addition to their military character, rendered themselves, says an old writer, "too agreeable to the fair sex for the satisfaction of the fathers and husbands." Nor did the Norwegians fall far short of them, if we may trust the Runic annals.

"I was born in the uplands of Norway, where the inhabitants handle so well the bow. Now I make my ships the dread of peasants as I rush amongst the rocks of the sea. Far from the abode of men I have ploughed the wide ocean with my vessels. I am master of nine accomplishments: I play well at chess, I know how to engrave Runic letters, I am apt at my book, and know how to handle the tools of the smith; I traverse the snow on skates of wood, I excel in shooting with the bow, and in managing the oar; I sing to the harp, and compose verses."

Such were the men who overcame the Saxons, and made good their territorial claims by the strong hand. Ethelred the Unready, the worthless son of the worthless Edgar and Elfrida, could find no better means of getting rid of them than by assassination, a process indicative rather of Celtic than Saxon warfare, and unavailing as such warfare has always been. It resulted in repeated invasions, and ended in seating Kanute the Dane on the English throne. His race died out, and the Saxon Harold became the English King. A noble one he proved—worthy to wear the crown of Alfred; but his genius quailed before the leader of the stronger Northmen—William the Norman. We grieve that the gallant and generous Harold did not win the Hastings fight; but we are consoled by the reflection, that in such case the effusion of Norman blood would have prevented its infusion—would have checked the flow of another rill from a pure well-spring, blending all into one strong and healthy current.

Throughout this long period we invariably find the Celtic race to be the weakest, whether opposed to Saxon, Dane, or Norman; and if further proof be wanted, it may be found in the history of Ireland, peopled by a nation of Celts, and conquered by English invaders, within the short period of two years, under Henry the Second.*

* Ireland and Wales, wherein the Celtic population prevails, are the two portions of the kingdom where ignorance, misrule, and insubordination, prevail to the greatest extent.

To this union of Celtic, Saxon, Danish, and Norman blood, mingling in one general stream, must we attribute that rare combination of impulse, caution, courage, energy, and indomitable perseverance, which marks the English, nationally, as the natural aristocracy of the world. It produced the intellect and abstract wisdom of a Bacon; the world-filling poetry of a Shakspeare; the ruling genius of a Hampden; the stern purposes of a Pym and an Eliot; the religious enthusiasm of a Cromwell; and the lofty works of a Milton. It perpetuated the naval ascendancy, first commenced by an Alfred; and furnished the military skill, which the whole world has witnessed under many names, besides those of a Marlborough and a Wellington. It went forth to other lands, and gave them a Washington and a Franklin; and the sea-banner of England was once more renowned in its "star-spangled" offspring. It gave to the world a Brindley, a Watt, a Smeaton; and taught the lesson that the primal curse, rightly understood, was only a disguised blessing. By the sweat of the brains within their foreheads, these great ones of the earth made clear to men's understandings that human drudgery was to cease. They established a dominion more powerful than that of the Romans—a dominion over the powers of nature, never to cease till human intellect shall wither, and be no more.

Many are the nations of Europe who have sent forth colonies into other lands, but none so numerous as those of the English; and still more remarkable is the fact, that the English or their descendants have invariably possessed themselves of the dominion over the colonies of foreign nations, whenever causes of dispute have arisen.

In the East Indies, the French possessed colonies. During the process of war they changed hands, and the English became their masters.

At the Cape of Good Hope, the Dutch possessed colonies, and the English became their masters.

At the Mauritius, the French possessed a colony, and the English became its masters.

In Canada, the French possessed a colony, and the English became its masters.

In Louisiana, the French possessed a colony, and the English descendants became its masters.

In Florida, the Spaniards possessed a colony, and the English descendants became its masters.

In Texas, the Spaniards possessed a colony, and the English descendants became its masters; and gradually from Texas, these same English descendants will penetrate southwards, and ultimately become the rulers of Mexico.

In La Plata the Spaniards possessed a colony, and the English took possession of it, but were driven out again, because they went merely as military adventurers, and not as rulers. Yet now, by a slower yet surer process, they are gradually colonising and gaining the dominion.

In New South Wales and Van Diemen's Land is the English race, though of the ruder kind, surely planted. In Tahiti,* the Friendly Islands, the Sandwich Islands, and New Zealand, is the same stock

* The French have the present control of Tahiti, but it is a control of violence, and cannot endure. So soon as they have their own way, unresisted commerce will, with slow and silent steps, resume all the real power, and the English, or their American descendants, will be the masters of that commerce.

fixed. The Grecian Islands are under their rule; and gladly would the Grecian mainland receive them in exchange for the imbecile Bavarian.

In the West India Islands, Spaniards, Frenchmen, and Dutchmen, have possessed lands now ruled by Englishmen. Even the unwholesome Sierra Leone is their domain; and the time must ultimately come when the Barbary States will rescue themselves from French misrule, by proclaiming themselves the subjects of English laws. Over the largest portion of India is their sway acknowledged; and the land they have gained in China by the strong hand, will gradually accumulate, till a beaten and vanquished people acknowledge that theirs are the circumstances in which an invasion is a questionable evil on the one hand, and a positive good on the other.

And where shall we seek the reason of this triumphant superiority of the English race over all others? In the fact that they are the most just and most intelligent of conquerors in modern times. They rule by the same process which ensured the dominion of Rome over conquered nations. The people they conquer are happier under their rule than under any other. The French in Algeria stable their steeds in the holy mosques; the English in India offer no violence even to the most absurd of religions, but respect the prejudices of their subjects. The French are Destructives—the "bricklayers' labourers" of revolution: the English are Conservatives, destroying nothing till they have well considered the necessity. Not that the men wielding the English power have always been superior to the wielders of French power. On the contrary, they have frequently been inferior to them. The most advanced philosophy of human progress is put forth by French writers; but the utmost a Government can do, is to guide the torrent of natural impulse; no Government can wholly change its direction. French rulers and writers may be in advance of their countrymen, and English rulers may be in the rear, but the differing results which history gives of the two nations up to the present hour, mark distinctly the differing national characteristics. The preponderating principles of action in France are those of the Celtic virtues and vices; while those of England are marked by the stronger qualities of the Teutonic race. It was not mere national vanity that gave rise to the saying, "One Englishman can beat two Frenchmen." The degrees marked on the scale of a French dynamometer, as "the average strength of a man"—taken from the working-classes—are found practically to be little more than half the average strength of English operatives. From this comparison must be exempted the Norman peasantry, who are an exception to the average population, and in no way differ from Englishmen placed in similar circumstances. Had she been peopled by Normans, France would have played a more enduring part in the history of the world, and the names of Crecy and Azincour would have remained in obscurity. But it is questionable whether a Norman population settled in France would have produced a race precisely similar to Englishmen, as the circumstances would have been less favourable. The world does not present a locality more favourable than England to human progress. Situated midway between the north and south of Europe, intersected by rivers, and with a watery highway to all parts of the earth, no spot could be better adapted for a mere commercial emporium or centre of wealth. Add to this the possession of boundless stores of coal and iron, to say nothing of other metals, and we have the solution of the superior wealth of England to all surrounding nations. And this naturally made all surrounding powers desirous either of plundering, or of possessing her, according to the extent of their powers of coercion. The strongest hands and heads attained the masterdom. The best blood of the European world became concentrated in the natural seat of power, and all the movements in that world were more or less acted on by English influence. Whenever torpor prevailed amongst the rulers, disturbances ensued as a natural consequence of the lesser intellect attempting to command the greater; commerce and wealth declined; but so valuable a spot constantly excited the higher intellect to assume its rights, and momentary or temporary depression has invariably been followed by healthy reaction. There was a time when England formed but a small portion of the world. She now, with her offshoots and colonies, forms so large a portion of the world that the whole world must submit to her dictation, whenever the mother and her children shall be leagued together in amity, for the purpose of furthering human progress. Leagued for any unholy purpose, they would possess but the power of temporary mischief, and their strength would depart from them.

From the earliest time—that of the Phœnicians—the source of English prosperity has been commerce. Essentially a commercial country, war has been the chief source of retardation; war made for the purpose of ascertaining who was permanently to be the strongest. The necessity for war, generated in comparatively barbarous times, the feudal system and the evils of that system, have descended to the present day in the form of a landed aristocracy, always willing to impede that commerce which was the means of destroying their power and influence. When the merchant and manufacturer become more wealthy than the landholder, it is *prima facie* evidence of superior intellect and sagacity. But by feudal custom the powers of law-making having deccended to the landholder, his tendency is to make such laws as will increase his own wealth and power, and keep down his rivals. The lesser intellect is put in authority over the greater. For, although it is true that the highest philosophy is best worked out in "learned ease," it is also true that the merchant and the manufacturer, in the communion of crowds, acquire a better practical training than the landholder or farmer, confined to limited association in agricultural districts. And on the rule that the general intelligence of the mass constitutes the prosperity of a nation, it follows that while the rulers are selected from the least intelligent body, progress will be arrested, and time wasted in strife, which might otherwise be economically used.

Apart from the economical considerations of commerce, there is another even still more important. It is the link which draws all mankind into social communion, and humanises them. It is the bridge which spans all the breaches of the earth's surface, and makes mankind as one nation. It is the most powerful opponent of war and all the miseries thence resulting.

It has been by the long process of ages, that the

best blood of the earth has been mingled and garnered together in this water-walled spot; and even with all its natural advantages, nothing but that best blood could have maintained that spot as the seat of rule. If a rule of imbeciles were to obtain in it, with a nation of imbeciles to rule over, the island would become as of old, the seat of strife, till the possession were again decided to the strongest. But this cannot be; the strongest are already seated, and they will not commit a suicide on their own strength. In their wars, hitherto, they have been successful, by that strength tempered with justice. Advancing justice will prevent the occasion for war, and leave millions disposable for works of progress, hitherto wasted in mischief. In the honourable rivalry which will hereafter exist between England and her offshoots —when the children shall have grown as great as their parent—things will be done which are as yet scarcely dreamed of. Could a state of things exist to produce war between England and her children, generating a contest like that between Rome and Carthage, the civilization of the world might be arrested and destroyed, leaving only records like those of elder Greece, to tell the tale to future ages.

But that commerce which has been the chief instrument in producing the greatness, will be best security against its destruction.

That commerce has thriven in spite of the restrictions on it, in spite of its chief foe—the Custom House. By that has England been most materially estranged from the Continent. The evil is at last undergoing purgation by self cure. Custom duties, originally laid on for the purposes of revenue, came to be regarded as protections to trade, and trade was at last so protected that it lost its strength. The protection was intended for the benefit of class monopolists, at the general expense of the community, and has operated mischievously for all. The landholders, the monopolisers of food, have had their share of "protection." They have stinted the supply of food to a constantly increasing population, and, in order to retain in their own hands the power of perpetuating this class legislation, they have crippled their own power of producing food, leasing the land they hold in trust for the benefit of the whole community for such short periods, as to debar the farmer—the food manufacturer—from employing capital for proper cultivation. The result is, that the English nation has become too large for its boundaries, and the cry of the million is rising against the rulers of a by-gone time. The pressure of want in the poorest awakens the fears of those above them, and the last remains of feudality will be swept away, or exist only in forms for the uses of the historian and antiquarian.

A new era has commenced; the partition walls dividing us from the outer world must be thrown down. The soil of England, with an increasing people, must, in future times, be devoted to other purposes than the growth of corn; when commerce shall once be free, gardens and pasture lands there will not be too much space for. The perception has dawned, that England is destined to become to the Continent, what London has hitherto been to England—the Metropolis of Europe. All things are combining for that end, steam has bridged the Atlantic, and railways have made a day's journey an hour's pastime. An imaginary thing, a thing which only exists at the mercy of opinion—a Custom House—is the sole obstacle to the fusion of many nations into one people, to the mingling of Continental blood in just proportions, and producing a result similar to that which has been attained in England.

It has been from time to time the fashion to proclaim that it is too late; that the glory of England has departed; that she can never again hold the sway and masterdom as of old: in other words, that she can never again hold the monopoly of manufactures. This is an evident fallacy. She has held hitherto the monopoly of manufactures, solely because she has had greater facility of manufacturing, and consequently could sell cheaper than others. She has lost ground only because her rulers have been permitted to interfere with the freedom of commerce. Each country has its staple products, and will cultivate those in preference to any others, if permitted. England produces people and mechanical power, with fuel, and metal, and facilities for transport, in better combination than any other country in the world; and, in addition to this, possesses a climate which is an incentive to industrial operations. It is a pain to be idle; and the mischievous propensities common to the idle classes of society are a proof of this. No other country possesses the same combination. America has people, and mechanical power, fuel, and metal; but it is an inland country, whose climate is less favourable to physical exertion than England: and, moreover, it is a country where all may procure waste lands for the purpose of cultivation. The staple products of America are food and cotton, and these she will produce to exchange for English manufactures, so long as they are cheaper than her own. No Government would endure long in America which prohibited the larger body of the citizens from selling their productions in the best market. And the same conditions hold good with the nations of the Continent. Proclaim that their corn, wine, oil, fruits, cattle, and timber, may be imported into England freely, without duties, or at the small duties compatible with the largest revenue, and it will not be long before they will enforce from their own Governments the permission to be paid for them in commodities of English manufacture.

But it would be absurd to suppose that England can retain the monopoly of those articles which other countries can manufacture at a cheaper rate. For example, England used to buy silk handkerchiefs and muslins from the East Indians, because they were a produce of hand labour. She now purchases the raw silk and cotton, manufactures them by steam labour into handkerchiefs and muslins, and sends them back to the East Indies. The reason is, that steam works so much cheaper than even the cheap labour of East Indians, that double freight can be paid, and an extra profit left in savings. But if in any of the districts where silk and cotton is produced, fuel and mechanism can be found also, the cheap workpeople of India will again supersede the dearer workpeople of England. And thus in the American Union, the abundant water power may be a cheap substitute for the English steam power, and it may be cheaper to transport the cotton from the South, to where the water power exists, than to transport it to England; but this mostly holds good in those fabrics where the material forms a chief part of the value. Where the labour forms a large part of the value, England will

have the advantage, owing to her denser population. The cost of machinery in the United States must be greater than in England, from the greater value of labour, and in all articles manufactured from coal and iron England will have the preference in an open trade. And for all articles of home consumption, England will clearly have the advantages in buying the raw in preference to the wrought material, unless in such cases as that of the bark of Paraguay, where the bulk may be reduced to an extract, and freight saved.

There are also many combinations of materials procured in various foreign countries, and aggregated together in England in manufactures which cannot be used so advantageously in other countries. The wools of Spain and Saxony make English cloths, and are transported over the world. All those manufactures not legitimately belonging to England, and which she has only possessed owing to the ignorance or want of capital of those to whom they rightly belong, must ultimately be abandoned. This will probably be the case with much of the cotton trade, though not rapidly. The districts where cotton is grown are not the most favourable localities for its manufacture; and in many cases, sea transport to England is not more costly than a shorter inland transport, in the country where it is produced.

But the staple trades of England, for the supply of foreign lands, are the manufactures in which coal, iron, and other metals are used, and in these she has few competitors—none upon equal terms, with population, skill, industry, materials, climate, and means of transport, so abundantly furnished. She will make less clothing, but a far greater amount of tools. Her manufacturing genius is that of tool making, from the rude labourer—the steam-engine—down through all the finer processes which supply the place of human hands, fulfilling the ancient mandate, "Man shall earn his living by the sweat of his face" *i. e.* brains. This is now, to use a French phrase, the English "mission." The nations that England has worked so long for, are coming of age to perform some of their own labours, and she has to fill these lands with tools, to send her children amongst them to teach them their uses. And the semi-barbarous nations she is now beginning to civilise, yet too rude for tools, are calling on her for clothing and utensils of all kinds. From the workshops of England will the railroads of half the world be supplied with the iron steeds, that pant to devour distance, reducing time and space to half their limits; and making the barbarian of to-day, the civilised man of to-morrow. And there is yet another branch of human art scarcely commenced in England, but which she will long monopolise. The iron steeds of the ocean are her latest work, and the men of all countries must come to her for them. Yet awhile, and the dwellings of men in distant lands will be constructed of large portions of the same materials. When her coal is burnt out, and all her iron-stone has passed through the furnaces, England will cease to be a manufacturing country, but not till then.

And there is a future beyond that for her, even when the whole world shall be thoroughly civilised, and drudgery be no more. Her people will be diminished in numbers, but the land will remain as an abode of learning and science, where the highest philosophy may be taught. Moss-grown ruins, embodying the history of by-gone triumphs of skill and industry, will not be less picturesque or impressive, than the remnants of Egyptian priests, or Roman Conquerors; and perchance the finer arts may then have attained a height equal, if not superior, to those Greece has left us. England, inhabited by sages, though deserted by a manufacturing people, will be the classic land of the world, to which distant nations will make their pilgrimage, and hail her as the nursing mother of their youth. She will become the summer land of Europe, and Thought will make her abode with Quietude on the sites of the elder workshop of the world.

J. R.

(To be continued.)

MERCURY TEACHING CUPID HIS ALPHABETA.

(SEE THE CELEBRATED PAINTING.)

BRIGHT Venus one day in a motherly mood,
Resolved that Dan Cupid should study his letters,
And Mercury, who seems a little imbued
In the Greek, and besides bears the Goddess's letters,
Took on him the task, most delightful, no doubt,
Of teaching Love's tender ideas to shoot;
The little God grew quite a genius, and out
On his travels he sallied in pleasure's pursuit.

The first belle he met was celestially blue,
Her mind was a garden arranged *à l'antique*,
Where nothing on earth ever healthfully grew,
That found not its root in the Latin or Greek;
Love fancied at first it was all very fine,
But when on her breast her fond pinions he spread,
He shrunk back in terror, the flame most divine
Had fled from her heart to illumine her head.

Love flew back to Paphos in mortal chagrin,
And heaped all his books upon Mercury's altar,
Set fire to the pile—then a moment was seen
His blue eyes to glisten, while thus his lips falter—
"The heart is my Empire—Minerva may rule
The brain of her slaves with a sceptre of lead,
For Beauty the Graces alone open school.
Shall I pay them a visit?" And, presto! he sped.

EMBALMING A HOUSE; OR, DUBLIN FORTY YEARS AGO.

BY JUSTIN KEARNEY.

I HAD been many years from home, making the various Continental tours, without, however, completely finishing my projected travels, as I was obliged to return to Ireland to my father, whose death was hourly expected. When the old gentleman died, I inherited all the Kearney property, and retained the old servants, among the rest Terry Nowlan, for a long period an adherent to our family.—Some time after my father's death, I was about to let some houses of which I had appointed him caretaker. There was one person whom he told me he did not like for a tenant—and that he suspected if I let my house to him, that he'd *embalm* it.

"Embalm it!" said I, the word sounding strangely to my ears, "What is that?"

Here I beg the attention of the reader to Terry's peculiar digressions in the course of his narrative. The like is to be met with, and very frequently too, among persons of his class throughout Ireland. They paint as they go on, in a fresco of their own, and the interposition of a single word is frequently sufficient to make them fly off, as at a tangent, but, if one have patience to hear them out, he will find that each digression is a kind of glossary which explains more succinctly their notions of the subject, while it also aims at making the hearer more clearly understand, or, as the term is, "to make him sensible of it."

"An' do you mane to tell me, Sir, you don't know the manen of embalmen a house?"

"Indeed, Terry, I do not know—what do you mean by that expression?"

"You don't!—begor I'm thinking, Sir, you're ony houlden me out, an' that you know what it means as well as myself."

"I assure you, Terry, I do not."

"Well, Sir, may be you don't—for you wor a long time in England, and all thim furren parts, an' av coorse you're not acquainted wid the *improvements* that took place in owld Ireland, while you wor abroad in Lunnun as the owld master,—God be good to him,—used to call it. But I thought all the world and Garret Reilly, knew what embalming a house was—och! it id be well for you, Sir, af you wor atome before the owld master died, faix its lashings and lavings you'd have let alone what he left you."

"Well! well! Terry, don't mind that, but come at once to the embalming."

"Sure I am comen to it as fast as I can, but beggen your pardon, Sir, that was always a way you had afore you wor the hoith o' my knee—always hasty—nothin' id stop you."

"Well! Terry, you are very annoying, I must say."

"Annoyen! small blame to my mother's son for that same—it isn't every day Morris kills a cow, an' more be token sir I did'nt larn how to embalm a house myself all in a minnit. Did I never tell you about Tom Braddel?"

"No, I cannot charge my memory with a person of that name."

"Ha! hah! charge in yah! Faix, its more charges than your memory you'd have, av you had dealens wid Tom; Tom's so fond of the money that he'd put his own father in gaol for a guinea—hah! a guinea says I,—ay would he for sixpence. Now, just to show you. One day after he was set up for himself, his father called on him for a sittlement of some money matthers they used to have together, but the devil a sittlement Tom would give the owld man. An' they had great talk an' scowlden for ever so long, but you might as well try to drowned a duck by powering wather on his back, as to make Tom feel anything wid the tongue; he was dead to everything but the money—money was always his craydo. So afther a power of noisy talk, 'By the holy this and that, you young reprobate,' says the owld man, 'but I'll take purceedens agin you.' An' what does my bowld Tom make answer, do you think? 'Go long out o' my house this minnit, you owld sinner,' says he, 'and don't be botherin' me. What brings you here at all' ses he—the devil a word o' lie in it—to his own father. So the owld man went off, for pace sake, vowen vingeance agin Tom. Well his back was scarce turned, when masther Tom sends off to his attorney, and *you* may guess what sort of an appetite the owld man had for his male, when just as he was sittin' down to his dinner a lattitat was put into his hand from my bowld masther Tom.—But any how, he was his daddy's own son, for the father would give you an inside crook as the wrastlers say, if he could get the advantage of you by hook or by crook."

"Terry," said I, "you forget, in the rambling way you are talking, that you have not explained to me the meaning of embalming a house. What has this Mister Tom Braddel to do with the subject?"

"There you are again, Sir;—well, you're mighty impatient, Sir, entirely—begor, I'm beginning to think you wor born in a hurry."

"Well," said I, in despair, "I hope you have finished with Mr. Tom Braddel, Terry, and that you will not allow so many subjects to interfere with your story."

"There now,—there it is again, I knew you'd stop me—why, Sir, you suppose that a man can empty his head of his idayes as asy as a little boy could empty his bag of marbles—why, Sir, a man's brains is like the box in the turnip-sowing machine that you bought t'other day; if you put the full of your hat of seed into them, devil a grain more than one 'ill come out at a time, so by me, tho' I've a power to tell you, I couldn't, av you wor to pay me for it, say it all at wanst."

"Well, I fancy, Terry, I must allow you to have your way," replied I, "so proceed after your own fashion."

"Fashion, how are you, it's little myself cares for any of the fashions. Any how, to come back to where you stopped me, Master Justin, you must have a little patience wid me until I tell my story straight. Well, to be sure, before I came to live wid the owld Master—I was then ony a growin up slip of a boy—I was in sarvice wid Misther Malone—they used to call him 'Jack, the rake,' he was so fond of all sorts of divarsion—and I had to run a power of arrands. When I went to live wid him every one thought that he was well to-do, for he kept a good house, so he did, an' by the same token a more generous, dacent man you would'nt ask to meet in a day's walk. One mighty cowld day I was going to Tom Braddel's, of a message from him, I met Jim Nowlan, an acquaintance of mine, who asked me in to take share of a naggin. 'Terry,' says he, 'I see you very often goin' in to Tom Braddel's'—Jim Nowlan was a sawyer and used to work convaynient to the place.—'What do you be doin' there?' ses he. 'It's messages,' says I. 'About what?' ses he' 'Nothing,' ses I, 'ony this,' showing the bit of paper I had in my hand, 'them is the things that the master sends me with his compliments for him to do.'—'An, don't you know what that is, you omadhawn?' ses he.—'No,' ses I.—'Can't you read?' says he.—"Read! bad luck to the letter I ever knew,' ses I, 'but one, an' that's XX., that's larnen that I'd swallow ready enough av it's Guinness's.' 'You fool,' says he, 'that's a bill; it's many is the one has rayson to curse the day they had to do bills wid Tom, for begor he'd not only *do* the bills, but he'd *do* themselves. It's a murther he wasn't christened Bill Braddel instead of Tom Braddel, it ud make a better fit of it.' 'If you had one o' them bills,' ses he, 'for twenty pound, it's all you'd get, may be, i'd be ten pound; for the way he charges the usury,' ses he—'been in the trade I hard it—the way he charges is this, he makes you buy an ould balk of timber that he has in the yard —*by the way* you know—and charges the devil's own price for that same, so *you* buy it, an' the price of *it* and the discount put together guts your twenty pound into a ten pound.—*But you musn't expect to touch that balk o'timber*—for that'll stay where it is, an 'll do agin; an' many's the hundreds that bought that same balk o' timber, for he keeps it to *balk* the law from grippen him for the usury.' —So, after this discourse wid Nowlan I could azy guess that Misther Malone was done, and faith, signs on it, it wasn't long till he was made a bankript of, all his things sowld, an' he druv out o' the place he lived in.

"'Terry,' says he, 'I'm sorry to part wid ye,'—he used always spake civil to me—'and though I *am* parting you,' says he, 'I'd like to know where to find you if you don't get a better place.'—So I towld him he'd find me any day at my cousin Jim Nowlan's, above, in the liberty; an' sure enough it wasn't long before he called on me.

"'Terry,' ses he, 'I want you to do a handy job for me, and to keep it to yourself.' 'Trust me wid your life,' ses I, (and see, Master Justin, the devil blow the word, I'd even tell yourself of the matther ony its so long ago, an' poor Misther Malone dead an' gone.) 'Well,' ses he, 'Terry, that etarnal Tom Braddel, that put the execution on me, wants me to take a house that is morgaged to him.' 'An' why wouldn't you, sir?' says I—for I suspected that Tom *did* him—'why wouldn't you, sir?' says I. 'I *have* taken it, Terry,' ses he, 'an' I'm proposen to him to take another house of his in the same manner;—an' Terry, my man,' ses he, 'I'll make it worth your while av you're loyal,' ses he.—'Oh, honour bright,' ses I, 'depend your life on me, if its anything the fellow did to you, an' that you want satisfaction here's myself 'll stand by you.'—'Oh! it's nothin' the way you mane, Terry,' ses he, —for I thought it was to give him a batin. So, well an' good, Mr. Malone took the two houses by the way of letting them to lodgers, an' though they were dirty-looking and owld on the outside, all the materials they were built of, wor of the chysest* sort; and they wor waynscotted from top to bottom, an' had marble chimley-pieces an' brass grates, an' marble hearth stones, an' a power of lead on the roofs, an' fine sayson'd doors—an' one of 'em had a glass lusther, ay had it, hanging out of the ceiling, that held fifty candles—begor, now that I think of it, both of them had mahogany doors (they wor double houses, and had mahogany doors, with brass locks, everywhere, barring the sarvints' rooms, for lords owned them afore the Union), an' the chimley-pieces wor all of beautiful white marble, wid images and things carved out of 'em, an' the door-posts wor iligant and carved, but mighty owld fashioned, an' some of the window shutters had beautiful-looking glasses in them, of the best materials, and the waynscot in the rooms and

* Anglice—Choicest, or most choice.

on the staircases was of the finest description of owld Irish oak, *beau*tifully carved; and there was a solid oak fixther in the hall—an' a fine spayshus hall it was—it was a sort ov a sittee that id howld ten people, av they wor as big as Moshaugh More—oh! I'll never forgit it—it was a load for four min.

"'Terry,' ses Misther Malone, 'where on airth do you think we could make off a horse an' car'?'—'Hoh! that's asy got,' ses I, 'my cousin, Jim Nowlan, has a rattlen fine horse and car'?'—'Has he a hay-loft over his stable?' ses he.—'He has a fine big hay-loft,' ses I, 'you might turn a coach an' six in it.'—'That's the very thing,' ses he. "Can I depend on him if I trust him wid a secret?' ses he.—'The same as myself,' ses I, 'if it was the hanging of a man.'—'If that's the case, Terry,' ses he, 'bid him be in the lane, at the back of the house, to-morrow evening at dusk—I'm goin' to Embalm the House,' ses he, laughin'—for he was always pleasant in talking about anything. 'Embalm the House! Sir,' ses I, 'what's that?' 'I'll tache you,' ses he, 'so Terry, be wid me the first light to-morrow morning.' Well, sure enough, there *I* was, the next morning before *day*, an' airly as it was, Misther Malone was there before *me*, an' two workmen with him. When I came he sent the two men down to do some *repairs*, as he called it, in the kitchens—but I knew by his eye he was jokin' about it, and that he was bint on devilment;—an' turnin' to me, he said, 'Terry, whenever you are goin' to Embalm a House, you must first of all *take care it has a back entrance*,' an' you'll see the rayson of it soon, so set to work an' wash down that hall door and scrape it well as if you were preparing it for the painters.'—When that was done (which took me up two hours, an' all the time I had to let on to be very particular in the scrapin' and washin' of the door, by his directions, and the fan light over it, for the people passing by to take notice that it was in preparation for the painters), '*Now*, Terry,' ses he, 'that door is washed enough, take off the knocker and the handle,'—it was an owld-fashioned brass knocker, and if it weighed an ounce it was a stone weight.—'Dust down the whole front of the house before you touch the windows, Terry,' ses he. He then sent me for a couple of pennorth of whiten and put me to mix it wid water, and to whiten all the windows inside an' outside, by the way we wor goin' to clane the glass. 'Now, Terry,' ses he, 'I towld you the first great secret was, to have a back entrance, now the next great secret is what your after doin' to the windows, for the curosity of the people in the houses on t'other side of the street shan't be gratified, an' ony for that two pennorth of whiten they'd see all we're doin'; so them's the two great secrets to begin wid when you're goin' to *embalm*, an' you are as blind as a bat if you can't larn all the rest by yourself.'

"So, lo! an' behowld you, to work we wint—afther I paid proper attention to see the whitinen dry on the windows—an' in the evening, Jim, my cousin, was at the rere of the house wid the horse an' car', an' first an' foremost, we put in all the fixthers and things we could root out with crowbars and every other invintion, an' we put better nor a ton weight on the baste, an' made three journeys the same night, wid that sort of moveables. Well, Sir, we follyed on, durin' the rest o' the week, and before the seven days was out, devil blow the floor-jice (*Anglice joist*), wainscot, bannister (balusters), stair-case, chimbley-piece, hearth-stone, mahogany door, or any other door or doorcase, not forgetten the owld glass shinmalier as the master called the lusther, but we had cleared out as clane as a whistle; ay begosty! even the very weights an' pulleys of the windows;—and devil a flag we left in the kitchen, not even the weight of the *jack* for roasting the mate.—Devil a house was in it at all, barrin' the four walls an' the butt-ends of the jyces that we left sticking in the walls,—an' them we left behind us, that they might stand as fixthers,—bekays they wor fastened in wid brick and mortar.—Well! to make a long story short, the master sowld off all the things in one day to a broker, and got better nor two hundred pound for 'em, an' set off to America, an' I never hard tale nor tidens from him sense,—ony that he was dead,—an' *that same* I hard from another.—But, anyhow, Master Justin, don't you think Tom Braddel looked mighty quare when he found out the truth of the story?—the devil do him good wid it or any one that layns heavy on a strugglin' man that's honest—an that's what's called Embalming a House, if you want to know, Master Justin."

"How so, Terry?"

"Why Sir, you see the master was a young man, an' he was not long out of Trinity College, and when he was well to do, he used to have a lot of the Collaygens wid him drinking an' eating Poolbey oysters, till there was no ho' to it,—and he towld me the Aygypshins, whoever the devil they wor,—when they used to embalm the dead bodies—God presarve us,—used to scoop out all the inside an' that was the rayson they called gutting a house embalmen it—as if a christian an' a house was all the same.—Any how when I'm dead, I hope they'll let the worms get their natural diet, and not deprive them of their perquisites. Them was dam queer chaps thim Aygyptians to keep a fellow crayther from what they're entitled to."

"Well Terry, I don't approve of that mode of proceeding."

"Hooh! no doubt you don't; you're indepindent av Tom Braddel;—but God knows what you'd do av you wor druv to it like any other poor man. Any how, if you go to that, where was the law that he bruk? tell me that. Forty years ago, when everybody used to be embalmin', there was no law agin it in Ireland. The word was—'every one mind himself,' as the jackass said when he danced Bob and Joan among the chickens."

AN OLD MAN'S RAMBLE IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF WHITTINGTON.

BY G. H. FRANCIS.

"Looke upon this, ye Aldermen, for it is a glorious glasse!"
GRAFTON.

Not many weeks ago, I spent one day at least of my lonely life in delicious remembrances of old imaginings and dim retrospections of past glories, whereof mine ancient city was the witness; I gathered one green bough from my withered tree of time. It was on one of those fine mornings—half sun, half frost, with which our wondrous and much-abused climate so often blesses us. The sharp early air, while it braced the frame, yet admonished me plainly that I was no longer young, and bad me remember that not now, as in my youth and manhood, could I preserve the genial warmth in these old veins and limbs, except by such active exercise as my years admit of. I had already sallied forth, and was rejoicing with a gladdened heart, and (almost) elastic step, in the cheerful beams of the sun that slanted on me through the narrow streets. On I sped, refreshed and buoyant, and unthinking of the distance I had resolved to travel. My way lay to the northward, for I had determined to breathe the purer air of one of those hills, which, in that direction, help to form the cradle of my beloved London. The road I must traverse is rich in recollections of the past, but I will not allow even those seductions to tempt me aside from my goal. Clerkenwell is passed—Clerkenwell, with its manifold traditions, hearty, and fresh, and redolent of Old English character and its simple pleasures. Islington, too, with its New River, and its wells, and thoughts of quaint old Izaac:—No, not even those shall have a moment's pause. Canonbury!—that puzzle of my youth, which but a few years since seemed like a castle in a wilderness, but is even now a village embosomed in a town. Holloway and Hornsey Lane and Claude Duval:—no, ye are powerless to day—the cheering sun and stimulating air will have me on. There is Highgate in the distance, and, if my old limbs will serve me, thither will I force myself to go!

As I gained the point at which two roads diverge, the one under the archway, the other up to the town—I began, to tell the truth, to feel in no slight degree fatigued. Already my purpose of ascending the hill began to flag; not that the mind, but the body, was unwilling. I looked around me for some resting place. A little further on, and it was found. While I sat musing upon the many great names, who had, in past times, made this said Highgate their home, my eye was arrested by a small white columnar stone—shaped somewhat like a dwarf obelisk—that stood apart, but a few feet from me, by the road side. I knew at once that it was what is called "Whittington's stone." Many, many times ere this, I had passed this way and it had failed to arrest me; for at those times, I had ever some special shrine to visit in my pilgrimage. But now—I stood and mused, and the shadows of long-buried thoughts came crowding on me in troops, and all seemed to conjure up the remarkable man whose name is recorded on that stone—the Dick Whittington of my childhood—the Sir Richard of History and my maturer years.

Turn again Whittington,
Lord Mayor of London!

How the old remembered rhyme, to the merry gingling chime, comes stealing in faint fairy-like tones on the quick ear of memory!

O this subtle power of the soul, that can without our will make the past a present, and reinvest us, in the autumn of our years, with the green foliage of youth! Methinks I too once more am young, and a gush of pure remembrances and vivid images of boyhood's dreams, comes flooding my parched spirit, like the fresh stream from a fount long closed up with unheeded rubbish. The persons and events of that cherished drama of the Cat rise on my imagination, in the colours they wore to my childish eyes, whether in the true penny history in which I first spelt my way, or in the shows, which when I was a boy presented the same story, as we now have the tales of Punch, or the dancing and illusions of the Fantoccini. I see the poor boy, left an orphan, listening, with greedy ear, to the tales of the boors in the market-place—that London is paved with gold. I travel with him in that waggon, and hear the friendly advice of the good-natured waggoner. And now I see him seated starving on the step of a grand house, in the grand London—his illusions all vanished—his little heart breaking with the disappointment, and his frame shivering with the cold, till, lo! the scene changes, and he is within doors, and the benevolent merchant orders him a supper, a bed, and employment. But now the fair prospect once more is changed. That horrid cook will leave him no hope of rest by day, and the rats will wake him in the night—and where is the hope for poor Dick?

O vain and thoughtless young reasoner—there is hope and protection for all good people. There comes a friend upon the scene. I almost remember the words,—"the old footman was very kind to the poor boy, *and sometimes gave him a halfpenny*,"—and that good footman also buys him a little book, and I see him teaching the little boy to read. And still more hope is in store. Pretty little Mistress Alice—she,

too, casts a friendly eye on the young orphan; and Dick, with a new suit of clothes, walks behind her to church! She sees a poor blind woman by the wayside, and the same kind heart that opened for Dick opens to her, and she gives her money. But the money drops, and Dick, quick as thought, bounds forward and returns it with a respectful bow. Aha! Master Dick, you have already begun to think of Miss Alice. Another day, and her parrot escapes; you take off your fine coat and climb the tree and bring it to her feet; and she looks kindly on you, and this is not the first nor the last time she does so. Thus there are some glimpses of sunshine for you as long as the day lasts; but night returns and you go back to your garret, and again the rats torment you. See how the great black things scamper over the scanty bed-clothes; and every time your weary eyes once more close to rest, some big, great, clammy creature goes pat-pat across your face, and you rise on end in childish horror! Next day the Cat is bought, and now the interest begins to increase, the plot to thicken; for the Cat is on the scene. But no sooner has she come than she goes again, off to sea in a ship —the only freight poor orphan Dick can send. Again come the rats by night, and the cook by day. She is worse than ever. I can see her beating thee over the head with the great iron ladle almost as big as thyself! Even orphan endurance won't bear it—you fly—traverse, perchance, the very ground I trod today. You come, weary as I was, to Highgate Hill; you rest, as I did, on this spot, and hear the merry chime—to thine ear 'tis tempting rhyme—

> Turn again Whittington,
> Lord Mayor of London!

You might have heard those bells of Bow, though I cannot; for then there were but fields and a gently rising sweep of verdure, where now the choked avenues are crowded with houses and spires, and all the busy hum of human life. You sit on Highgate stone, and the enchanted fancy, shaping some youthful, long-forgotten ambition into words, utters that prophecy. Mad as it is you heed it, and it suffices to make you return. But that fancy shows you not what is even now going on in a strange land;—or you would see a table gorgeously spread, and vessels of gold and silver, and royal robes, and glorious tissue, all around sable faces, with their glancing white eyes. Look again! Are those the very rats that torture thee out of sleep? See! they rush upon the viands, and the great black faces rise in horror from the table; their goggle white eyes seem to start out of their heads; their whiter teeth gnash and grind with rage. Another instant and your cat—yours, Dick!—bounds down among the vermin. The goggle white eyes spread wider, and the black mouths open too, and the whiter teeth show themselves, but 'tis this time to grin with joy! On a sudden you awake, and the last of the real rats of your garret has leapt off your face upon the ground. A few days, and your dream is solved. The ship returns, and its richest freight is for you. Now you are *Mr.* Whittington (no longer Dick)—called "Mr." by your master's order—such difference does a little worldly wealth produce! And you marry Miss Alice; and——but were you *really* three times Lord Mayor?

If people generally were honestly to confess it, there are a great many who are accounted very well nformed who could not answer this question. Let us see what the stone says. There it is, in legible letters,—"Sheriff, 1393; Mayor, 1397! 1406! and 1419! So that this at least is no fiction. Yet how few there are who know what was the life and what the deeds of the worthy Sir Richard Whittington—deeds that earned for him the friendship of royalty in his time, and secured him even a small niche in history! Reader, by your leave we will return to London, and go over the ground which this man trod when alive; and rescue from oblivion the few relics there are of himself, and the time in which he lived. From the Dick Whittington of the nursery we will come to the veritable Sir Richard, who gained his wealth by no miracles, such as the story of the cat, but simply and honestly, and disposed it in a manner to call down lasting honour to his memory.

The authentic memorials of him are few; yet, such as they are, they redound to his honour. The most diligent search has failed to ascertain the exact place of his birth, though it is tolerably evident that he was a native of Shropshire, and that he did come to town, an indigent boy, and gradually rose, partly by a lucky accident, and partly by his great industry and integrity, to his high station. He was the Sir John Pirie of his day; for that late Lord Mayor, like his great predecessor in office, came to town (from Scotland) a ragged boy, with only a few halfpence in his pocket. It is true also that Whittington was first clerk, afterwards son-in-law, to Mr. Fitzwarren; but how he really amassed his large fortune is not recorded. He did not confine himself to the trade of mercer, but engaged in other trades, as wool, leather, and pearls. Among others, it is said that he made enormous sums by the sale of coal. At the time in which he lived, the burning of coal in London was deemed a nuisance, and there were statutes against it; but Whittington obtained a royal licence, in contravention of a statute which time had rendered comparatively inoperative, and so made large sums by his monopoly. Not more successful have I been in my endeavours to trace the origin of the fable of the Cat. Of that there are positively no records beyond the fact, that, as a nursery tale, the legend was in universal use in less than two centuries after his death. It is mentioned in the play of Eastward Hoe. A singular parallel story is recorded in Pennant's London. After speaking of Whittington's character, he says, "I shall leave the history of his Cat to the friend of my younger days, *Punch*, and his dramatical troop. But will not omit saying, that his good fortune was not altogether without parallel, for it is recorded, 'how Alphonse, a Portuguese, being wrecked on the coast of Guinney, and being presented with his weight in gold by the King thereof, for a cat to kill their mice, and an ointment to kill their flies, which he improved within five years to £6,000 on the place, and returned to Portugal, after 15 years' traffic, becoming the third man in the Kingdom.'" If such a tale as this be contained in a veritable history of Portugal, it is not surprising that in an age of marvels and credulity, similar stories should have been believed of Whittington. For such sudden and remarkable achievements of wealth were by no means common in those days. But leaving the question of how he acquired his wealth, let us see how he employed it. While we have been gossiping, I have brought you down Highgate Hill to the City—to the church of Saint Michael Paternoster.

This was the scene of many of his munificent acts,

and here, too, he was buried; having "a goodly plain tomb in the chancel, with new banners to adorn it." Of this, his last resting place, unfortunately not a vestige remains. The old church was destroyed in the Great Fire, with all that it contained. I remember on going once to the church to endeavour to find some traditionary trace, at least, of his tomb, I was much amused with the sort of sympathy exhibited by the pew opener towards the deceased worthy. On asking her whether there were any remains of his tomb, she replied, "O, no, sir, none at all: I'm sure I wish there *was*." And this was said in a tone of melancholy despondency, that provoked an irrepressible smile. The unreverend functionary was sighing over the imaginary half-crown she *might* have had for showing such a sight as that would have been. But 'tis no wonder that there should be no vestige of his tomb. Even before the conflagration, poor Whittington was not allowed to rest in his grave. In the reign of Edward the Sixth, he was raised by the parson of the parish; who, thinking that great riches were buried in the grave, "caused his monument to be broken, his body to be spoiled of his leaden sheet, and then buried him for the second time." In the reign of Mary, the parishioners took him up again and reclothed him in lead. So that thus he came to be buried a third time. Surely for him there was magic in the number "three!" Three times in the civic chair, three times in his grave!

His epitaph is a curious specimen of the canine Latin of former days. The "Albificans Villam," of course will be seen to be a vile pun on his name "Whiting-town."

Ut fragrans Nardus fama fuit iste Ricardus
Albificans villam qui juste rexerat illam.
Flos Mercatorum, Fundator Presbyterorum,
Sic et egenorum testis sit certus eorum.
Omnibus exemplum barathrum vincendo morosum,
Condidit hoc Templum, *Michaelis*, quam Speciosum?
Regia spes et pres: divinis res rata turbis.
Pauperibus pater, et major qui fuit urbis,
Martius hunc vicit, Ea! annos gens tibi dicit:
Finis ipse dies, sis sibi christe quies. Amen!

Ejus Sponsa pia, generosa, probater, Sophia, jungitur, &c.

This compliment to the fair and faithful Alice is the only sensible part of it. But to return to his deeds:—

"This church (says Stowe) was new buildded, and made a college of Saint Spirit and Saint Mary, founded by Richard Whittington, mercer, four times Mayor, for a Master, four Fellows, Masters of Art, Clerks, Conducts, Chorists, &c. &c.; an Alms House called God's House, or Hospital for thirteen poor men; one of them to be tutor, and to have sixteen-pence the week, the other twelve each of them to have fourteen-pence the week, for ever, with other necessary provision: an hutch with three docks, a common seal, &c. These (as the manner then was) were bound to pray for the good estate of Richard Whittington and Alice his wife, their founders; and for Sir William Whittington, knight, and dame Joan his wife—(the title of his father is no argument against his poverty—he was probably knighted after Whittington became a king's favourite);—and for Hugh Fitzwarren and dame Molde his wife, the fathers and mothers of the said Richard Whittington and dame Alice his wife; for King Richard the Second, and Thomas of Woodstocke, Duke of Gloster, special lords and promoters of the said Whittington; for Henry the Sixth, and others, and generally for them to whom the said Richard Whittington and Alice were beholden in any mannerwise, while we live, and for all Christen soules."

The licence for the foundation was granted by Henry the Fourth, in the eleventh year of his reign, and next year the City granted him the ground to build the college upon.

The original ordinances of the college, made by Whittington's executors, Coventre, Carpenter, and Grove, are extant in the keeping of the Mercers' Company. The wording of them is characteristic:—

The fervent desire and besy intention of a prudent, wyse, and devout man shal be to cast before and make secure the state and thinde of the short liffe, with dedys of mercy and pite; and namely to provyde for such pouer persons which grevous peneure and cruel fortune have oppressed, and be not of power to gete their lyving either by craft, or by any other bodyly labour; whereby that at the day of the last judgement, he may take his part with them that shall be saved. This considering the foresaid worthy and notable merchant, Richard Whittington, the which while he leved had ryght liberal and large hands to the needy and pouer people, charged strictly, in his deathbed as his foresaid executors to ordeine a house of Alms after his death, &c. &c.

Then follow the ordinances, and the signatures and seals of these trusty executors; after which, are these lines:—

Go litel Boke, go litel tragedie,—
Thee lowly submytyng to all correction
Of theym; being maisters now of the mercery,
Olney, Felding, Boleyne, and of Burton;
Hertely theym beseyking with humble salutation
Thee to accept and thus to take in gre
For ever to be a servaunt within yeare comminaltie.

What a solemn, earnest, magnificent thing was charity in those times! How its religious fervour contrasts with the self-glorifying vanity of these days, where a "pious" family parade their half-guinea and guinea subscriptions—all the names of all the sons and daughters paraded in the annual "report;" and having thus cheaply earned the title of Christian, they think to have pioneered the way for the camel through the eye of the needle!

I cannot forego the temptation to print some of the rules of the house—so quaint:—

Every tutour and poor folk every day first whann they rise fro their bedds, kneeling upon their knees, say a pater noster and an ave Maria, with special and herty recommendacion making of the foresaid Richard Whyttington and Alice, to God, and to our blessed Lady Maidyn Mary.

Then follows a list of other prayers to be said.

And after this doon, the tutour or one of the eldest men of theym shall say openly in English, "God have mercy on our founders' soules, and al chrystens. And they that stand about shall aunswer and say *Amen*."

That they be bound to dwell and abide continewally in these Almes house, and founds thereof: and that every day booth at meet and sopier they eat and be fed in the same almes house. And while they be at meet or soupier they abstain thanne from veyn and ydel words. And if they wol anything talk, that it be honest and profitable.

That the overclothyng of the tutour and pouer folk be derk and browne of coloure; and not stairing ne blaising, and of esy prised, accordyng to their degre.

Upon the head of these ordinances of the College there is drawn in pen and ink a picture, a copy of which the curious may see in Malcolm's "*Londinium Redivivum*." It represents, in the rudest possible style of art, Whittington on his death-bed. His three executors Coventre, Carpenter, and Grove, stand by the bed-side, and around are the members of the college, with the master at their head. Poor Whittington is a dreadfully emaciated figure, a mere skeleton.

Before we leave the church, it may be as well to add that the college was suppressed by Edward the Sixth; but the almshouses remained, and they do remain to this day, though not in the same place. A fine new modern building has been erected on this side of Highgate archway by the Company, but I do not care to describe it. The curious can go and see it.

Whittington's munificence was not confined to this public charity. I could take you step by step—to Guildhall, to Christ's Hospital, to Newgate, and expatiate at each place on his worthiness.

But I find much of my task performed to my hand, in the old black letter of Grafton,—Grafton, who,

though old Stowe did abuse him so bitterly, was not such a bad chronicler after all.

This yere (1406), says he, a worthie citizen of London, named Rychard Whittyngton, mercer and alderman, was elected maior of the sayede citie, and bore that office three times. This worshipfull man so bestowed his goodes and substance to the honour of God, to the releife of the pore, and to the benefite of the common weale, that he hath ryghte well deserved to be registered in the Boke of Fame.

Then follows a statement that he built Newgate; also more than half Saint Bartholomew's Hospital, the library of Christ's Hospital, and a chapel and library in Guildhall.

But among all others, continues he, I will shewe unto you, one very notable, which I receyved credibly. By a wrytyng of his owne hand, which also he willed to be fixed as a schedule to his last will and testament, the contentes whereof was, that he willed and commanded his executors as they would answere before God, at the day of the resurrection of all fleshes, that if they found any debtor of his, that ought to him any money, that if he were not in their consciences well worth three tymes as much, and also out of the debt of other men, and well able to pay, that then they shoulde never demande it, for he cleerely forgave it, and that they sholde put no man in sute for any debt due to hym. *Looke upon this, ye aldermen, for it is a glorious glasse!*

A glorious glass, indeed! but one, I fear, that has not very often been looked into.

Such were a few of the most prominent munificent deeds of Sir Richard Whittington, and such the estimation in which he was held by a more immediate posterity.

Through what a time he lived! Richard the Second, Henry the Fourth, Henry the Fifth,—reigns pregnant with great events, and comprising much of the romance of English history. Each year of his official existence, as sheriff or mayor, was signalised by some event or other, recorded in the chronicles. It is pleasant to transport oneself in fancy back to those times: meagre as the records are, they are clear and truthful. It is the year 1393, the 17th of the reign of the dissolute, mean, cruel Richard—the fair of face and black at heart. The scene is Smithfield, then the great arena of royal and knightly sports. King, queen, nobles, ladies, citizens, are assembled; they are raised and placed to see the spectacle, according to their degree. It is in the month of November, and near four centuries and a half ago. A grand passage of arms draws the concourse together: the lists are prepared, the bright armour of the knights is glaring in the brief sunlight —the court ladies and peeresses grace the scene— and above all sits the languid and effeminate tyrant, who to-day snatches a brief moment of excitement, a relief from the torpor of sensual satiety or the gnawing of a blood-stained conscience.

The Scotch knights, the Earl of Murray, Sir William Darell, and Cockburn, had challenged the Earl of Nottingham, Sir Peter Courtraye, and Sir Nicholas Hawberke. The Scotchmen were defeated. Would that I had time for Fabian's quaint narrative of the fight. Murray, and Nottingham, and Courtraye, and Cockburn—all are alike indifferent to us: mere names. But to my eyes, one fact lends interest to the event. Dick Whittington was sheriff that year, and, as sheriff, he, too, sat and witnessed the spectacle.

Three years after—in 1396—the then Lord Mayor, one Adam Bamme, a goldsmith, died before his year expired, and for him, says the old chronicler, "the citizens chose Richard Whittington, whom the lords would not admytt, till, on the morrow, he was admytted be ye Kyng, and occupied 'till St. Edward's Day." Perhaps the rash and headlong King thought thus to have bought an instrument of tyranny; but he was mistaken. He had tried to plunder the City in many ways, but he had been resisted by the sturdy aldermen, and his ire was great. He had of late been reckless in his aggressions, and now came the crowning injustice—that which afterwards sealed his fate—the banishment of Norfolk, and of Hereford, his future successor. In 1397, when Whittington was for the second time mayor, the City found it necessary to propitiate the King; and, for that purpose, sought no meaner advocates than the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London. The Bishops were successful, but the citizens were obliged to bribe the King.

In nine years after—that is to say, in 1406—we find Whittington again mayor. In the meantime, while his own placid life of unostentatious charity had gone on amidst the universal honour and respect of the civic world, the Court had changed. The rash, sensual, self-gratifying tyrant had given place to the cool, prudent, self-mortifying, but not less blood-thirsty, one. A great pestilence occurred this year in London, which carried off 30,000 people.

After a lapse of thirteen years Whittington is once more Mayor—now for the fourth time. During the interval, Henry the Fourth has gone from the scene, and his clouded reign is succeeded by the brief but brilliant career of his gallant son. France has fallen before his resistless arms, and peace has been concluded—the ratification being the hand in marriage of Katherine, the fair daughter of the French King. It is the 14th of February, 1419. The King and Queen have arrived at Dover, and Whittington at the head of the Corporation, and a gallant array of citizens on horseback, has gone forth to meet them. They return in the royal train. Meantime a great triumph has been prepared by the loyal Londoners. They pour out in thousands to greet the royal pair. The houses are hung with garlands, and the City gates are made triumphal arches, through which they are to pass. They arrive at the Guildhall, and here Sir Richard Whittington prays the King and Queen to enter, and the nobles and warriors who attend them. A sumptuous banquet is prepared; the City banners wave aloft beneath the Gothic roof; the tables are spread, and glitter with gold and silver plate, and the bright eyes and bright jewels of the City dames who are there assembled too.

At the upper end of the hall there are three figures more conspicuous than the rest. In the centre is a man advanced in years, with an open countenance, though somewhat marked with lines of thought. His robes and chain proclaim him the Lord Mayor—Sir Richard Whittington. On his right sits a younger man, but one who looks old, even in youth. His high forehead, wide brow, and straight pointed noise, impart an air of wisdom to his face, while the small compressed lips denote determination. But the deep-sunken eyes, and sallow hue of the cheeks indicate a broken constitution, broken either by early dissipation or premature cares of state. But now he is smiling right joyously, and deigns, with royal condescension, to talk freely with the Mayor. His eyes ever and anon turn with mild and manly love to his beautiful Queen—handsome, vivacious, and taking almost a girlish delight in the new scene before her. Presently the banquet is concluded, and Whit-

tington, turning to his Sovereign, craves as a boon his acceptance of an offering on his return from the wars. The King smiles graciously and receives a packet, which, on being opened, discloses his father's and his own bonds for thousands lent them to prosecute their wars. The King is astounded at such munificence, and is pleased to say that "Never Sovereign had so good a subject."

Ten days after—on the 24th—it is the King's turn to be the entertainer. The Queen has been crowned that day at Westminster—but here again let us have the original description of Fabian :—

After which solemynzaion in the church ended she was conveyed unto the great halle of Westminster, and there sette to dyner; upon whose righte hand satte, at the end of the same table, the Archbishopp of Canterbury, and Henry, surnamed the rych Cardinal of Winchester, and upon the left hand of the Queen sat the Kyng of Scottes, in his estate, the which was served with covered meze, like unto the afore-named bishops, but after theym. And, upon the same hand and syde, near to the borde ende, satte the Duchess of Yorke and the Countess of Huntyngdon. The Erle of the Marche, holding a sceptre in his hand, knelyd upon the left hande of the Queen. The Countesse of Kent satte under the table at the left foote. The Erle Marshall knelyd at the right hande of the Queene. The Duke of Glocester, Sir Humfrey, was that day overlooker, and stood before the Queene bareheaded. Sir Richard Nevyll was that day carver to the Queene. Upon the left hand, *next unto the cupboard*, sat the Mayor and his brethren Aldermen of London. *The Ladyes sat at the table next the Mayor.*

Considerate Duke Humphrey! to put the Mayor between the cupboard and the ladies. Who would not dine with Duke Humphrey on such terms? Our would-be fashionable citizens, who rush to Blackwall to eat white-bait and catch colds from the river air, will feel interested in the items of a regular "fish dinner" four centuries and a quarter since. Here is the bill of fare of the feast, "which," says the chronicler, "was alle of fyshhe."

Brawne and mustarde, Dedelleys in burveux, Frummeys with balien, Pyke in erbage, Lampreye powderyd, Trought, Codlyng, Playes, fryed, Marlyng, fryed, Crabbys, Leche Lombarde flowrysbed, Tartys, and a Solyltic, called a Pellycan, syttynge on her nest with her byrdes, and an image of Sainte Katheryne holding a bocke, and disputynge with the doctour, holding a reason in her ryght hand, saying, "Madame le Royne," and the pellican, as an answer, "Ce est la signe, et du roy, pour tenir joy, et a tout sa gent, elle mete sa entente."

Seconde Course.—Gelye, coloured with columbyne floures, whyte potage or cream of almandes. Breme of the see, Counger, Solys, Cheuen, Barbyll with roche, freshe Samon, Halybut, Gurnarde, Roches broyled, Smelt fryed, Creuys or lobster, Leche damask which the Kynges made a promise flourished une sans plus. Lamprey freshe taken, Flampryh flourished with a scutchen royale, therein three crowns of gold flanked with floure delyer, and floure of camemyle wrought of confeccyons.

And a Solyltic named a Panter, with an image of Saint Katheryne, with a whale in her hand and a rolle with a reason in that other hand, saying "La royne me ma file, in ceste ile, par bonne reson, avez renoun."

Third Course.—Datis in compost, creme motle, Carpe deore, Turbot, Tench, Perche with goirn, fresshe Sturgeon with Welkes, Porpus rostyd, Herrings fryed, Creuys de eau'e donee, Pranys, Elys rostyd with lamprey.

A leche called the whyte leeche, flourished with hawthorn levys.

In less than three years the Monarch and the Mayor were both in the grave! Alice Fitzwarren had been dead nearly twenty years, but her faithful spouse never took another mate.

Of all the records of Richard Whittington's munificence and his story none remain. Even the stone at Highgate, bears date 1821. The old stone was sold, cut into slabs, and now forms part of the pavement of Lower-street, Islington. But though the material records are gone, the memory of Whittington is embalmed in history, and—still more holy shrine! in the imagination of childhood. To how many budding minds has not that simple and stirring story been the spur to we know not what ambition of a splendid future!

MUSINGS OF A WANDERER.—No. IX.

WHAT *happy* things the early Sun doth see!
The waking flow'rs—the flutt'ring birds uprous'd
From dew-besprinkled nests—and o'er the lea
The lowing kine rejoic'd at being unhous'd—
The bounding dog at whistling shepherd's call—
The smiling milkmaid up before her hour,
That something sweeter on her lips may fall,
From the young shepherd's, than most honied flow'r
Out of its morning chalice could bestow,
(Affection's stealthy kiss!) The busy glee
With which all Nature's face is painted! Lo!
Forth from her hive doth come the tuneful bee,
While myriads of those beauteous, wingèd gems,
Called butterflies, are seen to float around,
Or hang upon th' already floral stems
With which the gardens everywhere abound!
—Oh! many a thing of bright and jocund glee,
The early morning Sun is doomed to see! W.

MUSINGS OF A WANDERER.—No. X.

WHAT *wretched* things the early Sun doth see!
A houseless set of wanderers on a heath,
As barren as their hearts of hope can be;
Shrinking and freezing in the icy breath
Of Winter!—Orphans blowing on the tips
Of their blue fingers with their livid lips;
And mothers shivering in tatter'd clothes,
With tear-dropt icicles upon their cheeks,
And the wild glare that can so well disclose
More of heart-grief than language ever speaks,
Imploring Charity!—The passer-by
Marks its mute eloquence, but journeys on
With some compassionate word—perhaps a sigh,
And in next moment all his pity's gone!
All this, nay, more, the early Sun doth see,
But yet rolls on his chariot heedlessly!

W.

NEW BOOKS.

DEFENCE OF THE GAME LAWS. By THE HONOURABLE GRANTLEY FITZHARDINGE BERKELEY. *Longman & Co.*

Why should we be tender,
To let an arrogant piece of flesh threaten us,
Play judge and executioner all himself?

FROM long-continued observation of the condition of human beings, in various portions of the world, we have arrived at the conclusion that a very large amount of the misery and discomfort of these inhabitants of the world, arises from their being misplaced, *i. e.* misfitted to their occupations; and this applies to the rich and influential, as well as to the poor and helpless. Political revolutions, or the attempt thereat, are, in most cases, an indication that political power is not in the hands of the wisest and most intellectual men in the community. Power is not the attribute of the weak, and when, by accidental circumstances, it falls into their hands, it is sure to be taken from them again, sooner or later, by purpose aforethought. That we have, in latter times, had so few revolutions in England is clear proof of the moral power which provides from time to time for the removal of those whose intellect does not keep pace with the time.

In social life, also, there is a constant ferment. Boys and girls "marry in haste and repent at leisure," striving to break a chain they cannot unclasp, and occasionally, amongst those of blunted nerves, murder, in breach of the law, is resorted to in attempt to get loose, followed by killing, according to law, in order, as the phrase goes, "to vindicate justice." Throughout most branches of industry a similar discrepancy prevails. A boy is articled to a lawyer, and, after several years' pursuit in disgust, finds out that he has a decided vocation for music. A man goes to college, and, after many years' expensive studies, ending in making him a poor curate, discovers that he has a decided vocation for acting, and dies of vexation from not being able to follow out the promptings of his imagination. Another is persuaded to become a civil engineer, and, with a quarter of his existence wasted, discovers that he has a genius for statuary; and we know of one man who made bad watches till he was sixty years of age, and then found out that his true taste was, modelling in wax. The shoemaker is made a carpenter, and the carpenter is made a shoemaker; the agriculturist is made a weaver, and the weaver an agriculturist; and these misfits so pervade society that it is largely composed of unwilling, instead of willing, workmen and labourers, the result, of course, being a less amount of product. The principle of the St. Simonists—of placing and rewarding every one "according to his capacity and his works," was ridiculed on the French stage, in the form of a *millionaire*, who, having paid his fortune into the joint stock of the society, was examined by the committee, and found to have a capacity fitting him to be porter at the gate; but there was a basis of truth in it. Louis Seize had a decided vocation for making locks and keys, and, probably, in better circumstances, might have obtained very favourable terms of partnership from Dolly Varden's father, to the utter ousting of Tappertit; and the taste of the *soi-disant* Duke of Normandy for matters connected with the tinkering of metal, has always seemed to us one of the strongest evidences of his descent from the elder Bourbons; so much so, that we wonder he has never put it forwards as collateral proof. George the Third, of England, bound books in a workmanlike manner. His son, the Duke of Kent, understood the whole mystery of pomatum and powder in soldiers' heads, at least so says Cyril Thornton; and we have the daily evidence of the newspapers, that Prince Albert, with his half-score of double-barrelled guns, servant-charged, eclipses even the fame of Commodus, the Imperial Roman, in the skill wherewith he brings down the birds of the air, and arrests the beasts of the field. Poor Commodus was sadly wasted, and we have reason to be satisfied that fate has bestowed on Prince Albert only the shadow of royalty, without its duties, thus leaving him at leisure to tread in the steps of the late King of Sicily, if not those of Nimrod, the old hunter. Pleasant and original was the idea of his Sicilian Majesty, to combine sporting with luxury, sitting in a garden arbour with his guns on a table, and picking off his pheasants, as they strutted by to pick up the grain strewed at the proper distance in the garden alley. The West Indian planters, who were accustomed to sit in a chair with a "nigger" holding an umbrella over them, to shelter them from the sun, while other "niggers" drove up the game for them to shoot at, were men of decidedly inferior imagination.

Amongst the men who have been misfitted to their occupations, is,—we give him his full titles,—the Honourable Grantley Fitzhardinge Berkeley, M.P., county magistrate and amateur constable into the bargain. Truly unfortunate has this gentleman been. He has not been, to use the language of Göthe, "well born," *i. e.* he does not belong to the time or locality. He lives in the nineteenth century, and is a denizen of civilized England. Had he lived in the olden time he would have made a first rate feudal chieftain. We do not mean a Warwick, the King-maker, or a Talbot, or a York, or a Lancaster, but a first-rate Border Baron. We wish he had been so, for the sake of the Border Minstrel. He would have been a Border hero worthy of Chevy Chase. No roving mosstrooper would have dared to hang his deer without finding "Jeddart justice," *i. e.* hanging first and trying afterwards. The Border thieves would not have deceived his keen penetration with appeals for mercy; he would have said, as the Sheriff of Carlisle did, to a malefactor:—

Thee shall I hang with my hande;

And very dexterously would he have slipped on the bracelets, *i. e.* handcuffs, and knotted the rope in artist-like style. But, living even at this late period, we think nature might have dealt more kindly by him in his location. He would have made a very respectable Arab chief, on the game-producing side of the desert. He would have risen to distinction as an Affghan; nay, we think he would have made a splendid Ameer of Scinde, on the Indus, a thorough game preserver, and it would have gone hard but he would have taken Napier into custody. He would be utterly unsuited to the meridian of China, but, as a Circas-

sian chief, he would be undeniable. He has made a sad mess in not having early entered into the service of the North-west Fur Company, but we think, even yet, he would rise to be a chief amongst the Black-feet, or the Crows, or some of the red races west of the Mississippi. We feel sure that he would have been a stop-gap to the Yankee squatters in Oregon, and have settled the question of possession without troubling the British Government. It is a shame that so energetic a man should be wasted on mere civilisation, when he might "leave his country for his country's good," and develop all his own picturesque tastes to his own satisfaction. Had he lived but a century back, he might have eclipsed the fame of Squire Western, and been immortalised by Fielding. As it falls out, his wiser course would be to depatriate. He might do worse than your Lord Brougham at Cannes, who, after a long life of man-hunting, now seeks to revive the feudal practices of the chase, in order to give vent to his splenetic excitement. It is fortunate for his vassals that the revolution abolished the rights of Seigneurie, amongst which was the privilege to slaughter two serfs to refresh his feet in their warm bodies, on returning from the chase.

We have not the pleasure or advantage of Mr. Grantley Berkeley's acquaintance, but come to our opinions of him from the perusal of a pamphlet just published by him in defence of the Game Laws, coupled with a recollection of his magnanimous assault on Mr. Fraser, the publisher, some years back. The pamphlet in question is intended as a first blow struck at Mr. Bright, previous to his motion for an inquiry into the operation of the Game Laws. If the blows Mr. Berkeley professes to strike at poachers on all occasions, be not heavier than this, we incline to think his "bark is worse than his bite." He thus proclaims his purpose:—

> Now, I have to maintain the interests of the rich and the poor; for in the attaint (by Mr. Bright) against the Game Laws at present in agitation, the Lord, the Labourer, the Yeoman, and the Squire are alike assailed.

All people who differ from him, in their views, he proclaims to be "Surface seekers," "Surface observers," "Surface arguers," "Surface reasoners," and professors of "Surface sanctity." He is the only profound observer and logician. He is the true advocate and upholder of "the interests of the poor, their rights, their sports, and their recreations."

His notion of the interests of the poor is amusing enough:—

> I made it my plan, as I said before, ever to show the labouring classes that it was their interest and duty to keep within the law, and to *please the resident gentleman* who was spending among them the little or the much that he had. * * * It has never been within my power to give much, yet, still at Christmas I give what I can to the really deserving poor. From such gifts, by me, are systematically excluded all those who transgress the game or any other law, and if in a hunting country I am aware of a man who has *stolen or injured a fox*, I exclude him likewise.

At page 48 we find the following:—

> Do not let it be said that the amusements which keep us, the country and the landed gentleman, in the rural districts of our residence, preventing absenteeism and affording a large proportion of labour, as well as inducing the establishments of other gentlemen to be maintained in our vicinity, are useless, and worse than uselesss, to the poor, for it is *not the fact*. So far as I am concerned, the enemy's assertion shall not go forth uncontradicted. What would the castle or the abbey be without its lord? or the hall or the manor-house without its squire? Why, the first *would be* a "remnant of feudal ages," if not inhabited by a heart and hand of liberal and enlightened times, and the other but the empty shell of the good old English gentleman. If by untimely and ruinous interference with their amusements (for rich men *will have* their pleasures), you drive them to seek the joys of life at Paris, or in foreign lands, who remains to stand up for the liberty of conscience? who to countenance the teacher of religion, whether Protestant, Catholic, or Dissenter? and who to give effect to the local administration of the laws?
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> I am not reasoning for any particular class, I am reasoning generally; but if I were to say whose interests were most at stake in having the large establishments maintained in the country, I should declare that it more deeply concerned the poor than the rich; for in the first instance the bread of life is at stake; in the last, principally pleasure. The poor man has *no* hope of obtaining a subsistence in a foreign land, but, if you unjustly molest him, the rich man *can* change the scene of his enjoyments, and with it the expenditure of his money.

And this man writes M.P. after his name, professing to believe that all the poor will starve, if he, and such as he, leaves the country to seek the "joys of Paris." What keeps the country gentleman at home? Game! What preserves liberty of conscience? Game! What upholds religion? Game! What the local administration of the laws? Game! Game! Game! He really believes that the people of England are supported and maintained by the landlords of England, that, *exit* Grantley Fitzhardinge Berkeley *cum suis*, and all is over. Marshall of Leeds, with his four millions of pounds sterling, will spin no more flax; Manchester will become a desert, and England be depopulated. The landlords will take all their money to Paris, and make the fortune of the French. It does not seem at all to occur to this acute legislator, that all the landlords can possibly take is, the rents, and surely they will hardly affirm that the rent is the whole produce. This would be barefaced work. And what, after all, do these game-preserving landlords expend their rents in? Here is the answer:—

> At Berkeley there are eight head-keepers, twenty under-keepers, and thirty additional night-watchers; to speak in round numbers, there are sixty men employed in nothing else than the care of the game and deer. Almost all these men, certainly all the keepers, have families dependent upon them for support. In addition to these, during the winter, there are a number of men employed at the shooting parties as beaters for game. These poor people all regard themselves as a regular part of the establishment; and they even make a newly-enlisted beater "pay his footing" on coming among them. To be admitted into any of these subordinate places, the men must have conducted themselves properly; and into the better situations, of course men must have proved themselves well worthy of trust before they could be therein established. Now in addition to the employment and comfortable subsistence thus afforded to so many men and their families by the preservation of a large head of game alone, if you add the immense number of grooms and helpers, a huntsman, whippers-in, and kennel men, necessary to the care and condition of from fifty to sixty hunters, besides other horses, and from eighty to a hundred couple of foxhounds, besides other dogs, let any man imagine the amount of wages expended on such species of labour, and then reflect on the misery which would arise if all these men and their families were deprived of their employment and subsistence. There are other men attached to establishments of this sort, such as men for the decoys of wild-fowl, for the fisheries, in the gardens, and on the lands reserved for the use of the Castle; and, I repeat again, let the caviller pause and consider the mischief if all these people were cast out of employment, and added to the present numbers of the poor. By the talked of abolition of the Game Laws, you risk all this; for it is not his hounds alone that will keep a proprietor in the country: his personal residence is retained upon his acres by a combination of country pursuits and pleasures, good for himself, good for his tenantry, and of immeasurable benefit, morally and temporally, to the surrounding poor! The game, the kennel and stable, the decoy and the river, afford to the rich man recreation for every leisure hour, with the graceful fact before him, that in his enjoyment of every one of those good old English recreations, he has it in his power, and, indeed, *he must* contribute to the comfort and happiness of the poor, by finding them employment. The man who loves his country, and truly desires the happiness of the people, will do nothing, he will agitate nothing, that will or may tend to induce absenteeism among our landed gentry. Absenteeism has been the curse of Ireland, and Heaven prevent that the baneful example set us there, should, through the pestilential breath of the selfish surface-seeker, creep into the healthful system of this country!

Sixty men employed in nothing else than the care of game and deer! It certainly would be better for the community, if these sixty men were employed in profitable labour, tilling, or manufactures. It certainly would be no worse for the community if Mr. Grantley Berkeley marched at their head to colonise New Zealand, and we saw him no more. The farmers and their labourers make the rents, and the Lord of Berkeley and his sixty retainers eat the rents. What if the farmers and labourers were to go to New Zealand, and leave Mr. Berkeley and his retainers to make their own rents? It does not seem at all to enter into his calculations, that a dense population is essential to give value to his farms; and that to a dense population he probably owes the possession of his estates. Could England have been reduced to the spare population consistent with the greatest abundance of game, the Berkeley lands would probably, ere this, have passed into the possession of some military adherent of a continental conqueror. Where game abounds, men's numbers are few. Where men abound, game is scanty. The savage conquerors of old destroyed men to make room for game, and thence came our New Forest, which Mr. Berkeley is now so anxious to restore with all the primitive forest laws.

The keeping and preservation of the Royal Chase is now a farce, regarding it as a general system; whereas if properly done by, in the New Forest, the Crown might always have it at its disposal to afford nearly as wild and beautiful a ground for the stalking of the stag and fallow buck, within an easy distance of London, as in any part of Scotland. It seems to me that the male deer herein are only objects of attention to the keepers in summer, in the double sense of preservation and killing. Whereas male deer will take very good care of themselves when they are fat, from that wondrous instinct in the animal kingdom which is so nearly allied to reason. They are aware when man has an increased desire for their death, and become more wary in proportion. At other seasons, and in hard weather, they will approach the door of a cottage, and, from being very ill p ovided either with natural or artificial food, they become almost accessible with a stick. The country people will then kill them for their skins and horns and "the fry." There is another very extensive abuse in this forest, and that is as regards the license given to certain individuals in its precincts to shoot on the open heaths, and every where except within the fenced enclosures for young timber. I regret to say that this license affords an infinity of demoralising example to the lower classes, thus: persons being possessed of this license are supposed, and in fact ordered, not to kill hen pheasants or greyhens; but this I will say, that if the pheasants and black game that many of these shooters kill, *are* the males of their species, I have been in error all my life as to which was the bird that laid the eggs, or, wherever I have been, the cocks must assuredly have taken to sitting!

Is Mr. Berkeley a Malthusian, or does he purpose to keep down population, and make room for game, after the fashion of the Conqueror? Men will increase even under the privation of Corn Laws—which of course Mr. Berkeley upholds, and it will be very difficult to stop them. And if Mr. Berkeley *cum suis* insist upon making Scottish wildernesses of their estates "within easy distances of London," driving out a dense population to the hard high roads, why then they may take it into their heads to inquire a little curiously into Mr. Berkeley's titles,—not his parchments,—but his "natural rights." Mr. Berkeley has a strong penchant for "wild justice," and it would go hard, but the thickened mass on the confines would better his example. The battue of a heavy mass of unlicensed Londoners would be a novel event in rural sports.

But we must not omit two other advantages, which Mr. Grantley Berkeley finds in connexion with Game Laws; the first is very curious:—

If the Game Laws existed no longer, observe the consequence—in *every man's hand* is placed a gun. If he trespasses and refuses to desist, you may proceed against his liberty by the capture of his person as you may do now, for of course there will still *be* a law for the protection of the privacy of property. Where there is *one conflict now*, between men *with fire-arms, there will be thousands*, and in the same ratio *so many increased chances of the result in murder*. Every old firelock and field-keeping musket will be brought into play, while, at the same time, the small proprietor and the hitherto certificated public, will be giving up the amusement of shooting; the game on places of *their access* being reduced to the small head indigenous to the soil not worth their seeking, but *still just enough to induce the pursuit of the idle and demoralised*. The gunsmith's trade is then affected: the demand for the expensive material being diminished, thousands of hands at Birmingham and other places lose their bread, and all for what? Simply because a cry has been raised against an old established law, founded as that law is on just and reasonable principles, by men who seek some public stalking-horse on which to ride into notice; by men whose sect or personal inabilities do not lead them to enjoy the useful pleasures protected by that law, and by men who, having suffered from just restrictions, have imbibed a hatred to any similar restraint.

This is odd logic. When thousands of fire-arms are required, when "in every man's hand is placed a gun," the gunsmiths of Birmingham, who are supported by the present limited demand, will be ruined. This will be the first instance on record, of manufacturers being ruined by an increased demand. Verily, Mr. Berkeley is no logician.

The next quotation is worthy of Mr. Berkeley:—

People ignorant in these matters speak *as if* the pheasants *lived solely at the expense of the farmer*, whereas the pheasant is often the best customer the farmer has; for the landlord purchases at the best price whole ricks of barley, beans, and buckwheat, besides potatoes and Swede turnips, with which to stack his woods and feed his game. The damage effected by partridges is really, if any, so trifling that it is not worth alluding to.

So the farm produces pheasants' food, which is the farmers most profitable crop. Farmers and labourers exist, not to grow food for the community, but for pheasants. A good arrangement this, if England were a pheasant kingdom. We really wish Mr. Berkeley were the lord of such a domain, alone in his glory, to defend it against the incursions of the Gauls.

We have gone through the examination of Mr. Berkeley's claims as a political economist, upon the evidence of his book, and come to the conclusion that, although he may be a relative of the "old woman" of Berkeley, renowned in Southey's ballad, yet, although she was an indubitable witch, he, Mr. Berkeley, is decidedly no conjuror. We now purpose to examine him in his capacity of Logician, Legislator, Magistrate, Constable, Moralist, Sportsman, &c.

He is a strong advocate for the punishment of death; and we incline to think that the habit of slaughtering game wholesale, has a tendency in this direction. Be this as as it may, he is a decided Mosaist. So much for his legislatorial powers.

For blood *there should be* blood; and if not because blood *has been* shed, blood should follow blood that blood *may cease to flow*. The cold and calculating severity of Law should not be slave to man's desires. Justice should set a mourning seal on crimes alike condemned by God and man.

Mr. Berkeley thinks that all the evil of poaching, arises from scarce and unprotected game. "A little game is a dangerous thing." He thus seeks to prove it:—

I am here again forced, as it were, into the consideration of the good or harm occasioned by large heads of well-protected game, and small lots of unprotected game on neglected lands. Closely adjoining to the village of Carleton, whence these poachers came, and adjoining or within my manor, there were some unprotected fields, the property of Earl de Grey and others, and of the parson of the parish, abandoned to the evil propensities of every vagabond who chose to carry a gun; these

fields became a nursery for poachers. On these lands there were only a few scattered heads of game, and there was no enforcement of the law for their protection. An occasional hare, partridge, or rabbit, with a wild duck or snipe, as the fields adjoined the river Ouse, were all that offered to the poacher's gun.

It was on these *neglected lands* that the man who kept the public house, where the poachers were in the habit of meeting, first imbibed a love for shooting. It was here, too, that the hitherto honest labourer learned, after his hour of toil, to congregate with bad characters, and to watch at flight-time, or by moonlight, for ducks, with a gun in his hand. Association with bad characters led to an initiation with crime. Watching in the cold drove him to drink with the evil companions of his sport, and at last, when the little game and wild-fowl were killed or scared away, the heretofore inoffensive man was easily induced by his companions to look for sport elsewhere. Nightly vigils and carouses unfitted the labourer for his daily toil: that which was first his whim or pleasure became his settled trade; and step by step, he, as well as thousands of others before and since, was ruined; *not by a large head* of well protected game; but *by a little game* indigenous to the soil, neglected and abandoned to the public. So artful in his illegal traffic did the man who kept the public house become, that he even invented and put together, for the use of himself and the gang, little guns of very small bore, calculated to kill at a short distance, with a light charge, and very few shot. These small guns had the treble advantage of being easily concealed, of making scarce any report, and killing a pheasant in high copse wood close upon their muzzles, without blowing the bird to pieces and rendering it unfit for use. Two of these guns, which I afterwards took from four men, are in my possession now. The report made by them is so light, that in a high wind, a time when pheasants roost low, amidst the roar of the trees, it would scarce be distinguished at the distance of a hundred yards. The publican and sinner was in some way mixed up with the murder; for on the keeper's death he fled his house and the country, or at least that part of the country.

So "love of shooting" is a crime—in the poor—unless, of course, done with a musket against a fellow man, while clothed in a red coat. It seems the poachers were cleverer than the squire in their invention of guns, but it strikes us that the inference is fallacious. Had there been no preserved head of game, the poor sportsmen (for they were it appears legal sportsmen, at the outset) would have left off shooting, "when the little game and wild fowl were killed and scared away." Therefore it was the specific temptation of Mr. Berkeley's "head of game" which led them on, till, from blood of birds was shed blood of man, and if Mr. Berkeley could have had his way it would have been the blood of two men. Q.E.D., Mr. Berkeley?

Mr. Berkeley is very indignant at the shooting order of poachers, but, nevertheless, he considers them a superior class, as appears by the following sentence:—

Wires and snares for game are the daily implements of the lower orders of poachers; with these there is no smoke, no alarm by noise, and they can carry enough snares in the lining of their hat to set across the runs of three hundred yards of cover. They go forth by day with their brains unclouded by the fumes and drugs of the tap-room; they do not band together; they are not frightened at their own shadows by day, and they do not desire to borrow false courage from drink and company. They are aware that by day it is more difficult to discover one man than three or four: there is nothing to excite to brutal daring, not a cheer, not a deep draught of gin or beer to the drunken boast of "death or glory," and the man, bad as he is, creeps forth in the natural and debased state of his nature. Where one gun is in use by day, there are hundreds in the hands of poachers by night; the chances of a fatal crime are therefore greatly in favour of the night.

A snarer of game is of the lower orders; the gunning poacher is a kind of gentleman, he may criminally kill a keeper, but he scorns to wire hares. Of this latter offence Mr. Berkeley appears to entertain a religious horror, as we gather from the following quotation:—

I am told it is very amusing, though shameful in the extreme, to see some civic functionaries at dinner. In eating game, when one of the party suddenly ceases from mastication, and in painful indignation pauses, then, like a certain "Master Horner," putting in his thumb, and, instead of a plum, pulling out a shot. All the rest of the guests shudder in indignation and prospective indigestion. The trembling caterer of the game is sent for, and the battered bit of lead held up to his horror-stricken eyes, with the further assurance that "it will not be paid for." I am credibly informed that it is a *city* practice to deal with a poulterer expressly for snared or netted game. The poulterer, of course, under such a state of things, deals with the poacher, at higher prices than those of the legalised vender. There is a vast deal of this, that is *most improper;* and I hold the people who are guilty of patronising such evil practices to be really and in truth those at whose door should lie at least the greater part of the charge of spreading demoralisation and crime among the lower orders.

Horrible Aldermen! to prefer *snared* birds to shot ones! To think more of their own digestion than of the game preserver's interests! They deal only with snarers who do not shoot keepers. Leaving to Mr. Berkeley the benefit of his own taste, we think he has here made out a good and sufficient cause why Londoners should make it a point of conscience, only to buy *snared* game. They may be sure that it is not stained with man's blood, and they risk no conversion of shot into sugar of lead in their stomachs.

Railways are, it appears, great enemies to game preserving, and no doubt Mr. Berkeley would wish to keep them wholly to the manufacturing districts.

I myself detected two men stealing pheasants' eggs at Cranford, one of whom I secured, the other ran away. They were also employed by persons in London. This species of ruinous depredation is carried on every spring and summer to a vast extent: and it has and will spread into all the counties now, however distant from London, on account of the quick and easy access afforded by the railways.

The "beer shop" is, according to Mr. Berkeley, the fatal originator of crimes against game, and the particular incentive to murder.

In almost all cases of poaching by night, the inclination to murder arises from that curse upon the morals of the lower orders, *the beer shop.* Watch as I have watched, wade through as I have waded through the evidence and occurrences of years, and the conclusion will be, that in cases when the rencontre with keepers has led to a fatal result, the poachers had previously met together in a beer shop or public house. Men of the worst character, their brutal passions inflamed with drink, sally forth with the half intoxicated exclamation in their mouths of "Death or glory!" At the time of their going forth, detection was uncertain, and the chance of capture and consequent punishment was far from entering their elated minds. Inflamed with the beastly drugs of the pothouse, and in the hope of being shielded from observation by the obscurity of night, the cowardly and brutal ruffian fires his gun, without any very clear reason in his brain as to the cause of his doing so, save in the hope of injuring some honest man.

As a pendant to this, we extract the following:—

A labourer in the harvest field never marked a bird for me while shooting but that I gave him in his hour of toil wherewith to slake his thirst. The farming men are an observant and a thinking class; they soon discover that they can take an honest as well as a dishonest interest in the game, and become aware that that which keeps a resident gentleman among them must be for their good.

What Mr. Berkeley!—call out against beer-shops, and give the labourer the "wherewith to slake his thirst;" did you give it him in kind, or did he take your coin to the beer-shop? In parliamentary phrase, "we pause for a reply." Is it that beer-shops are good *quoad* game preserving labourers, and bad only *quoad* game destroying labourers?

Mr. Berkeley occasionally speaks of himself as a "Game preserver, and a magistrate." Like honest Dogberry he likes to preserve the order of sequence—write down "game preserver" first. God forbid that game preservers should not go before "magistrates." Sir Thomas Lucy, of Charlcote, could not have been more lucid. But, in truth, Mr. Berkeley does not shine as a magistrate. It is not his *forte*. Nor, though he lays stress at times on the assertion that he is "a

gentleman, a resident gentleman," do we consider that to be his characteristic. At p. 69 he says :—

When I hunted these covers, fortunately for my hounds, the sporting rights were let to as good a gentleman as ever sat a horse—[*q.* oss.]

This is precisely a *groom's* estimate of a gentleman's qualities, concisely stated.

The shoemaker would say, "as good a gentleman as ever stepped in shoe leather."

And the farm labourer, whose "thirst" Mr. Berkeley "slaked"—"Give my roan horse a drench!" —considered him a gentleman then and there, no doubt.

We do not deny that there is, in Mr. Berkeley, one of the requisites of a "gentleman." Emerson says:—

"In a good lord there must first be a good animal, at least to the extent of yielding the incomparable advantage of animal spirits."

But Mr. Berkeley will not bear out the context of a gentleman's qualities.

"My gentleman gives the law where he is ; he will out-pray saints in chapel, out-general veterans in the field, and outshine all courtesy in the hall. He is good company for painters, and good with academicians ; so that it is useless to fortify yourself against him ; he has the private entrance to all minds."

Mr. Berkeley is not a gentleman in this enlarged view. He is simply a despotic feudal chieftain, or squire, whose rule of action is "A word and a blow, and the blow first." He says, p. 14—"I never spoke till I had struck." At p. 13, he says :—"The keeper, accompanied by one individual, miscalled a man."

This is very like Squire Western, who, in challenging an opponent to fight, says :—

"At'n't half a man! At'n't!"

The following extract is a choice bit :—

Now, to speak in homely downright old English phrase, there is nothing which banishes an inclination to commit murder, or to be dangerous, from a brutal mind, half so much as a simple, well-directed "punch on the head."

Very bad taste, indeed, Mr. Berkeley, in a magistrate. We think, when you wrote this, you must have had *punch in* your head. The "lordly animal," Berkeley, *in vino veritas*, thrust aside the magistrate. We counsel you to resign the magistracy, and take the bushel from off your light, showing forth to all men in your proper proportions. You are, in the Spanish sense of the word, a "respectable man," *i.e.* "a tall fellow of your hands," and, like Mr. Osbaldiston, "at all in the ring," if your own reports of yourself in your pamphlet be not apocryphal. We are not quite sure that you are a genuine sportsman, for some passages, as, "men employed at shooting parties as beaters for game," indicate a tendency to poulterer's slaughter-work, or battues, but you hunt otters—perhaps badgers, too—stalk deer, catch trout, shoot snipes, "use your mauleys," attend race-courses, and are a close observer how policemen use their truncheons, from "the noisy, innocent blow on the hat," to the "lightning-like pass on the ribs, which doubles a man up as if shot." You describe this, as only could be done, by one uniting in his own person the three qualities of amateur, connoisseur, and artist.

We, too, have a respect for "respectable" men, "whose hands," as Rob Roy says, "can keep their heads." We have known the value of this kind of thing in countries where "wild justice" prevails, and think you would be a desirable companion, only, perhaps, a *leetle* too overbearing. You might get one into scrapes as well as get one out of them. You are a partisan—not a general. But in our mind's eye we see you double up an Arab, kick a nigger into next week, punch the head of a Kentucky gouger, lay two Frenchmen on their backs, brush a Spanish Alcalde off his horse with your riding whip, ride down a Gaucho and flog him with his own *laso*, drive a Malay's kris-armed fist into his own ribs, with a back-handed blow, and knock three Red Indians' heads together, the middle one serving as anvil to the other two. You, in short—you, Grantley Fitzhardinge Berkeley—are the very *beau ideal* of a "half horse, half alligator," and the mind weeps over the cruel vagaries of nature that have doomed you to waste your strength—we say nothing of sweetness—on the dreary monotony of civilisation. What undying fame might you not have won under the soubriquet of "The Big Buffalo!" For as Thersites says to Achilles :—

"A good deal of your wit, too, lies in your sinews, else there be liars."

Future times might have witnessed a literary contest, whether the Buffalo Licks laid down on the maps, meant the Salt Licks of the Bison, or the spots where Grantley Berkeley "licked" the intruders on his hunting grounds.

Mr. Berkeley is clearly not a logician. He is not a legislator, albeit he is M.P. He is a very indifferent moralist, although he professes a respect for Sunday, and drives poachers to church in sheer ennui, by cutting them off from the game. (See p. 34.) As a magistrate he is no more to be depended on than the Cornish clergyman, who stopped in the middle of his sermon in order to "start fair for the wreck" with his congregation ; and as a true sportsman he is rather dubious.

But with all these deficiencies we desire to be just to Mr. Berkeley's merits. He is, according to his own account, well disposed to his neighbours :—

If I had a hundred estates I would never give, from my own exclusive possession, the right to the different kinds of game. My tenantry should enjoy my sport with me, but if they used a gun or a greyhound, by special invitation only. They might accompany me to share the sport that my hounds or dogs of any sort afforded whenever they pleased, and the more that could afford to come the merrier I would be.

We hope the tenantry are grateful for such generosity—"Kill as much as you please when I am by, but no pocketing."

We grieve that such a man as this should become so unpopular, as to be burnt in effigy during his absence, in the main street of the village. He pithily remarks, "I was from home at the time, or this would not have happened."

Notwithstanding his favourable position, thus planted in a civilised land, the genius of Mr. Berkeley has been able to achieve distinction of the highest class in its kind. He has shown first-rate talents in filling the office of rural policeman or county constable. We counsel him to adhere to that *rôle*, and play no other part. He exhibits the daring of a Murat, and the genius of a Jonathan Wild. The following passage is peculiarly graphic :—

One of the gang, shortly after, turned evidence against the rest. The village constable being, as was customary in those days, the oldest, most inefficient, and most decrepid mule bird in the parish, at my request I was sworn in special constable, and the warrant placed in my hands for execution. I repaired in company with Mr. Magenis, to a lonely barn in the fields, near Carleton, and, leaving Mr. Magenis to watch the purlieus,

entered the barn where the offender was said to be thrashing. The barn was empty, but the jacket of the man lay on the floor, and I therefore called out to Mr. Magenis to look sharp. In a moment after he called to me, and, on joining him, I found the murderer in his grasp. I then took possession of the prisoner, and conveyed him to my house, Mr. Magenis going on to see that the man who had turned evidence was properly cared for. The farmer's son implicated in this transaction, I am told, went to America.

"The jacket of the man lay on the floor." Mark the acuteness of nature's policeman in immediately drawing an inference.

This Mr. Magenis is in another place called the Rev. J. B. Magenis. He, too, seems to have been misfitted to his occupation. Had we time or space, this picture of the magistrate and the clergyman capturing the offender, with the "mule-bird" constable in the distance, would furnish a charming illustration. The name is Irish, and sounds of the "black north." Mr. Magenis is undoubtedly a member of the "church militant."

On another occasion Mr. Berkeley took "two guns from four men," half a gun per man. He does not say if the men were dressed in "Kendal-green."

Here follows a picture of personal prowess :—

I will here give another instance which came under my own observation touching the matter immediately in view. I detected a man in the grounds at Cranford stealing acorns. He refused to surrender to me the sack containing them, or to give his name. We were alike unarmed, and a mere personal encounter with fists was the consequence. It ended in my securing the man and the sack. The thief, however, an excavator, having received some punishment, and as he looked unhappy, I forgave him his fault upon the spot; and on his distressful tale and asserted inability to procure work, thenceforth employed him at fair daily wages, to gather acorns for the deer. He worked for me half a day, and then deserted from his honest occupation. This man, who *would not work*, was afterwards twice taken in the act of poaching the game by my brother, Mr. Moreton Berkeley, and sent to gaol. Theft and crime of every description were the life and breath of this man's nostrils; yet on his lying lip was the ready and plausible tale for the surface observer, that distress stood father to the crime.

Magnanimous magistrate! ungrateful excavator! On second thought, however, we think he might well be frightened at his "punisher."

Mr. Berkeley is a bit of a humourist, in some of his naratives :—

Also, in the same county, I summoned a poaching farmer, and he being likewise constable of the village wherein he resided, the summons for himself was delivered into his own hands, in the double capacity of officer and offender. He actually, with a serious face, charged half-a-crown for the trouble he had in serving the summons on himself—and more—*he received it by order of the magistrate!*

The only match to this is Mr. Berkeley himself, figuring in the triple capacity of game-preserver, magistrate, and policeman. We now have Mr. Berkeley's opinion on handcuffs :—

Again, in the case of the handcuffs. I was myself once asked by a magistrate "why handcuffs were put on the poor man, if he came quietly." I replied that it was done on the score of humanity, to insure his coming quietly, and to render it impossible for his malevolence to hurry him into any attempt which might lead to the necessity for a broken head. He was due to justice, if possible, unharmed, and without a scratch. The handcuffs were on, not because I feared that he would *hurt me*, but simply because he should not induce me to *hurt him*. As a magistrate I always recommend the adoption of restraint as a precautionary *and a humane measure*.

Policemen are fond of displaying their taste in the fashion of their handcuffs. We should like to examine those of Mr. Berkeley. We suppose they are in the fashion of his dog-collars, with the Berkeley crest upon them. "Gae up quietly, Donald, and be hangit, an dinna anger the laird."

Mr. Berkeley's police prowess seems to run in the family :—

To recur again to the proofs within my knowledge, that it is not the weight of punishment in night poaching that induces murder rather than submission, my brother, Mr. Moreton Berkeley, detected a man in the act of beating for game with a lurcher on a Sunday, during the time of divine worship: this was on outlying land, where there was *very little game*. The man was an old offender; the punishment would, under the circumstances, and according to some magisterial opinions, probably have been light; but nevertheless the man drew a clasp knife, and with it, dagger fashion, he resisted capture in the most deadly manner. The knife was met by the common policeman's staff, which my brother carried in his pocket; there was no wide difference in the length of the weapons, but much in their deadly nature. A well-applied blow, however, over the arm, deprived the villain of his knife; and on his rushing in to close, one or two more blows on the head stretched him on the ground.

Valiant Mr. Moreton Berkeley! with your policeman's staff in your pocket. But Mr. Berkeley, how came he to be out during the time of divine worship? Mrs. Foresight, in the play, says to Mrs. Frail, "Sister, sister; where did you lose that ring?" and Mrs. Frail responds, "Sister, sister; where did you find that ring?" Why was Mr. Moreton Berkeley not at church during "divine worship," setting an example to poachers?

Mr. Berkeley seems to have summed up his doings in the following note :—

I have been personally engaged with poachers in twenty-six instances, by night and day, and always with success, having made it a rule to be the first to play at the roughest game. The old adage—"that one sword drawn keeps others in their scabbards," would apply well on all these occasions.

We confess that we rise from the perusal of this work with a feeling of disappointment, the keener from the various racy specimens it contains. Mr. Berkeley has mistaken his literary as well as his social forte. We are satisfied that he would produce a most interesting book, by a detailed record of his experiences in flood and field, by day and night—and his observations on the animal and vegetable kingdoms, and more especially in his dealings with poachers. It would scarcely be of less interest than the memoirs of Vidocq or the exploits of Jonathan Wild. We promise him that if he will give the public such a book, we will not only read it, but review it. And when he has done this we recommend him to give up the hopeless task of trying to convert "Merry England" into a hunting ground, and try somewhere abroad, perhaps

On the skirts of Norway here and there.

Only let him him beware of the "Morning Star," which so nearly extinguished the light of Waterford, and if he find even northern civilization utterly unbearable, why then let him

Shark up a list of landless resolutes,

and forthwith colonize the Oregon.

Having done with Mr. Berkeley's pamphlet, we have a few words to say on the subject of game.

It is preserved for two purposes, to shoot at and to eat; or rather, it is bred for the purpose of eating, with the reservation of the contingent sport of killing it, to the landed proprietors, and which killing, transacted in the form of battue, is just on a par with the exploits of "Dog Billy" on innumerable rats, shut up in an arena without escape. With the exploits of the Western hunter in search of *uncertain* game, on which, to sustain life, we confess to entertain a sympathy, a wicked remnant of the old leaven; but with the English sportsman and his preserved game, we have none. It is not wild game; it is a species of half tamed animals to be found when wanted, nearly as certainly as South-down mutton on the hill side. To kill these animals is no more sport than to shoot in a barn-yard, or fish in the stocked pool of a miller. To obtain genuine sport in England, it would be ne-

cessary to throw the whole existing land out of cultivation, to keep down population, and depend on foreign supplies for food. To bring this about would be a return to barbarism, which, by the blessing of God, shall not be in this our noble land. We are the guides of the most powerful part of the civilized globe, and our soil must become more and more the abode of high civilisation, and less and less the stronghold of ancient barbarism. Our people must thicken, and go forth and replenish the earth. Greece in her palmiest state was thick with people, no hunting grounds had she, and her swarms went forth at intervals, to carry into other climes their civilisation. What Greece was, England is, and more. The tastes of our game-preservers are precisely those of the Red Indians, and just as the Red Indians wither away before the approach of the Saxon man, so must our aristocracy who will not conform to existing urgency wither away before the approach of the giant army of manufacturers, whose marching sounds appal their ears. The workshop of the world's civilisation is worth too high a rental, to convert it into a savage wilderness. There will not be too much land in this island for the purposes of recreation, when the whole world shall be calling for the artificial produce of its people. It will be enough to reserve the heaths and commons and wild lands, for the health grounds of the people, without keeping whole tracts desert, for the breed of game.

But the matter is in process of cure. The Red Indians, amongst our aristocracy, need not covet English soil. English steam has made the whole world acccessible in short spaces of time. Let them purchase wild lands in other countries, on the frontiers of civilisation, and go further-and-further a-field, as do the American squatters, when they get "crowded." They may thus indulge their killing propensity, and come back as often as they are tired, to see what progress their working neighbours have made. We too value "wild lands," where the free foot may traverse, and the free mind commune with itself, but we hold it incompatible to have the highest civilisation on the borders of the unbroken wilderness where wild game is found. The dilettante sportsmen who tread the ball-room over night, and shoot game in the wild wood next morning, are an anomaly in social life.

With regard to Game Laws, it is impossible to make property of flying birds, unless their wings be clipped, or they are shut in cages. That which can be enclosed is property, and its safety may be legislated for. If game be required for eating, it may be bred with due care, and by studying the proper food, in pens and enclosures, and this is all that concerns the eaters of game. With regard to the extinction of the evil caused by game, we think the Anti-Corn-law Leaguers may do much. Most game-preservers are corn protectors also. We wish some modern Hampden would set an example, by buying a small vote,—giving freehold in the vicinity of some obnoxious game-preserver. Make it a decoy for game, by providing proper food for them, and suffering no gun to be discharged, no molestation attempted. The American farmers have a knack of steeping peas in whiskey to catch wild pigeons, and no doubt many similar contrivances could be resorted to. We think that a good example of this kind being once set, the freehold leaguers might capture votes and game upon the same property; they would spoil the Egyptians on all hands. Mr. Meyer, who advertises fascination for rats, could doubtless furnish innumerable attractions for hares, pheasants and partridges. We advise Mr. Cobden to take these tactics into his serious consideration. Three nuisances may be got rid of together: class legislation, plundering of farmers by game, and plundering of game by poachers, and, perhaps, the game preservers may take themselves off to the Continent or to the "joys of life in Paris." J. R.

THE GERMAN MANUAL FOR THE YOUNG AND FOR SELF TUITION. By W. KLAUER-KLATTOWSKI. *Simpkin, Marshall and Co.*

THE author, in an Introduction explanatory of the use of the Manual, says—"To facilitate the acquisition of German among juvenile learners, and to promote its study among persons more advanced in years, particularly when residing in parts of the country where oral instruction by persons of education is not attainable, is the object of the GERMAN MANUAL FOR THE YOUNG AND FOR SELF-TUITION."

Here is a laudable intention truly, could it be well or as easily surmounted as the sanguine writer imagines; but in a subsequent paragraph, some obstacles to the facility seem to stand in the way. "The genius of the German language," observes Herr K., "is particularly characterised by three things:—its formation power, as it can create" (without any Ciceronian license, we suppose) "new words by the help of its inflexions and derivative syllables, as well as by its faculty of combination—its richness beyond all other languages (Qy.)—and its universality, *i. e.* its capability of grasping the genius of other tongues, and appropriating their excellences and peculiarities through the medium of faithful translations."

Faithful translations! only read Scott's novels in German—there's a treat! How their "excellences and peculiarities are appropriated through the medium of faithful translations!" The works of Shakspeare, again, described by H. Klaurer, as having been so admirably translated into German by Schlegel and Voss, "that the great dramatist may be said to have become national in Germany, and is read in the translation with pleasure even by Englishmen!"

But enough of this, and let us now proceed to the work itself. It consists of two volumes—the first containing a selection of German literature, including, among shorter pieces, two entire plays, and also *Undine*, by La Motte Fouqué. The second volume abounds in interlinear translations, and contains a glossary, which is the best portion of the work.

Altogether, it is a valuable acquisition to modern literature, and cannot be studied without infinite improvement to all those who wish to have a knowledge of the German language.

FOR APRIL.

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THE ILLUMINATED MAGAZINE

FATHERLAND: A TALE OF TWO EPOCHS.

BY J. W. CARLETON (CRAVEN), AUTHOR OF "HYDE MARSTON," &c., &c., &c.

CHAPTER VI.

THE HOUR AND THE MAN.

If I have veiled my look
I turn the trouble of my countenance
Merely upon myself.

Julius Cæsar.

To suffer woes which Hope thinks infinite;
To forgive wrongs darker than death or night
To defy Power which seems ominpotent;
To love and bear; to hope till Hope creates
From its own wreck the thing it contemplates;
Neither to change, to falter, nor repent;
This, like thy glory Titan, is to be
Good, great, and joyous, beautiful and free,
This is alone Life, Joy, Empire and Victory.

SHELLEY'S *Prometheus Unbound*

POPULAR opinion or prejudice is unfavourable to the Jewish character—not only in this country but in all others. We are about to submit our prepossession to a legitimate test—one befitting our national liberality—that of placing the Hebrew on terms of equal citizenship with the Christian. Shylock pleads in the spirit of a true philosophy for his tribe, and social and political disabilities may have made the Jew what we find him, and what he has been handed down to us by historians for two thousand years. It has long been the glorious privilege of this land, to make free the foot which touches it; liberty of creed is also said to be its charter—but in the letter, not the spirit. The hour comes, when no man shall suffer worldly disqualification for conscience sake; then shall the great problem be put in train of proof, how far modes of faith are matters with which policy has to do. It would puzzle an acute casuist to point out the virtue of that doxology which utterly repudiates the ceremonies of the Church of Rome, and sets men by the ears about the colour of the garments in which they shall bid

God bless them; can politicians show better reason why the hue of a man's thoughts should affect the complexion of his allegiance? . .

Simeon Marsena was a true prophet when he spoke of his short term on earth. His lease of life was fast drawing towards its close, when he so alluded to it; and now the day on which it should expire had arrived; the frame of mind in which he had parted with Edward Neville, was the offspring of an effort convulsively made and madly persevered in; passion had vanquished reason, and pride led the forlorn hope against nature.

> Error, soon conceived,
> Thou never com'st unto a happy birth,
> But kill'st the mother that engendered thee.

Shortly after his interview with Edward, rumour reached him that his son was sojourning at King's Oversley, and at no long interval he learnt that he had wedded one of its humblest maidens. The news fell like a thunderclap on spirits already shattered and broken. In the withering disappointment which followed the conviction of his daughter's marriage, there still remained to him vague, though ungrateful, prospects of the possibility of his desire being accomplished by other means: the hope of his ambition was not turned to despair. But this last blow crushed all; it came too, in the season of his despondency: his strength was gone, and he laid himself down to die, as one having neither desire of life, nor purpose in living.

For months he had thus hovered between two worlds. Mid winter had set in, and albeit the chamber wherein he lay was furnished with every appliance of luxury and elegance, they prevailed not against the natural gloom and heaviness. Alone, on his stern death couch, the old Jew was slowly, but surely, passing to the bourne of all travellers. Cold as ice the sluggish blood crept through his veins, and the flickering of the pulse gave token that its final throb was hard at hand . . . . . the mysterious hour approached in which he should belong both to the quick and the dead—to rottenness and immortality! What means, then, the fierce brilliancy that flashes from the half-closed eye, the purple flood that bathes the ashy cheek, the force that raises the skeleton on its death bed, as though the grave were obeying the eternal summons? There is no sound, but the dying man hears a voice: there is no form in that solitary room, but he gazes not as one that looks on vacancy—all is drear and dark, but joy has set its light upon his brow, and the star of hope gleams through the shadow of death. . . . . There was one who had noted the progress of the old man's malady, and detected its transition from natural ailment to the condition which human aid can neither remedy nor alleviate. Among the multitude of his dependents, was one who paid not his duty with time-service. The youth that attended him to Oversley, in capacity of secretary, had been reared from childhood by his bounty, and knew no other link to life, save that which united him with the fortunes of his benefactor. He saw the hand of death fall upon him: instinct had revealed to him that his master lived, and moved, and had his being in another: as a last hope he summoned that good spirit as his minister.

Those who read human nature carefully will discover that many a noble spirit carries enterprise "as the flint bears fire:" that character is more frequently indebted to accident or circumstance for its development than to design, and that the conventional expression of winning fortune is the most appropriate that could be applied to the rise and progress of many a notable career. You must set a man down in earnest to the game of life: he must throw with a will, and for a way, before you can expect to see him play the cast as becomes the venture. Strong necessity sends forth the champion of fortune as the gladiator entered the arena, with nerve and sinew braced for the struggle: the heroes and worthies of history are those who scaled the temple of fame by the roughest paths. Even as exposure hardens the plastic mortar, worldly events give consistency to the wondrous materials of which mind is composed. The peculiar intellectual force of a man may lie latent half his existence ere the period of its chance development arrive. Such an one may appear to sport with the ephemera of life—may seem the veriest butterfly of the throng, until reality overtake him. Then, the precise qualities that made him excel as a mere man of pleasure, the buoyancy and light-heartedness of his temperament, transmuted into hopeful resolution, shall prove the resistless media of his success in business.

Sir Edward Neville, to the superficial eye, was but the high bred and born English gengleman, too agreeable in manner to be strong in *morale:* while of a truth his yielding easiness arose out of his consistency of character. He said of the world—"Thus far shalt thou come, and no farther"—it never reached his soul. Sensitive to sympathy as the magnet, inflexible to the rough touch of adversity as adamant, he knew nought of pride in its common signification; but its property of adherence to preconceived design formed the basis of his idiosyncrasy. His will, once roused, was indomitable, but it was never roused for small purposes, or slight occasions. Of tender heart, and torpid temper—of teeming purpose and tenacious will—he was precisely the being, when perfected by maturity, to win and wear a woman's lasting devotion.

Leah (what sensible woman does not?) divined her lover justly: she loved him for his

weakness and his strength—for his vice and his virtue—because, in each, he commanded her respect.

Meanwhile, those were happy days the young couple dreamed away in Savoy. What magnificent scenes they roamed over together. The ever-tinted glaciers reared amid thunder-clouds for ever breaking around them; peaked and castled cliffs varying from rose-colour to every hue of the rainbow; or coldly lying, in dark ruggedness, against the pure heavens; rent chasms, and welling torrents; summits, now clothed with pine forests, now exhibiting their desolate nakedness, intermediately contrasted with woods of chesnut, oak, and walnut, and with broken lawny slopes, enamelled with flowers, descending to the water's edge; beautiful water-birds in flocks, disporting on its shallows; meadows spreading from its margin where the sleek cattle might well envy themselves the privilege of pasture; waterfalls arrested in the higher regions by the icy hand of frost, forming fairy grottoes, whose pendent stalactites and tracery-work melt in the sun's rays, in showers of foam and diamond spray—the haunted regions of Clarens and Meillerie, of Vevai and Chillon, Lausanne and Geneva: the illimitable space and savage wildness of the snowy mountains; the glorious fertility of the undercliffs:—these, the combined influences of air, earth, sky, water, vastness, and romance, in their highest sublimities—these were the favouring aspects that nourished the youthful days of domestic happiness with intellectual food—these set the enduring seal of memory on hours else too winged and wanton in their flight to be marked.

The society of the district was in just keeping with it: the people were natural-minded—simple in tastes and desires—kindly, and full of noble principles. To them the young husband and his fair bride were objects of high interest and most friendly observance. Edward and his wife entered into the spirit of their unpretending *fêtes* with entire cordiality. They found them most agreeable *réunions*; assemblages fraught with good fellowship and good taste; abounding with frank hospitality and distinguished by that cordial courtesy which is the politeness of the heart. Such was society in this rude region; might not a land laying claim to far higher refinement profit by the example of the mountaineer of Savoy? might not his truthful intercourse with his fellows be conveniently substituted for the enforced and slavish homage to rank, the ceremonious constraint, the lip-service of civility, the ostracism of hilarity, common to good company nearer home?

It was one of these boon occasions, and a happy group had entered with the zest of spirits in the prodigality of health, into the enjoyment of the hour. The temple wherein these gleesome rites were celebrated, was, haply, such as the sons and daughters of high life would have disdained, but it was surrounded by a natural magnificence that art could never contrive, nor wealth purchase. Leah's beauty was radiant, and she moved among the children of nature, that gazed in silent admiration upon her, like some nymph of their rural mythology. There was store of merry dancers; but hers was the lightest step, the brightest eye. Many a clear sweet voice caroled its wild native melodies—and then they asked her to sing too, and handed her a guitar, a most homely instrument, that sounded like a lyre of silver as she struck a few chords, in prelude to an air she had adapted to those verses of Shelley—which the poet might have addressed to the singer.

Life of Life! thy lips enkindle
With their love the breath between them;
And thy smiles, before they dwindle
Make the cold air fire; then screen them
In those looks, where, whoso gazes
Faints, entangled in their mazes.

Child of light! thy limbs are burning
Through the vest which seems to hide them;
As the radiant lines of morning
Through the clouds, ere they divide them,
And this atmosphere divinest
Shrouds thee, wheresoe'er thou shinest.

Fair are others; none beholds thee,
But thy voice sounds low and tender,
Like the fairest, for it folds thee
From the sight, that liquid splendour,
And all feel, yet see thee never,
As I feel now—lost for ever!

Lamp of Earth! where'er thou movest,
Its dim shapes are clad with brightness,
And the souls of whom thou lovest
Walk upon the winds with lightness,
Till they fail as I am failing,
Dizzy, lost, yet unbewailing!

There is an axiom of the scholiast "*gratior et pulchro veniens in corpore virtus*" that philosophy may grumble at as much as it pleases, but cannot gainsay. Thus, while the fair daughter of Judah was most sweet of voice, graceful of mien, and gracious of manner, all she did or said, or seemed, received a halo from her loveliness, that shed over it an irresistible enchantment. The evening wore on, and the proud, fond husband treasured in his heart every look and accent of her who was the cynosure of all eyes, the light and glory of his own. He knew himself destitute of fortune, but felt, in such a possession, rich indeed. The hour for returning had arrived, and, wrapping her in a cloak of furs, he placed her at his side on the *char-a-banc*, and they turned their way homewards through black pine woods, and valleys flooded with rich moonlight. It was the season for thought, but not such as moves to purpose; indeed it is doubtful whether action is ever the child of reflection. But Edward's musing took

the form of words, and he spoke what was passing in his mind, peradventure with little design of working out his propositions.

"Queen of my life," he said—for moonlight among the glaciers is a provocation to romance of speech, even among the espoused—"though I have precedent in 'Actium lost for Cleopatra's eyes,' it must not be that I suffer fair occasion to stand postponed for love and Leah. Beauty bright! this life of ignoble dependence robs even the sweet motive to it of its grace. Here let it end; to-morrow I begin to live; should I need instigation to the good work, let it come from you. Much is to be done, and every day the effort is delayed makes it the more difficult, and its result more and more questionable. We will leave these scenes of tranquil enjoyment for those of labour and struggle, it may be of suffering; but if we cannot reckon on happiness as the result of a discharge of duty, content is sure to come of it. I have pondered well on my position; I have weighed my character carefully, and I am assured that the right path to a right prosperity lies before me, and that there is energy within me to follow it to the end. To-morrow we will turn our faces to the land of our birth; our hopes to the place in which we first drew breath." . . . . It was in this vein of excellent resolve the philosopher of the moonlight bespoke a determination that, like other vapours to which it gave existence, would probably have disappeared before the dawn, but for a foreign aid he did not anticipate.

The custom formerly practised at our own country houses, of bringing in the contents of the post bag with the other appliances of the breakfast table, without any reference to the date of arrival, was still duly attended to at the chateau of M. de Martel, where they would as soon have thought of presenting a pistol to your head as a letter to your acceptance at any other period of the day. For this cause it was that a pacquet inscribed "important and immediate—for Sir Edward Neville, Bart.," which was lying in the hall when that personage passed through it, on the preceding night, was suffered to repose there, undisturbed, till the following morning, when the punctilious Swiss handed it to him with his *café au lait*—the pressing nature of the superscription staring the consignee in the face—as who should say I hope I know how a communication of importance ought to be dealt with. The letter was from the confidential secretary of the old Jew; it spoke decisively of his illness, and besought the instant presence of his daughter, as a possible source of benefit, a certain means of consolation to the parent. Plain intimation was also given that the interests of Sir Edward Neville might be served by his lady's attendance upon her father at a moment when worldly sentiments give place to the feelings of nature, and the philosophy of the head yields to the impulse of the heart.

"It is thus that the resistless march of events, which is circumstance, propels my too tardy resolve," was the husband's internal remark, as he said, aloud, addressing himself to Madame de Martel, "I have long felt your hospitality too much trespassed upon even by one, the partner of Leah: but now its term is come. We have *here*" (and he touched the letter) "pressing cause for immediate departure. Mr. Marsena is feeble, ill, his constitution needs a rallying point: it may be found in the presence of a daughter."

There was deep grief for Leah in this intelligence, for although, as we have said, she entertained little sympathy with her parent, she had duty and affection, and the kindness of her nature led her to suffer with all those on whom sorrow or sickness rested. Thus it was, with a full heart, that she assisted in preparations and leave-takings, and all the bustling paraphernalia of removal. But she accompanied Edward in his last walk up the ascent into his favourite pine-wood; she traversed, with him the oasis of verdure at its summit, and pursued the course of the mountain-stream from its source in the black rock's fissures, to its fall over a hoary pinnacle clad with moss and heather. First, with a mad and rushing roar, it tumbled headlong—then, in one single silver sheet, it joined the spreading waters of the northern branch of the lake. Edward pointed out to Leah their route into the Paris road. Brightness, cold and piercing, was the attribute of that scene. The sun was high, the air keen, the colours of mountain and glen in varied chain, of Heaven's azure, and earth's unstable deep of untrod waters, were almost unreal in their garishness. A snow-white sail drifted along in its perilous course through these ever-turbulent waves: now it was laid horizontal with the purple element—now, bravely breasting its current, it bore onwards for the little bay concealed from their view by the peaked and jagged cliffs. "The issues of life and death are on that little sea," said Edward, his voice mechanically obeying his thought, "they are with us on our homeward journey. Storm and shine, perturbation and pleasantness: thus is it with nature and with ourselves."

And now the minutes sped away, the last adieus were made, and Monsieur and Madame de Martel embraced their young companion, so long the child of their adoption, with the kindness, but also with the indifferent calmness of age. The crazy vehicle, called *une remise de poste*, creaked under its weight of conceivable and inconceivable parcels and packages, provided for their comfort by Madame. Little Guy, the lusty, was roaring at the very top of

his diapason, not because he quitted the old couple, who had indeed begged hard that he should be left with them, but that his rabbits and his pony, the white owl, and the brown tortoise, could not be accommodated with seats in the carriage. After a sufficient number of kicks and cuffs bestowed on Christian Marillac, the latter at last pacified him by the intimation that his arch-pet, the Mont St. Bernard mastiff, was not only to accompany him, but to be considered his own peculiar property from that time ever more.

No incidents of mark chequered their route, as they descended the heights of Savoy, and wended their way through some of the dreariest land in France. Who, in these days of travel, knows not the peculiar character of transport in *La belle France?* Interesting towns interspersed between dirty desolate villages, and favoured sites vouchsafed, after hours and hours of monotonous interminable tracts: lands in high cultivation, and then Paris. Such was their journey. Arrived at the picturesque and *puante* town of Boulogne, an opportunity was afforded them of contrasting its ill-bred and greedy populace, in the short interval of three hours, with that of the opposite coast of Fatherland—Folkestone. The latter, if rough, were at least civil, and honest, and manly of demeanour.

Gladly, after so incessant a fatigue, did Leah lay her aching head beside the couch of her child; while Edward—imbued with that additional respect for his country, that an absence from its shores, and a comparison of its claims with those of other nations, nearly always induces—strolled on the uplands as far as Sandgate, ere aware of the length of his walk and the lateness of the hour. The following morning Leah proved, by the brightness of her eye, and the tender bloom of her cheek, that good beds, breakfast, and attendance, had sufficiently rallied her slender strength. During their passage through that lovely county, in which lay the alienated estates of the disinherited-by-fate! *she* also did ample justice to Fatherland. May a blessing fall upon every honest heart within its limits. *We* will not follow the practice of the worlding and the fashionist, of contemning its climate and deriding its very culture—of neglecting its abundant harmonies of *home*liness and the peaceful placidity of self-respect, for the most part, garnered up within its habitations. Only look at the prevalent plenty, and you will gather evidences of the activity of our minds: only look at our cleanly attire and countenances, and you will see reflected in them, the intelligent, simple, and straight-forward impulses that move our purposes. In England's vast metropolis—within its crowded cities of machinery—among its over-worked population—even amid its rural homesteads, and its most sylvan villages—there shall be found instances of appalling, unnecessary crime, and natures hideously perverted! Cases of peculation and theft, and baseness, and treachery; and incredible superstition, and worse brutality. What then? human nature, by what dread means we are darkly enlightened, is thus constituted: satanic, angelic, mortal; doomed is it to life, and death, and punishment. But crime in England is solitary—its cases are isolated and apart, its instances for the most part, to be traced to natural causes. Indeed, considering its million-mass, surely we may say that if in Fatherland culprits

> Come by twos and threes,
> Elsewhere they come by swarms.

And then what redemption for the aggregate? What goodness and loving charity we meet with among the poor—what liberal and statesman-like views among the rich—what cultivated respectable decencies among its medium classes—what science among its literary—what learning among its judicial—what spirit and enterprise among its commercial—what healthful, skilful activity in its mechanical coteries! What nation the first threw off the ugly mantle of prejudice, and experimentalised in freedom? What nation, *par excellence*, ever leads the van in cosmopolitan charities? Again we say Fatherland—wealthy, wondrous Fatherland—with all its faults social and political—still—a model for other nations—for the world!

Such pleasant musings, no doubt waited upon our travellers in their transit through our island. But, in accordance with the maxims of the old satirist, the sweet had its bitter, at least for one of the party. Some thirty miles short of the metropolis, as Edward Neville cast his eye over one of the richest districts of that noble region, down went all that fabric of philosophy which he had built up when there was nothing to assail it, and which had kept its perpendicular just so long as it was unmolested. Reader! do not despise his feebleness of mind by contrasting it with the sublime theories of the worthies of the olden time. It was easy for the most renowned sage of Greece to preach to his disciples contempt of riches, when he himself had five millions sterling out at usury: and so would it have been for the heir of Oversley, to have discoursed you philosophy, like any sucking dove, had his household goods not been shivered about his ears, and his broad acres become the spoil of the stranger.

It was towards midnight that a travelling carriage drove rapidly through Portland-place, and drew up at the door of the Jew banker. A sleepy porter answered the bell, and, without question, admitted two persons that descended from it and abruptly entered. He knew them not—neither sought who they might be, for disorder and misrule had fallen upon the rich

man's house, and his retainers served but for a price, and he lay alone with death, as England's greatest Minister had done before—without a hand to wipe the dew of the grave from his brow, or an eye to look compassion on his last agony. The travellers had reached the dying man's chamber, unnoticed and unmolested, when one passed from a door adjacent to it and interrupted their entrance. He was a youth, stamped deeply with the marks of his tribe.

"Alone, my lady," he said, "and gently; it is for life. I would you had come sooner—I have expected you painfully. He has not ceased to breathe, though 'tis hard to say he lives; the breath has not departed from him, for I have been noting the respirations, albeit they grow more feeble and unfrequent every hour. By his command I left his bedside as night set in—he desired no companions in his last moments but his thoughts . . . . I knew where they were—it is some instalment of the gratitude I owe him that I am the instrument of uniting him in death with one his estrangement from whom he has paid for with life . . . Lose no time—seek him softly, and alone."

"Oh Edward!" said the child, moved for the first time by the stern, strong sympathy of nature. "Oh, Edward, desert me not in this bitter trial: I cannot command my emotions: I am not of those who wear their feelings as their outward gear; I cannot control myself to meet my father in this straight as it is fit I should: be with me, that I throw myself not upon his breast, and kill him."

"My lady," rejoined the youth, laying his hand strongly upon Edward's arm, who was about to support his wife to this solemn interview, "Sir Edward Neville and myself will be close to you, but unseen by my master; you must meet him alone—pardon me, that I say you must."

With a footstep light as the snow falls, Leah passed the threshold of the death chamber—a gorgeous place of rare pictures, and mirrors, and porcelain, and all the appliances of taste and wealth. It was lit by an antique lamp of bronze, which stood upon a tripod of ebony inlaid with pearls. For a moment she paused as one bewildered and sore afraid, and then cast her eyes, wildly, and with desperate courage, upon the bed, where, shrouded by curtains of costly damask, lay her only parent, already half a tenant of the tomb. Wasted he was, and fleshless as a skeleton, and his eyes were all but sealed to light and life, and motionless he was as a statue, save that his long, lank fingers, oscillated at intervals with a motion just perceptible, which seemed to signify some purpose rather than the mere unconscious working of the nerves. For awhile she stood gazing her soul out upon that piteous spectacle—silent, and giving no sign—while the love that should have spread its influence over every hour of her existence, concentrated like a whirlpool at her heart.

Thus for a space, which fell on her soul like an eternity, she stood; and then in words that would not be controlled, she cried, "Oh, my father! it is your child: have you no blessing for her ere you die—no benediction to herald an eternal meeting?" and she dropped to the floor. Her husband had already borne her from the chamber, which was again still and silent as a sepulchre, when first the accents of her voice came to the dying man's ear—an echo of a sound—and as the sun, no longer seen by mortal eye, still gilds and gladdens the summits of the everlasting mountains! The blood which the touch of death had congealed, once more flows warmly and wildly in his veins: the filmy eye flashes with fiery brightness—the ashy cheek puts on the red livery of health. There is no sound, but he hears a voice none other hears: there is no form in that solitary chamber, but he sees a shape no other eyes can see: the last hour of danger and distress is upon him; but the dawn of the sorrow that endureth for a night hath begun: his last smile hails the advent of the joy that cometh with the morning of immortality!

This strange, unearthly scene, had not passed without a witness. While Edward soothed with gentle words and re-assurances, his weeping wife in the waiting-closet occupied by the young Jew, that faithful servant had returned to his station at the side of his departing master. He found him rallied, at least, to all appearance, by the excitement he had undergone. There was, again, expression in his eye, and though speech was gone, he who had so long watched his looks, was aware of their meaning. The vibration of the hand told him of a requirement he speedily supplied. The youth placed writing materials before him, and with an effort that was for the while more powerful than the fell enemy whose fetters chained him, the old Jew traced his latest will in words and characters as emphatic and distinct as he might have declared it in the time of his freshest energy. A few minutes sufficed for its completion, and, pointing with his skeleton hand, he raised himself, and awaited its perusal by his attendant. The young man read, and at the last paragraph turned his flooded eyes from the paper and bowed lowly. In obedience to another signal, he subscribed his name to it; and, raising his look to receive further instructions, he saw his master fall backward upon his pillow, as one overtaken by a sudden sleep—Simeon Marsena was dead!

Upon the kibes of the catastrophe at the castle of the Nevilles, came the marriage of Rose Kennedy with the heir of the great London banker, to throw the peaceful village of

King's Oversley into excitement. Even the rumour that such an event was about to occur created an extraordinary sensation among its maiden population, every Phillis and Phœbe carrying herself toward her previous Lubin and Strephon, as though intimation had arrived of a colony of young bachelor bankers being about to immigrate thither for the purpose of laying in a supply of wives. Rural finery was presently at a premium, and once more the tap at the Crown was in full work, for the forsaken swains took to pouring copious libations of its home-brewed, to the memory of their departed hopes.

Never since the days of the Duke Aranza, or the Lord of Burleigh, immortalized by Alfred Tennyson, was there a more fair or graceful village bride sought and won by city gentle than she whom Lionel Marsena bore from her lowly cottage to the ocean metropolis, to sojourn for the honey-moon. Old Foster had been industriously "seen up" for the nonce, and actually proposed to do two post-obits for £250, at five hundred per cent., instead of the one applied for! Lionel thought he was mad; but being far from sane himself, took it all in good part, and having gained Brighton four hours after his father-in-law said the final amen over his hymeneals, sat down to his fate at the Bedford hotel in the spirit of a most satisfactory philosophy.

But as—who is it has said, or rather who is it has not said?—there is no such thing as happiness complete on this side of the grave. When they turned their backs upon King's Oversley the bride and bridegroom were as happy as their hearts could hold, and as for old Kennedy, who shared the opposition bench of the britscha with the poodle, he was ready to jump out of his new jerkin and black silk hose. And thus it continued till dinner, at which a pair of young Lancers that Marsena had accidentally encountered on the Chain-pier, were invited to assist. The lovers were, of course, remarkably bad company to everybody but themselves, so, for want of better occupation, the soldiers set about making the parish clerk drunk, taking him, very probably, for a dignitary of the church, from the style in which he imbibed his wine. A fifty years' course of strong beer, however, had made old Kennedy almost invulnerable to all attacks of the grape, and it was not till late in the evening that, between hock, champagne, claret, burgundy, and excitement, they managed to get him a little elevated. Hereupon they besought him with great earnestness for a song, and it was when the groom, who was ogling the moon from the balcony, with his arm round his lady-love's waist, heard him strike up "All people that on earth do dwell" (as he was wont at early service through his nose), that he felt the first atom of extraneous matter mingle with his draught of bliss. However, it was Thursday, and as the performer would be required in his own orchestra in a couple more days, there was balm in Gilead.

Duly the good old clerk of Oversley set forth on his return, having first blessed his children with a fervour that would have ensured a blessing could the sincerity of a prayer be the father of its purpose. Hardly had he departed when a visitor was announced to supply the place of a bore by the presence of a far more dangerous animal. It was Mason the lawyer, and the young bridegroom had lived long enough to know that an attorney belonged to the species hyena of the human race. The withdrawal of the waiter was the signal for the legal gentleman to open his business. The pleading began by setting forth the various services of the petitioner, the zeal with which he had conducted his client's affairs, the skill he had displayed in their management, and the usual modest allusion the profession is accustomed to make to its own merits. While he spoke Marsena was considering whether he should throw him out of the window or try to get rid of him by the door, and, had he not interrupted him on the threshold of an observation he was beginning, touching the exertions of Hoskins the higgler and his party, it is most probable the first of these alternatives would have been that decided on. However, fortunately for both, the Hebrew's patience broke down, and, desiring him to state in one word what he wanted, was answered to the letter of his request—Money!

"You have your bill with you, I presume," said Marsena.

"No," answered the attorney, "I don't want to trouble you about business just now, but let me have some Money!"

"There are fifty pounds," returned Lionel, throwing him a bank note for that sum, "place it to the credit of your demand against me for law expenses."

"To the credit of our general account," replied Mason, significantly, as he took his leave.

This was the second unpalatable ingredient in the young husband's wassail cup.

There is a sort of conventional understanding, that Brighton is to be despised as a marine residence; everybody speaks damagingly of it as a sea-side resort, but everybody goes there at seasons regulated by their social assortments: plebeians in summer, and persons of condition in the winter. The latter are the most right, for it is the port at which Autumn embarks for the south, and where the last glimpse of her is to be caught. In especial, it is suited to those whose necessities compel them to waste their honeymoon in November, among the British islands. That dreary month did our wedded pair pass, as it might have been in Tempé; their chariot keeping company each

afternoon with the coursers of the sun, in their promenade of the cliff from Kemptown to Hove: their dinners at the Bedford serenaded by the purple waters, as they "gently split upon the beach:" their morning, noon, and night, occupied in gentle offices.

Thus sped the time gracefully and gratefully, while the moon twice filled her horns, about the extreme period to which the *dolce far niente* will apply. The middle of December had arrived, and it had already been mooted whether Paris might not be conveniently tried till Easter should make our own metropolis habitable, when a letter from Foster, the lawyer, summoned the young Jew instantly to town, with the announcement that his father was no more. A few hours sufficed for preparation, and their passage to London, and the daughter of the parish clerk of Oversley is lady of one of the proudest mansions in Portland-place. Such is life in a state of the highest civilisation: full of change and chance, unknown to the wildest vicissitudes of the houseless people of the desert.

On the morning following the death of Simeon Marsena, Edward Neville and his wife removed to an hotel in the vicinity, and in the evening Lionel and his bride arrived. In the interval the various depositaries of the banker's securities and other valuables had been sealed by his secretary, and as no reference was made to the disposition of his property, the son entered upon the possession of his father's establishment without knowing that he had any title to it, or that his tenure would last beyond the period at which it is customary to enter into such investigation. For reasons arising out of the ceremonies of the Hebrew church, Neville did not attend the funeral of his father-in-law, and it was not till the usual meeting, which succeeded that ceremony for the purpose of investigating the manner in which the deceased had disposed of his vast wealth, that the young men met since the occurrence of an event that brought them in such near relation.

The interview was not cordial or true on either side: to the one it was painful, to the other embarrassing. Each had cause of complaint against the other—each had wrong at the other's hands—and each felt resentment against the other,not for the injury he had suffered, but for that which he had inflicted. Sweet, we are told, are the uses of adversity—most excellent of all the services which could be rendered man's philosophy,would be the dispensation that should permit him to have experience of the last stage of all—the reading of his testament. Upon the principle probably that extremes meet, a company that has but now witnessed the catastrophe of the maxim "all is vanity," return to the scrutiny of real property, bills, bonds, and money in the funds, and the drawing of death's lottery, with as fresh eagerness and acute anticipation as if the assets of the defunct could bestow eternal youth, and health, and "ready money."

The party assembled to witness this instructive ceremony in Portland Place was a select one, but not for that reason wanting in the elements which usually constitute similar solemnities. There were present the son, the son-in-law, and the friends of the deceased (which means those who have expectations from him—for friendship is the sublimation of faith and hope), retainers dropping the tears of which legacies are born—and of course, the attorney—because that is a species of ghoul that never leaves a victim alive or dead, so long as it is on the face of the earth. After a tolerably decent silence, an old Rabbi—driven to desperation respecting the fate of a carbuncle ring the defunct used to wear on his fore-finger—spoke out and intimated that the time was ripe for the production of the will. Therefore, the vampire drew forth from his pocket sundry papers, and commenced reading one of them. This devised his property one way; then he read a second that disposed of it in another; then a third which revoked the second—and so forth, till he had got to the end of the bundle—playing with the hopes and fears, the gratitude and abhorrence, the veneration and scorn, the delight and the consternation of his audience, as a cat does with a mouse, or a coquette with a lover. At length he came to the last—made but a few weeks before his death, whereby, for causes not set forth, he annulled all previous dispositions of his real and personal estates, bequeathing his enormous wealth, with the exception of a small annuity to his secretary, to his only son, without stipulation or reservation of any kind whatever.

The only individuals present, on whom this extraordinary announcement had no effect, were Edward Neville, and the confidant of the testator. The will, of which he was a subscribing witness, he pronounced a document in the drawing up of which he had been employed, and whose contents he knew to be in accordance with the wishes of his late master.

"And now," he asked, addressing the legal functionary, "I presume that is the instrument on which you intend taking probate."

"Just so, Mr. Secretary," answered the man of law—"have you any objection in consequence of the annuity to which you are entitled under it?"

"None on that account," said the young Jew—and the meeting broke up.

As he left the room, Neville bowed slightly to Marsena; and was as coldly responded to. The rest went their way grumbling each his particular feeling of disgust at the end made by the *millionaire:* "Humph," soliloquised the Rabbi, drawing his tunic around him, and

A MILE FROM KING'S OVERSEY.

shaking off the dust from his garments as he passed into the street: "he got his money like a rogue and parted with it like a fool." But should not this discontent be set down to the account of the carbuncle ring rather than the priest after the order of Moses?

To postpone a disagreeable affair, that must be done soon or late, is like toying with a cold bath; the longer you put it off the less you are fitted for it, and the more you shrink from the performance. Nevertheless, it could hardly be expected Neville would volunteer the news he had to communicate to his wife on his return, and therefore it will be understood why he claimed the privilege of adjourning his communication till Guy was put to bed, and evening had brought on the hour of confidence. But at last the tale was told, and the hearts of those who found themselves crushed by the tempest which fell upon the summer of their hopes, were drawn closer by the sympathy of sorrow than the bonds of peace and joy had ever bound them. Think of the prodigals who throw away the only gift the world cannot give or take! As there remained something still to be arranged about the Oversley estates, Edward was compelled, though reluctantly, to continue in London. Having, therefore, procured a less expensive place of abode than that to which he had gone on his arrival, he set himself earnestly to dispose of the matter in hand, having resolved to go into the country with the first day of spring.

In Portland-place a princely household was in formation, and a scheme of gorgeous pageantry laid out in anticipation of the coming season. It is said that a miser's capital runs through his heir's fingers like quicksilver; but the fact is less popular, that of all inheritances a Hebrew's birthright is that most frequently sold for a mess of pottage—or some other vanity. Shakspeare, indeed, by whom no phase of character has been left untouched, gives us a hint of this quality, and makes Tubal tell Shylock his daughter has bartered a jewel of great price for a monkey; but we do not find it made a part of the Jewish idiosyncrasy, that the second generation in almost every instance dissipates the substance gained by the first with infinite thrift and industry—to say nothing of less legitimate means. Such, nevertheless, is the case, and Lionel Marsena was no exception to the rule. Perhaps, more excuse might be made for him than the common herd of spendthrifts. In addition to the instinct of *parvenuism*, which leads its victims to over-dress and over-equipage and over-entertain, in the attempt to make up by quantity their lack of quality—the extreme beauty of his wife, or rather his own vain-glory in it, induced him to deck her with every appliance of luxury and magnificence; moreover her genealogical tree needed emblazonry, and, what with this reason and that unreason, he was pouring forth his gold as his progenitor would not have spilt dross. Thus did the season of his world-envied happiness set in. Very soon his career became invested with grave cares and stark anxieties—the natural attendants of riches and degree.

Herman Leutzner was the son of a German housekeeper, who died in the service of Simeon Marsena. She was said to be well born, and the widow of an officer of rank that was killed leaving her nothing, and an infant to support out of it. The lad at a very early age was taken as a clerk into the Jew's bank, and thence subsequently

removed to be his confidential secretary. The youth was not a favourite with any one except his master, for his appearance was unpleasing and his manners cold and reserved. Even with old Marsena his intercourse was confined to the matter of his duty, for though he frequently dined with him, and was understood to be one of the family, his association with it was ever on the footing of a stranger as well as a dependant. This, however, was his own doing, for the shrewd man of the world felt that he had a valuable servant, and the man of nature that he had a warm friend, devoted to his interest in the portionless orphan, and requited such heart service with affectionate gratitude. From the hour of his master's death this young man had watched the lives of Lionel and Edward, as good or evil spirits are said to do. No passage of their existences was unknown to him: he saw everything that befel them, and he pondered on its origin and consequence; its cause and effect. He lived for them and not himself, in a small room in a poor lodging-house, in a mean street, that was conveniently situated for his purpose. Thence he could sally in the morning and return at midnight, unwearied with long vigil, unmoved by repulse, careless of personal suffering; all his end and aim being to learn the true characters of those over whose actions he was the self-constituted spy.

He had not been a month thus engaged, when he became aware that the position of Lionel Marsena was such as bespoke something out of joint. The manner and look of the Jew would have betrayed this to a more indifferent observer; but, independent of these outward signs of illease, he had noted that there were visitors at Portland-place, who ill beseemed it. One or two truculent-looking fellows were constantly lurking near the door; and a person of most equivocal appearance passed in and out with a familiarity that boded bad habits or worse taste in the proprietor—or whoever he might visit. Of all this he made mark and comment, and also of scenes it cast into goodly relief.

Almost as often as the churlish sun would bestow an hour's smile upon the noontide, he was accustomed to see a youthful pair issue from the garden-gate of a villa in St. John's Wood, with a child—a boy—who was attended by a foreigner, and a noble dog that appeared to be also in waiting upon the youngest of the party. It was a group that a stranger could not pass without interest; it was one on which the young German would gaze with emotions of which the surface of his nature gave no promise. Thus lived this youth for an object that he had devoted himself to for years, and to which he addressed himself as soon as the occasion arose, with a unity of purpose far more intense than any personal considerations could have begot. From the hour that perception gave direction and impulse to his mind and heart he became the voluntary slave of Simeon Marsena. Whether this was the effect of natural attraction, or the allegience which the lesser pays as tribute to the greater spirit, such was the connection between the master and his servant.

The welfare of his benefactor was the sole motive and effort of his life: not alone as regarded his worldly interests and engagements; but in all that shared his solicitude or claimed his affection. As he grew more familiar with the banker's social position, he learnt his large advances to Sir Percy Neville for his elections, and his intention to carry out those arrangements which subsequently brought him to Oversley Court. The depth of his attachment to his daughter—as the chosen agent of his ambition—needed no better proof than the pecuniary sacrifices he proposed making with a view to giving her a station in society which should put her on a footing with the most distinguished, for fortune and possessions. Leah Marsena, he had known up to the period of her leaving England for Switzerland—and she was not one to be known and not loved. She departed, as has been told, with M. and Mdme. de Martel, and thus secured still more entirely the good offices of the secretary, who now felt it to be his duty to watch over the fortunes of one who was, so to speak, the other and the dearer self of his patron. It was during that brief and disastrous visit to Kent, that the actual situation of Leah was revealed to him: not that Marillac was a traitor, but that the subtlety of the German drew from him so much as enabled him to arrive at the general facts: while all the chief actors, the baronet, his son, and Marsena, were occupied and absorbed in their own affairs, he was a spectator; with leisure and opportunity for looking on, and reasons for exercising his observation.

Long before, he had made himself acquainted with the intimacy between Leah and Edward Neville, which grew out of their abode under the same roof, a fact of which he was cognisant almost as soon as it had commenced. Without any other evidence, the first glimpse of Guy Neville would have assured him whose child he was; but if other proof had been wanting it was thrown in his way, from the accident of Marillac's having left the letters he was taking to Dover from Edward to his wife, on the table of an ante-room. On this man's movements the German was a spy; we do not set ourselves to show that the object sanctified the means; we draw him and his measures as they existed. Though born and bred among Englishmen, he possessed the peculiarity of the land of his parents, as wholly as though he had never passed its confines. He was filled with the transcendental philosophy of Kant and the poetical morality of Schiller: but his views were just, though taken obliquely; his end always good and honourable, however questionable the path

by which he sought it. As he followed his benefactor step by step in his career, he could not choose but applaud the sagacity and perfection of his worldly policy, nor avoid seeing the petulance and perversity of his social theories. The abstract happiness of the object he alone loved and reverenced, was, as has been said, the principle of this visionary's being. He knew full well that to attempt to order the course of Marsena's conduct would be as hopeless as to tell the tide of flood to ebb; but he was a silent and a careful spectator of that which was enacting, resolved, although the actor was beyond his influence, when he had passed from the scene the drama of his life should have a happy catastrophe. The chance that placed in his power the instrument for controlling the destinies of his children he regarded as a power delegated from above, for working out the office of his life. The last will of the banker, by which he made final disposition of his property, was confided to his keeping; he believed it his mission so to deal with that paper, that the object compassed by the maker while living should be brought to pass, after he was dead. "He would have made the most deserving his heir," he argued with himself; "it was but an accident of mortality that prevented him; it is ordained for me to complete that work, a worthy and a grateful oblation." We may question the morality of such reasoning, but how may we arraign its virtue?

Herman Leutzner inherited these impressions of immaterialism, which belong constitutionally to the German character. This mystery of hereditary instinct we see in all human beings: we know its uses to the lower animals; wherefore man is influenced by it is hidden from us. This consequence, however, is deducible from it, that the accident of birth and position is one which mainly affects the good and evil of his life. By this is meant the operation and influence of descent upon races, for character is a fruit that needs time before it assumes the distinctive properties of a class. The vast importance of this chance-medley position, like that great miracle, life, attracts but little observance because of its familiarity. He who has never left the spot of his birth lives with it on decent domestic terms, occasionally, perhaps, wishing himself at the Antipodes, but, for the most part, tolerating it with fortitude; Goldsmith, in his "Traveller," indeed, tells us that the spirit of nationality, the love of country, attaches the native to the soil whence he sprung, even for the natural ills he has at its hands. If this be so, with what feelings must the Englishman, whose lot is cast in other climes, think of the home of his hope, his Fatherland.

One of the most subtle thinkers of our time has well described this operation of objects on the natural and moral tendencies of the human race. The internal influence derived from the constitution of the mind, from which they flow, he says, produces that peculiar modification of actions which makes them intrinsically good or evil. To attain an apprehension of the importance of this distinction, let us visit, in imagination, the proceedings of some metropolis. Consider the multitude of human beings who inhabit it, and survey, in thought, the actions of the several classes into which they are divided. Their obvious actions are apparently uniform; the stability of human society seems to be maintained sufficiently by the uniformity of the conduct of its members, both with regard to themselves and with regard to others. The labourer rises at a certain hour and applies himself to the task assigned him. The functionaries of government and law are regularly employed in their offices and courts; the trader holds a line of conduct from which he never deviates; the ministers of religion employ an accustomed language, and maintain a decent and a gentle regard. The army is drawn forth; the motions of every soldier are such as they were expected to be; the general commands, and his words are echoed from troop to troop. The domestic actions of men are, for the most part, indistinguishable one from the other, at a superficial glance. The actions which are classed under the general appellation of marriage, education, friendship, &c., are perpetually going on, and, to a superficial glance, are similar one to the other.

But if we would see the truth of things, they must be stripped of this fallacious appearance of uniformity. In truth, no one action has, when considered in its whole extent, any essential resemblance with any other. Each individual who composes the vast multitude which we have been contemplating, has a peculiar frame of mind, which, whilst the features of the great mass of his actions remain uniform, impresses the minor lineaments with its peculiar hues. Thus, whilst his life, as a whole, is like the lives of other men, in detail it is most unlike; and the more subdivided the actions become, that is, the more they enter into that class which have a vital influence on the happiness of others and his own, so much the more they are distinct from those of other men.

> Those little nameless, unremembered acts,
> Of kindness and of love,

as well as those deadly outrages which are inflicted by a look, a word, or less—the very refraining from some faint and evanescent expression of countenance; these flow from a profounder source than the series of our habitual conduct, which, it has been already said, derives its origin from without. These are the actions, and such as these, which make human life what it is, and are the fountain of all the good and evil with which its entire surface is so widely and impartially overspread; and, though they are called minute, they are called so in compliance with the blindness of those who cannot estimate their importance. It is in the due appreciation

of the general effects of their peculiarities, and in cultivating the habit of acquiring decisive knowledge respecting the tendencies arising out of them in particular cases, that the most important part of moral science consists. The deepest abyss of these vast and multitudinous caverns it is necessary that we should visit.

This is the difference between social and individual man. Not that this distinction is to be considered definite or characteristic of one human being as compared with another; it denotes rather two classes of agency, common in a degree to every human being. None is exempt indeed from that species of influence which affects, as it were, the surface of his being, and gives the specific outline to his conduct. Almost all that is ostensible submits to that legislature created by the general representation of the past feelings of mankind, imperfect as it is, from a variety of causes, as it exists in the government, the religion, and domestic habits. Those who do not nominally, yet actually submit to the same power. The external features of their conduct, indeed, can no more escape it than the clouds can escape from the stream of wind; and his opinion, which he often hopes he has dispassionately secured from all contagion of prejudice and vulgarity, would be found, on examination, to be the inevitable excrescence of the very usages from which he reluctantly dissents. Internally all is conducted otherwise; the efficiency, the essence, the vitality of actions, derives its colour from what is no ways contributed to from any external source. Like the plant, which, while it derives the accident of its size and shape from the soil in which it springs, and is cankered, or distorted, or inflated, yet retains those qualities which essentially divide it from all others; so that hemlock continues to be poison, and the violet does not cease to emit its odour, in whatever soil it may grow.

As time wore on, it seemed to Leutzner that a crisis approached in the affairs of Lionel Marsena. And such was the fact, but not as the circumstances portended. To the keen eye of the young German it was manifest that the son of his master was involved in some great difficulty; daily the dilemma, whatever it might be, gave signs of becoming more and more pressing; his house was beset by ill-favoured men; there was hurry and mystery abroad, and an ominous solitude within. For months it was in this kind of portentous siege, when, all at once, those who so long had beleagured it, disappeared, and the Jew came forth as one released from some sore disquiet, and feasting and revelry reigned paramount.

The explanation is soon given. The death of old Marsena was the signal for Mason and his gang to set upon his successor, first with entreaties for money, then with demands, and finally with threats. Their victim knew himself in their power, so far as his place in society was to be affected by the case they could make against him, and he bought their silence, careless of cost; but the insolence of Mason's bearing was neither to be bought off nor to be endured. In the extremity of his perplexity he had gone forth to consult with his law agent how far it might be possible, without a public collision and exposure, to rid himself of the vagabonds that persecuted him, when, at his return, Rose informed him she had had a visitor during his absence.

"It was Morris Mason, Lionel," she said, anxiously, and with a perception that showed the allusion was not a pleasant one. "He told me he long knew and bitterly regretted the annoyance you were suffering from his father, and he would have interfered sooner to put an end to it, could he have done so effectually. How he succeeded in obtaining the means he desired to keep within his own breast. I believe it was by possessing himself of circumstances connected with his father's life it behoved the lawyer should be secret. The conditions made by Morris were, that all papers belonging to you should be handed over to him, and a pledge given that you should henceforth be unmolested. He told me he had solemnly sworn to publish the facts he had acquired affecting his father's personal safety the first moment the latter obligation was broken, or trifled with; and his father, as well as I do, knows he is not one to break his word, Lionel! Morris Mason's is a good and kind spirit," and she turned away as one who did not desire her looks should be a commentary on her speech. Here was a passage of sublime self-denial, of magnanimity of soul, unsurpassed by the most renowned achievements of the sages and worthies of the schools, performed by a rustic youth, who, haply, had never heard of Socrates or Plato; there is more in a sound mind and a true heart "than are dreamt of in your philosophy."

The new year had commenced, and with it the new proprietor of the Jew banker's money and mansion entered upon what is called a life of pleasure. It is customary to allude to the pursuit of enjoyment as followed by the aristocracy, sneeringly. You hear of the toil they undergo in the chase; of the satiety that succeeds it. But, in truth, the abstract notion of pleasure seems pretty much the same in prince or peasant. Your noble eats and drinks too much always, for every day is with him a feast day; your clown does so whenever he has an opportunity; what constitutes his anticipations of Christmas but a surfeit of beef, pudding, and strong beer? Whether Lionel Marsena and his fair lady came off worse or better than their neighbours, in their search after gratification, cannot be determined till they have had enduring trial. They certainly set about their bu-

siness as if resolved that a failure should not be attributed to the campaign having opened without the proper munitions. They began operations with a *batterie de cuisine*, the particulars whereof could not be put to paper without the writer running the risk of a fit of the gout. There were maitres d'hotel, grooms of the chambers, ladies' women and gentlemen's gentlemen, "in awful array:" pages, footmen, butlers, porters, dress-coachmen and undress coachmen, postilions, tigers, helpers, and the like, prevailed in the ratio of the followers of an Indian camp—with half-a-dozen French cooks for ordinary occasions; there was a reinforcement from Gunter's for state days; claret and sherry for kitchen wines; pastiles for burning in the stables, a conservatory for bouquets for the waiting men on duty; and hot-house fruits for the second table. Such was the beginning of house-keeping on the part of a gentleman whose father entered upon his gastronomical studies with a course of cow heel and tripe, diluted with the element as the rule, and swipes as the exception.

Herman Lentzner looked as one of the philosophical spirits of his Fatherland might have done upon the *ménage* of Portland-place. What he thought it is not for us to declare; what he did was more earnestly to address himself to a surveillance of Edward Neville and his economy. The year had not dawned promisingly upon him. The scrutiny of his affairs was as little calculated to raise the spirits of one, situated as he was, as can be conceived. Not only was every acre of his property likely to be brought to a peremptory sale, by foreclosure of mortgages, but several heavy liabilities in which he had joined his father, would still remain to be provided for. He was penniless, and would most probably be considerably in debt beside—a condition of things which his education had not fitted him to grapple with, either practically or theoretically. But he was young, and with energies which, if ill-nurtured and misdirected, furnished the germs that might yet yield a healthful harvest. He was young, and hopeful, with honest confidence in himself, and burning incitement to exertion. Spring, too, had come, and he felt the elasticity of the season at his heart.

"Leah," he said to his young and fond wife, "we must away from this place: there is need I should be doing, and I would fain begin to live as becomes a man where I commenced to exist as a child. I have already made provision for your reception in Kent—on a homely scale, indeed, but one you may find not without content. Had I more pride than nature, I should avoid in the hour of my poverty the scenes in which I was known in prosperity. But I am not so constituted, and I seek to breathe the air of my native valley, that I may feel there is at least one thing of which fate cannot deprive me—the blessed elixir of my childhood. We will go."

A mile from King's Oversley, stood a small white cottage, with a roof of thatch and a modest domain of an acre or so of broken copse and lawn, through which a bubbling brook twined in fantastic mazes. The little dwelling was laced with woodbine, jessamine, clematis, and such like embellishments of rustic architecture. Around it spread a turf of living green, and fair groves of sycamore, hazel, and young chesnut trees; for, though here and there a monarch oak or lime might be seen towering in pride of place, grace was its characteristic, not grandeur. Prodigal as the land is in scenes of the picturesque, and spots which are the poetry of rural comfort, you could not have passed without feeling it was the exception to its class. You saw, indeed, no aristocratic deer lounging among its shades or toying with the sheen banquet of its verdure; but the slim shapes and snowy fleeces of its tiny herds and flocks bespoke their owner one who made provision as well for his taste as his convenience. The neat wooden buildings appropriated to farm stock and stabling, were all of picturesque form and not without pretension to architecture. Indeed, mother Earth had never shone in such trim array of cheerfulness, had not the culture bestowed on and around that spot, been altogether a labour of love. The small meadows adjacent, richly bedight with the golden king-cup, were carefully enclosed. Their hedges of the common thorn were one entire sheet of blossoms, that diffused an unspeakable odour of sweetness through the atmosphere. Although but early spring, the grass looked ripe for the mower's scythe; the insect-tribe fluttered above it with a lulling hum, while the nightingale, hidden within bush and brake, poured forth a full tide of song.

In these miniature abodes there is often found a finish vainly striven after in larger demesnes. Thus it fared here. The parterres might have served the most skilful botanist for a model, so judiciously were they planted. The windows and glass door of the sitting-room opened familiarly upon the studded lawn as upon another and more choicely-pranked boudoir. The ground plan of the dwelling was simple in the extreme. A mere closet on either side flanked the above-named somewhat spacious apartment; above, four pleasant chambers were apportioned into two dressing-rooms and a sleeping-room; that for the child and his attendant comprising the whole. At the back of the house a rustic arcade of peeled but unhewn trunks of the young beech, round which were twined tendrils of flowering creepers, led to the servants' offices, as unpretending and as

appropriate to the rest as could well be conceived. Such was the abode fashioned by the fancy of the young farmer, Sir Edward Neville, for Leah and her child: and such, decorated by the remnants of luxury spared from the spoil of Oversley (and jealously stored for the occasion by its late steward), did they deem meet for every purpose of happiness or need. Leah often thought as she sat in what Guy termed the great room, that she had more pride in its gay chintzes than she could have felt as mistress of Oversley. Yet there was much of the court around her. Some magnificent old plate-glass, a few of the better pictures, a rare Indian chest with silver knobs and fine enamellings enshrining costly porcelain; marble consoles for flowers; above all, the work-table of Edward's mother, and her treasured book-case of ebony inlaid with ivory, filled with English classics: these were all from Oversley.

Among other valuables saved from the fire, was a quantity of French leather, of a light colour, stamped in stars of gold. It had been a *cadeau* from a *grande dame* at Paris to Sir Percy, and had never been used. Edward found it sufficient for the walls, and corresponding seats, of his dining closet, in which a large company would have fared ill, but which amply accommodated a small circle. A low-hung chandelier, a round table, and oaken sideboard, were purchased novelties; but the single portrait that hung over the fire-place was again a relic of Oversley, and often a source of bitter reminiscence to the young pioneer of a second and more humble fortune.

It was the likeness of a lady in quaint, but graceful costume; whose beaming fairness of complexion and loveliness of feature had been exquisitely limned by Lely. Amid the musings and abstraction of his boyhood, Edward had made it his beau-ideal of beauty; and as the "child's the father of the man," so his first mature sentiment of lasting attachment was awakened by the living being who so strikingly resembled the lady-love of his childish fancy. It may be remembered that he was more than ever impressed by this similarity when he first returned to the halls of his fathers, ere they were lost to him for ever. The picture, unlike the remainder of those in the gallery, had no name among the domestics, and it was a subject on which he had never thought to question his father. Yet that it was a family portrait he did not doubt, and, at any rate, he attached a value to its preservation, deemed by Leah highly complimentary to herself, and humorously she entitled it, his good genius.

The room on the other side had been arranged as a library by the joint efforts of husband and wife. Book-shelves running round it, of oak; tables and chairs of the same wood to correspond, covered with the handiwork of the slender fingers of the latter—a charming bay-window looking upon a sequestered patch of verdure, separated by lofty shrubs from the rest of the garden, and presenting for its further view a rich extent of hill and dale: such was Edward's study and *sanctum*. Here he retired when Leah's room was invaded by visitors, or, when he had need to strengthen his spirit against the casualties of life. It was not to be supposed, under the circumstances of his nurture, that he could ever be entirely transformed into the practical man of his position. It was much that he aspired to the title; and that, both by precept and example, he sought to inculcate in the pliant spirit of his vigorous child, a love for action, an ambition to be useful, a habit of observation. His avocations in the open air braced his body; the domestic affections increased the refinement of his mind, without enervating its powers. The respect felt for him by his former tenantry, and their appreciation of the motives which led him, in his fallen fortunes, with Roman heroism, to select the spot of his birth for their amendment, gave him, unconsciously, a sense of his rank and importance among them he had never experienced as heir of Oversley. He was constantly called upon to act as magistrate, as lawyer, as counsellor, and as father in their troubles and dissensions, and his *fiat* was their *law*.

Thus, if at times he pondered that he had not *altogether* fulfilled the purposes for which he was called into existence; and in *no* tittle that of his own high aspirations; there were more frequent hours of quiet heartfelt satisfaction—those in which he lay down to rest with thanksgiving and love, and arose with the dawn in hope and renovation. Without permitting their thoughts to dwell anxiously, or painfully, on possible, or remote contingencies, thus did Sir Edward and Lady Neville cherish the love that made them blessed, and learn to confine themselves within the narrow limits of the competence they earned. Did they occasionally pine for the exchange of congenial mental society, the tighter drew they the links of correspondence and fellowship with their few friends. There was one, poor and humble, in the latter category, who was never denied entrance and welcome at the White Farm. The moment of his appearance at the end of the farthest meadow was the signal for Guy to throw down book or pencil, spade or barrow, and commence his gambols for the day. The visitor was Gabriel Grant. With a bound and a leap, the little fellow would be on his back, ransacking his multifarious pockets, and unfailingly bringing out in triumph some trophy of the veteran's skill or kindness—some bauble for the "young squire." Under his tutelage,

Guy soon learnt to manœuvre as became a soldier, and to hold himself as upright as a drill-sergeant. When his fine spirit became too unruly, a word from Gabriel would tame it into decorum. Some said that, in this communion of extreme age and youth, many years had been stolen from old Grant: that his brow became less wrinkled, and his remaining leg more elastic.

But how fared it with those who had lost all that the world covets, and found a peasant's home and a peasant's life? Was Leah less happy, Edward less content? Ask this of those who can reason from experience, and you will meet no collision of opinion. Let ambition run its race of unstinted glory: let pride, pomp, and circumstance, feed fat with the world's good and men's observance—what is the goal of all?—a retreat of love and peace: a home of fond and gentle hearts! With fresh feelings and spirits, constituted to know the blessing vouchsafed them, the young couple entered upon a lot, to others not permitted, haply, till time has blunted their capacity for its enjoyment, as vividly as youth and health can estimate the true worth of rural enterprize and rural rest. Edward Neville had his fortune to carve out as best he might, and he entered upon his task with dignity of purpose, though with few extrinsic means to aid it. But does he turn to the past with repining, or find in its records food for his resolution and his hope? Nature has instructed him in her philosophy, and he knows how to extract from memory its healthful and hopeful properties. Full often he wanders over the sunny lawns of which he was the boon lord, views them not as blessings torn from him for ever—but for his good—withheld for a time. With his son beside him, he lingers beneath the noble woods of Oversley, and sees their future owner in a Neville—or lays him on his pillow, and realizes hope in dreams.

> Childhood's loved group revisits every scene;
> The tangled wood-walk, and the tufted green!
> Indulgent Memory wakes, and lo! they live.
> Clothed with far softer hues than Light can give.
> What softened views thy magic glass reveals
> When o'er the landscape Time's meek twilight steals!
> As when in ocean sinks the orb of day,
> Long on the wave reflected clusters play;
> Thy tempered gleams of happiness resigned
> Glance o'er the darkened mirror of the mind.

THE SPIRIT AT THE FOUNTAIN.

BY CHARLES H. HITCHINGS.

Of olden time, in fairy bowers—
  Among the many wonders there—
There sprang from out amidst the flowers
  A magic fountain bright and fair.
Its waters danced, like stars at night
  Which shoot adown the summer sky,
And sprinkled with their droplets bright
  Each elf and fay that wandered by.
Near to its spring young Love was seen
  Carved by some fairy chisel fine,
As, peering out from forth the green,
  He seemed to cry—"This fount is mine!"
And ever leapt the fountain bright
From midst the roses day and night.

A legend of an antique time
  Had told this fountain's virtue rare,
And hither came from every clime
  The spirits of the young and fair.
They came with vases bright and pure
  To bear those precious drops away,
Whose taste, the legend told, was sure
  To brighten sorrow's darkest day.
They sought the magic waters still,
  These spirits of our human kind,
Though some had sadly failed to fill,
  And some their vases left behind—
Went back to seek them—all in vain—
They never found the place again.

One morn—'twas in the early Spring—
  There came to seek the waters there,
With hopeful eye, and glittering wing,
  A human spirit, young and fair.
A vase within her arms she bore
  Of perfect crystal, bright and good,
So gentle was the look she wore,
  The fairies blessed her where she stood;
And prayed she might have strength to hold
  Her burden when the vase was filled.
She glanced upon the beads of gold
  Which at her feet the fount had spilled,
And with her vase all trustful crept
To where the fairy fountain leapt.

A moment more, and o'er the brim,
  The magic waters overflowed,
Her eye, so bright erewhile, grew dim,
  She tottered with her precious load.
A moment more—before her eyes
  Her crystal vase all broken lay—
She looked up to the pitying skies,
  And then all tearful turned away.
Scorn not the tale—her task is ours—
  In Joy's bright land our hearts to fill
From Love's sweet fount, that 'mid the flowers,
  E'en yet is flowing purely still.
And many a heart too weak to bear
Its load of bliss, hath perished there.

NATURE

BY JOHN LASH LATEY.

Nature in every varied change
To me seems beautiful and strange;
I cannot look where love has not
Shed its soft witchery o'er that spot.
How beautiful! when sunny skies
Deep blushing gleam with thousand dyes;
And earth, bright as the heavens above,
Looks up with answering smile of love.
Nor is boon nature only bright,
When calm she meets the raptured sight;
Though with the wing of tempest shrouded,
Her glories darkened with despair—
Yet Nature even then is fair,
Like beauty's brow with anger clouded!
But oh! more touching far to me
Her smile of sweet serenity.

When Morn its radiant robe hath flung
O'er fruit and flower, and herb and tree:
And birds their matin hymn have sung—
The incense of Divinity!
Then fair as at Creation's birth
Swell into light the things of earth.
At Noon how beauteous to behold
The heaven stretched like a sea of gold;
Through floods of fire his flaming way
Roll on the glorious god of day.
When dewy Eve steals soft along,
Half-hushed the wild bird's vesper song—
And sadly sighs the western gale—
And flowers their sweetest breath exhale—
Who hath not felt that hour impart
Its magic influence to the heart?
And beautiful the quiet sky,
With starry gems hung out on high,
At Midnight seems; the moon above
Glides on her silvery path of love;
Now shadowed like an eastern bride—
Beneath whose veil you might espy
The dazzling lustre of her eye,
And charms she blushing seems to hide:
Half concealing, half revealing,
Beauties we in vain might guess—
Till from her dark robe stealing,
She bursts in all her loveliness.

When furled the tempest's sable wing,
How gently Ocean heaves his breast!
Soft as an infant slumbering,
By its own murmurs lulled to rest.
By every breath of heaven caressed,
Nought then disturbs his quiet, save
Where seeks the halcyon a nest,
Safe pillowed on the sunny wave.
O! then what rapture 'tis to view
His vast expanse of mirrored blue;
To mark the sunbeams glancing there,
Like joy in hearts devoid of care;
How thrills the bosom then to see
Old Ocean's tranquil majesty!
Nor less when frowning in his might,
And darkly terrible as night,
He lifts his thundering waves on high,
And grimly battles with the sky.

The varied seasons as they roll,
Shed their sweet influence o'er the soul.

First, jocund Spring, with smiles and tears,
Motley as human hopes and fears,
Alternate mixed, comes tripping by,
With springing flowers and melody,
A phœnix from the Old Year's pyre,
More bright, more lovely than the sire.

Then Summer, like the bloom of life,
With all the charms of beauty rife,
Engirdled with her radiant tress,
As with the zone of loveliness—
Her sunny smiles on all bestowing;
While blush the flowers a deeper hue,
And gleams the sky more dazzling blue,
As bright her fairy gifts are glowing.

Then plenteous Autumn sweeps along,
With merry shouts and harvest song.

And hoary Winter comes at last,
Riding upon the northern blast:
I turn to where he reigns sublime,
The monarch of that frigid clime—
Where icebergs rear their awful form,
Like giant spirits of the storm;
Where oft the avalanche is hurled
From snow-clad capes that lift on high
Their scathèd summits to the sky—
Like requiem of a ruined world!
And there—'mid night and solitude—
In sullen state doth Winter brood.

Nature, in all thy varied forms—
Smiling with light, or clothed with storms—
I love thee still: thou art to me
A ceaseless source of ecstacy!
Though tranquil be the face of heaven,
Or there the thunder-clouds be driven;
Though Ocean smile as with delight,
Or scowling, lift his tempest might:
In every mood—in every change—
Still art thou beautiful and strange!
Oh! how can men pass careless by
Such scenes with half-averted eye?
Or coldly glancing, gaze around
Without one spirit-stirring bound?
I would not have a heart so cold—
Cast in such mean and sordid mould—
So dull, so passionless to be,
For all the wealth ere India gave:
No, never, till within the grave,
Such withering blight be flung o'er me:
When from my soul these joys depart,
Then be thou still my beating heart!

THE STORY OF JASPER BROOKE.

BY CHARLES WHITEHEAD.

PHILIP AND JULIA IN THE PRISON.

EVERY to-morrow has its birth
Of joy or sorrow, tears or mirth;
To Philip's morrow it is given,
To see guilt triumph on the earth,
And innocence in Heaven.
He hath been judged: another day
Shall not, from dawn to twilight grey,
In soft transition melt away,
Ere in submissive straightness laid
He sleep, his breathing cost defrayed,
A commoner with clay.
His hand's-turn done, his office ended;
Nought further to be made or mended,
Nought further to be saved or spent;
His arrows prone, his bow unbent;
Gone down to that old element,
Which claims its own, has, and *will* have,
For the fast feaster in the grave.

He hath been judged; his sentence just,
As human reason's blind award;
For who could Jasper's oath distrust,
Or Kirke's concurring proof discard?
Though they with hate and horror viewed
The wretch who his own son pursued,
And deemed his hands in blood imbrued;
Yet were the hate and horror built
On the belief of Philip's guilt.
An infamy that would exceed
All that, since Cain, the world could show—
That nature could beget and breed,
And clothe with years and reverence, two
In the same age, in the same clime,
Both brought together at a time,
One to conceive, and one assist
An act so impious, and enlist
The word of God to do it by—
Who had not sworn it were a lie?

Yet, had they seen, when all was past,—
All but th' intolerable *last*—
The victim in his dungeon cast;—
Had they beheld with steadfast eye,
The poor youth in his agony
Of holy, not of mortal fear,—
Not of what must befal him here,
But how he shall, dismissed, appear
At Heaven's tribunal manifest—
Yet, ever and anon, his breast
By the dear charmer Hope possest—
His heart, now dry, bereaved of peace,
Now fresh with dew, like Gideon's fleece,
Yet whether calm or anguish-torn,
Meek as the lamb from which 'twas shorn:—
Had they seen this—those twelve good men—
Had they, unseen, stood by him then;
Nor evidence, nor oaths, nor lies,
Nor justice's trim-balanced scale,
Charged with the weight of perjuries,
Nor reason's self might then avail.
They had turned away with pious dread,

And in each other's faces read,
"We shall do murder!" and had fled
To annul their verdict, or disown,
Kneeling before King Henry's throne.

And his young wife his prison shares;
Now, stilly lying where he lies,
Her own soft-mingling with his prayers;
Now, hearing in her voice Despair's,
Whom she awakens with her cries:
She will go somewhere—she will raise—
It hath been done so many ways,
So many times,—friends who shall speak
Truth in such cadence, as shall wreak
Remorse on sin; dread as the sound
Of trumpets when the angels blow,
Who dash the guilty to the ground,
Plant triumph on the guiltless brow,
And make earth just again: but how?
Ah! dreams dissolving into pain!
Thrust back to consciousness again,
How wild her projects, and how vain!
A huddled creature on his breast,
With a strange quietude of brain,
Which, seeming to solicit rest,
Is torpid madness at the best—
She lies, and murmurs, as she lies,
Words of inquiry and surmise;
Consoling flatteries soft and low,
Then piteous sentences of woe,
In loose uncertain ebb and flow.
Yet, be they words of joy or grief
Love speaks them well doth Philip know.
'Tis to his spirit a relief
On his last day, now waxing brief,
As a warm bird in a lorn nest,
To hold his widow in his breast.

Now, when the gaoler comes full late
To bid the young girl to the gate—
(He could not bring it to his mind
To come so soon as he designed)
It is far gone into the night,
And he hath entered with a light.
But not the grinding key, or stream
Of flame awakes them from a dream;
One dream, in which they seem to lie,
Fallen on them from the gracious sky:
So like they looked, so clasped as one,
Resting against the wall of stone.

"What sight is here?" the gaoler frowned,
Then smote his torch upon the ground,
To thwart their faces with the flame;—
"Ave Maria! is it shame,
Or weakness, that this heart of mine
Bows down to them, as to a shrine?
Full many a doomed wretch have I seen,
His last eve and his death between;
Bold, brawling men, who scoffed at fear,
At this same hour have I seen here;
Some on the floor, a grovelling heap,
Some mastered by the strength of sleep;
Yet of the many, none till now,
Of such a calm and placid brow
As this young man: 'tis prayer, I wis,
From a pure heart which hath done this.
They stir not; shall I wake them?—why?
The bell shall do that work, not I"——
And so he leaves them silently,
In earth-renouncing slumber blest,
Till morning stare upon the west,
When Death shall come to bid the guest.

JASPER AND KIRKE MAKE MERRY.

Meanwhile, how fare the wicked twain
Who have not done their work in vain,
And deem gold got, blood spilt, is gain?
Though what is got, and spilt, hath strook
Their names sheer out of Heaven's book;
Their souls, the fiend's unquestioned claim,
Doomed to that somewhere, filled with flame,
Which scalding tears shall ne'er abate,
And breathing sighs shall aggravate;
Which, never early, never late,
Knows night nor day, pause nor endeavour,
But a blind brightness burns for ever.

To-morrow, Kirke is to be gone,
His fifty years of service done;
A nag bears him to Huntingdon,
His native place:—forsooth, when first
Over a cup, not drawn for thirst,
He talked his bargain o'er again
With the stout owner of a wain,
Of whom the beast was hired, his mind
Was to his rearing-place inclined;
He felt as one of human kind
Who hath near glimpses, and hath come,
The world's wide circuit, unto home.

But now he sits the live-long day,
And counts his money every way,
And thinks, and groans, and fain would stay.
His wish, grown stronger while postponed,
Now feasible, his will disowned.
To hie him home, his life's long dream;
Wherefore? his now-awakened theme.
Many his pains, his pleasures few,
Since the old city first he knew,
Much done in it to reck and rue;
Yet with it, so his heart imbued,
So linked by long, long habitude,
That now, when he must needs begone,
His sorry scapes of leisure rise
Into his memory, one by one,
Indulgences of Paradise.
And can the old home yield them? No—
And yet, broad pieces paid! 'twere woe
To forfeit these:—he needs *must* go.

Neither is Jasper well at ease:
Hearts may be cold, but do not freeze
Quite to the core; the basest lees
Smack of the wine, and the worst sin
Hath a good spirit pent within,
That with unutterable plea,
Shrieks day and night to be set free;
But that, O misery! must not be;
Lest, ere Heaven's mercy can be sought,
Madness arise, and strangle thought,
And this world, like the next, be nought.
Leave fools alone who purchase hell:
How craftily, how close and well,
They guard their purchase, who can tell?

Yet Jasper plays his part; can smile,
And looks with language reconcile;
Can hear the under-breathèd curse
Behind his back, upon the Bourse,
Hear it, and laugh, nor seem the worse.
Can wring a pleasure out of pain,
Compressed in his elastic brain;
Nay, can despise the good and just,
Proud of the parry and the thrust
With which his quick wit foils the sense
Of righteousness, and drives it thence.

So he goes home, gay to the view,
Stung in the brain and bosom, too.
And "where is Kirke?"
"O, Sir! is't you?
I was in thought"——
"In tears, my boy!
Tears have two sources, grief and joy.
Thou supp'st with me, to-night, good friend:
An hour or two of mirth to mend
The past, and with the future blend.
Is it not well?"
"Ay, Sir, 'tis best:
Well matched, the giver and the guest."
Jasper was gone, whom he addressed.
"What a brave wretch," quoth Kirke, "is this!
I would I had that heart of his!"

The hour is come, the feast is set,
Kirke enters with his eyelids wet;
But Jasper doth not see him yet.
So coyly pacing round the board,
Lord of bright wealth to sight restored;
Goblets and ewers, great and small,
Of gold that never passed the hall,
Salvers and dishes richly wrought;—
To look on them, you would have thought
Such work the Florentine's alone,
Or that Cellini was outdone.
So, thus admiring, placing, peering,
He knows not Kirke stands within hearing,
Nor knowing would have cared, but cries,
Mocking their brightness with his eyes,
"Now, by Saint Paul, the Genoese
Did well when he sailed thence with these."

Kirke twitched him by the sleeve:—"Old lad,
Thou com'st in time to be made glad;
Sit down; art hungry?—and prepare
To let thy spirit dance in air.
I have wine here, so ripe and rare,
That in a trice the leaden soul,
Groping in darkness like a mole,
Touched by the blessing, springs to light,
And mounts to heaven, as of right:—
Down—we will have a merry night."

They sit: but Kirke, though pressed to eat,
Tastes sparingly the luscious meat,
And kneaded bread of whitest wheat;
But lifts his cup full oft, and drinks
Till his eyes sparkle through his winks.
"'Tis good: I trace it as it sinks,
And note it prancing through my veins,
Like a gay troop through narrow lanes.
Ha! ha!"
"Yet, eat, good Kirke."
"I can't;
This is the minister I want,
Heart-cheering wine; my throat is tight,
As though bound by a silken cord,
The self-same cord which, on that night,
Sent old Uberti to the Lord.
Did he die rich? was this his gear?
These goblets that do service here?"

"Peace, fool!" cried Jasper, "take thy cheer,
And stint thy prate: the past retrieved,
Is a new missal interleaved
With an old sermon:—let it pass.
Why is flesh likened unto grass,
But that it is cut down?"
——"Aye, true,
And turned into beasts' profit, too."

"How say'st thou?"—the white anger came
On Jasper's cheek, quenching the flame;—
A moment—and the wolf is tame.

"A song! why, I have heard thee sing,
When thou wert summer, I was spring,
Such songs, and in a voice so clear,
As, like a bell, thrilled in the ear.
Thou hadst the trick once, and the tone"——

"But that is forty years agone:
And songs and light hearts go together,
Like June, and flowers, and fair weather."

Kirke rubbed his palms until they shone;
"And what though forty years *be* gone?
I know a thing, an old, old thing,
Which my good grandam wont to sing
The while she spun, and taught to me,
Standing no higher than her knee.
Could I recal it!—aye, 'tis so."
With this, Kirke heaves a painful throe,
And from his long-drawn, crowing throat,
Sets his strange melody afloat,
Words linked to it by stubborn rote:—

An infant lay in its cradle asleep,
When a stranger came to the door;
"Come in," cried the host, "open house we keep,
And we drive not away the poor."
Ah, well-a-day! ah, well-a-day!
We know not what cometh, come how it may.

The stranger was weary, and needed rest,
And the good man brought him a chair,
And his dame bestirred her to wait on her guest,
And brought him her homely fare.
Ah, well-a-day! &c.

And when the stranger had broken his fast,
He arose, and in silence stept
To the corner where the cradle was placed,
To see if the infant slept.
Ah, well-a-day! &c.

"A brave child, this," and the stranger sighed,
(The infant was sleeping the while)

"You love him?" "I do," the dame replied,
And she smiled with a mother's smile.
Ah, well-a-day! &c.

"You love him too?" and he turned to his host,
"Ay, that I do," said the man,
"The boy is my pride, and shall be my boast,
Should I live beyond mortal span."
Ah, well-a-day! &c.

"Now, list," cried the stranger, "nor deem me mad,
The day thou wilt surely rue,
When thy life for his shall be asked and be had,
And thy dame shall prove it true."
Ah, well-a-day! &c.

Loud laughed the man: full years a score
Had passed away, and were gone,
When a stranger came again to the door,
Within sat a woman—alone.
Ah, well-a-day! &c.

She shrieked, as the threshold the stranger crossed,
"Thou, cursed wizard! begone,
Thou hast spoken sooth, and my husband is lost,
For the father hath murdered his son."
Ah, well-a-day! ah, well-a-day!
We know not what cometh, come how it may.

Kirke's song is ended; at its end
The fumes from his weak brain descend
Gramercy! should the lay offend!
He opes his fearful eyes, and sees
Jasper, and all his functions freeze.
A face so hideous, so streaked o'er
With a black choler, ne'er before
Gloomed wrath, ere it began to pour.
And still so touched—or, yet more nigh
The truth—tortured with agony,
That even Kirke is moved, and falls
Down on his knees with a sharp yell,
Grasping the figure that appals,
And gazing on that aspect fell.
"Oh! do not kill me!"——

"Fool! rise up!
Thou hast been hovering o'er the cup,
And hast fallen in: thou winter fly!
What! take thine old blind buzz awry!
No, by my love for thee, not I,
Yet, Kirke—sly jester, skilled to fleer,
And pass the inferential jeer,
What if, while kneeling at my foot,
I wrung thy weasand? I could do't;
Or tore thy heart out by the root?
But I'll not do such things; I jest:
Thou, my old chirping, mocking guest!
Arise, my boy, and go thy ways"—

How easily doth Jasper raise
The mute old trembler from the floor,
And fling him headlong to the door;
Then following, whispers in his ear,
"Go to thy bed; but why thy fear?
Once, I had slain thee for this flout,
But now thou'rt safe:"—he thrusts him out.

And now, with what heart-sinking doubt,
Doth Kirke lie on his truckle-bed,
To which by instinct he had fled:
And listen! Jasper, far below,
He hears, quick-striding to and fro;
And then loud words; then doors that close
Like thunder, soon as opened; then
Sounds fainter, like subsiding woes;
Then silence 'twixt the two old men,
And a dark space between; and yet
Kirke, taught by terror, will not let
His eyelids drop; in drear affright
Shaking—wide-staring all the night.

JASPER'S DREAM.

Sleep! gracious guardian of the earth,
Who blessest the new nightly birth
Of Nature's kindlier children, bathed
In darkness, and with silence swathed;
Hast thou stretched Jasper on the sea
Of dreams, and doth that practised brain,
Controlled by fancy and by thee,
Work warpedly with strenuous strain?
Yes—in the mind's mad world is he,
Of shapes and shapeless creatures huge,
Gliding in dreary long array;
He hath at hand no febrifuge
The curst succession to allay.
Onward they come, but do not stay,
Through a gross blackness, murmuring low;
Whirling along in endless row.
Yet, is it endless? No.
Gone sudden: and, ere thought can pass,
He lays down sixty years, and plays
A boy again in fields of grass
Flush of the cowslip; idly strays
Through rutted lanes; sees through the hedge
The serried wheat; and feels once more
Bird-like within, dear privilege
Of youth—on, dream, and ne'er give o'er!
The lark heaves straight up to the sky,
Taking the ear, trancing the eye,
Carrying aloft his melody;
A speck, now seen, now vanished—where?
A sound incorporate with air.
Unlabouring memory retrieves
Close wealthy stacks, and farm-house eaves
Behind, and solemn barns, with doors
As wide as Paul's, and threshing-floors,
And the old grey-green church—and home:
And who doth o'er the threshold come?
His father, at a cripple's pace,
With his sun-stricken umber face,
And straight-laid hair of iron grey;
Even as he saw him on the day,
When from his home he fled away;
By whom so long he had been mourned,
To whom, ere death, he ne'er returned,
Whose day of death he never learned.
A sight for anguish; but it shifts:
This is but one of memory's gifts;
She hath good store, with which this night,
The sinner's heart she will requite.

Lo! 'tis his marriage morn: his bride,
His other life, sits by his side,
A joy, a comfort, and a pride.

Relinquished to his love, and blest
To think her heart by one possest,
Who is her synonyme of best.

Again that sacred feeling fills
His soul, and through his being thrills,
Of tenderness that would secure
The bliss of one so good and pure,
That feeling which would not endure.
And now he sees her, still as good,
A fading form of womanhood;
A casket filled with holy grief,
A frost-wrung flower that leaf by leaf
Tends to the ground; a pious shrine,
Wrought by a sinner, yet, divine.
Sees her he had made worthy heaven,
And to the heavenly gate had driven,
Upon her dying bed, and hears
Her parting voice, and sees her tears,
And joins her last, low, lingering prayer—
How! 'tis Uberti he sees there,
Pleading for mercy in such tones
As freeze the marrow in the bones;
Yet own no potency, to work
In him, or his accomplice Kirke,
Who clings about the dying man,
And does what share of death he can.

Horror! o'erlaid by the strong dream,
Old Jasper gasps, but cannot scream:
The past is on; writhe as thou wilt,
Thou can'st not loose the serpent—guilt.

Whence brought, he knows not, but the shade
Of the Italian lean and pale,
Fronts him, and, at a signal bade,
Two phantoms with a gibbering wail,
Float in, and o'er his sense prevail,
That he must swoon and die. Alas!
Philip more gentle than he was,
But, as a disembodied soul,
Or, as a soul which has seen death,
Forced by some horrible control,
To re-assume its house of breath:
And Julia, like some creature wan,
Moon-struck, who slyly doth emerge
Thence, where wild fantasies they fan,
Escaped the manacles and scourge,
And that unknown incessant man,
Who watches her with sleepless lids:—
Thus seeming, as Uberti bids,
The phantoms float to Jasper's sight;
While, something standing at his right—
He knows that it is clad in white—
In measured cadence, dread and drear,
Utters these words into his ear:—
"The last day comes, the final session,
O misery! misery, past expression!
These three even now, even now, prepare
To meet thee, and defeat thee there.
Thou art judged, but thou must not despair.
Hope is one element of woe,
In that, to which thou art doomed to go;
Hope which within shall ever ply,
And fool thee everlastingly.
Behold!"——
And now succeeds a calm;
Then brightness, splendour heavenly bright;
Then a soft, gradual, growing psalm
Goes up, and from the eye-baffling height,
A loud dispersing fugue constrains
Thunder to music: as it wanes,
Thick gloom, which is a fiend, that brings
Its nameless self between its wings,
And clasps him——
Lo! the first faint streak
Of light the morning doth bespeak:
Unconscious of his piercing shriek,
Or how he came there, Jasper kneels
In the next chamber, and appeals
Before a crucifix:—the vision
Hath wakened dread, but not contrition;
And the strong brain asunder rent,
Hath done its utmost, and is spent:
Dreams cannot make old sin repent.

JASPER'S EXPIATION.

The aged crone hath heard her master,
And, fearful of some wild disaster,
Calls Kirke, and hastens down the stair:
Old Jasper on his knees in prayer!
With white eyes and disordered hair!
"Lady of heaven!" with this, she cries
Loudly on Kirke, stamps with her feet,
Adjures her master to arise,
And strives to hale him to a seat.
Now Kirke is come, and with joint strength,
They lift him to his feet at length,
And thrust him in a chair:—"Go thou,"
Quoth Kirke, "fetch water for his brow;
I'll wring him by the nose, and strike
Upon his hands the while."
"Belike
'Tis his death swoon," says the old crone:
"I would it were," quoth Kirke—"begone."
"O thou vile wretch! is this thy plight,
Is this thy change since yesternight?
Thou hast been cursed, as well as I."
But Jasper's eyes unclose; a sigh
Comes forth, and stays Kirke's angry speech,
And each a moment stares on each.
"Kirke, is it thou, even as it seems;
Is 't thou, indeed? Hast thou had dreams?"

"No dream hath come to me this night,
Through the long darkness to the light,
Which rose at last in Hell's despite.
Thoughts have been things; strange life has crept
About me; through my pulses leapt:
Loud knockings at my heart and brain,
Quick worms meandering through each vein.
A thousand times the hoarded wealth
Thou got'st by murder or by stealth,
A thousand years of youth and health,
I'd scorn, ay, if quadrupled thrice,
Were such another night the price.
Thou hast done this; 'tis thou hast made
A terror of the sexton's spade;
Thou hast made death than living worse,
And thou who hast made life a curse.
And so I curse thee; from my soul,
Lost as it is, on thee I thrust
A curse, which down thy earthy hole
Shall go with thee, and rack thy dust;

And be a life within thy clay,
A horror, till the Judgment day!"

"Away," cried Jasper, "hence—away;
'Tis vain for thee to talk, thy words
Are human, and thy voice affords
A comfort; yet speed hence, and stay
The death which now is on its way;
Proclaim all we have sworn, a lie."

"And shall we save our lives thereby?"
Cried Kirke. "I saw both you and me,
Hanging upon the gallows tree;
This, in the darkness did I see.
Shall we escape?"

"*Thou* may'st be saved;
My stone waits but to be engraved;
'Tis hewn and shaped: my life is nought:
Stay! let a scrivener be brought:
Thou dost my bidding? be but true;
My will shall leave no cause to rue."
Kirke did not hasten thence—he flew.

But he returns a different man;
Never was wretch so wild and wan.
The scrivener who first doth scan
His visage, is more struck with dread,
Than when, removed unto his bed,
Jasper confessed his guilt, and bade
His deposition quick be made.

But Kirke comes not alone; he brings
A wayward thing, who mows and sings,
Peers through her fingers, and is pleased,
Then pouts, and will not be appeased.
Jasper beholds and swoons—I wis,
His dream was not more dread than this.

Soft! he revives. "Now hear me, Brooke,"
Said Kirke, and on his bosom struck,
"I saw him, and the sight hath dried
My blood, and now what may betide
I care not:—he is dead and gone;
Be this engraven on thy stone.
Poor knave! he died before his hour;
I bring his wife for a fresh dower.
The law comes for us; I can smell
The dogs are nigh, and hear their yell;
I go my journey—so, farewell!"

He goes, and the poor witless girl
Draws up her lip in a proud curl,
And says, "Well done!" and with mock ire,
Commands the scrivener to admire,
Then pours such tales into his ear,
As almost craze the listener.

"All—all—in masses for my soul;
Dost hear me, Graves? I say the whole:
Straight pen it down, let it be signed:
O! what a weight is on my mind!"
Then Graves draws nigh—"Good Sir, my speech
A moment would your ear beseech—
The girl"—here Julia nodding smiled—
"Spoke of the father of her child."

"Do what thou wilt—do what thou wilt—
O God! what way to lessen guilt!
I tell thee, man, I must not die;
It is my flesh that fails, not I:
All under Heaven I can defy."

The leech is come, but strives in vain
To sooth the fever of the brain.
Jasper dies raving:—close the scene—
'Tis fearful to behold, I ween.
But now he lies, as calm, as mild,
As silent as a sleeping child.

Now, when the scrivener and the leech,
Awe-stricken, leave the place of death,
What is the hideous thing that each
Beholds, down-looking far beneath?
The two descend, holding their breath,
Fearing, from death above they go,
To meet him once again below.
Nor are they wrong; 'tis even so.
Kirke, in a noose his hands had made,
Hangs from the lowest balustrade:—
His journey had not been delayed.

There was a merchant, on whose face
A gravity of solemn grace
Dwelt ever; he was widely known,
Nor by the sons of wealth alone;
For the poor blessed him, and the sad
Of heart were at his words made glad;
Such power o'er others' griefs he had.
And oft his pensive steps he bent
Towards a marble monument,
Whereat, when none were standing nigh,
He would oft pray, and with a sigh
Depart, and with a lingering look:—
The merchant's name was Philip Brooke.

TRAVEL AND TALK.

BY LUKE RODEN, M.D.

(*Continued from No.* 23).

NAPLES.

H——showed me to day, in the presence of his lady, a small cravache (horsewhip) which he had had made of her beautiful hair—strange destination of the lovely tresses of a woman. I jokingly remarked to the lady that it was intended as a significant instrument for the enforcement of marital authority, so I counselled the most implicit obedience, and quoted to her Anacreon's Ode on the Wounded Eagle, who felt additional bitterness in the pangs of death, from observing that the arrow was feathered from his own wing.

Whenever the quarrel comes between man and wife, if come it must, the husband has always winged words at his command which can inflict severer and more lasting wounds, and cut deeper than the whip. I have known more than one family where a single expression, perhaps a single word, uttered in the short madness of anger, has poisoned the whole stream of life. In vain repented and forgiven, it simmers on the top of every future dispute, and spoils the kindest endearments. "*Il n'y a que la vérité qui blesse,*" and certainly these things are only effective when true, or, at least, when they have a most provoking appearance of truth. I remember a lady who in a death-bed delirium, gave utterance to a sarcasm of her husband; sincerely repented at the moment, and for more than twenty years atoned and forgiven; *but* it appears not *forgotten*. I told my friend of the whip, the anecdote, and gave him good advice on the subject, to which he listened as well-bred young people always listen to the wise sayings of their seniors, that is, with outward respect and some inward contempt. "No one," as the Spaniards say, "ever learns in another man's head; it is well if he learn in his own."

Mrs. B—— is here with her over-grown boy; she takes an odd mode to assuage her grief for the loss of her husband; travelling about the world with her only child for more than a year, and living most luxuriously, she is growing fat, to her great horror, but eats absolutely *nothing*, and *drinks* nothing but the wines of the country; but, as Shakspeare says,

"The wine she drinks is made of grapes."

And I think she will not be long without a second husband; she dresses the boy, who is nearly thirteen, as if he were not more than seven or eight; he has neither tutor nor governess, nor does she employ masters, but, wherever she goes, "he must take his chance, poor dear child, for I am too unhappy to think about him." So the young Pickle has his full swing in Naples, a town admirably adapted to the education of youth. I see him conversing familiarly with the Lazzaroni and with the common soldiers, and already an adept in all the slang and blackguardism of the rabble. His mother says she shall *soon send him to Eton*. Such are the nature and extent of his precocious accomplishments, that, whenever he goes to that seat of learning, I will venture to say that he will be able to teach a vast deal more than he can learn there. He is quite aware of the extent of his large fortune, and anticipates the pleasures of spending it, and knows that the death of his father will put it into his possession at the age of twenty-one.

Now is not this a case for the old "Lettres de Cachet," which in the origin were only granted on petition of all the members of the family, and the object was indeed a modification of our statute of Lunacy—it effected its purpose too without leaving the stigma of hereditary insanity on the children, which is the inevitable result of our mode of proceeding.

The "Lettre de Cachet" was originally intended as a wholesome controul on the ungovernable vices and follies of those, who, although not absolutely mad, were certainly unfit to manage their own property. If securities could be devised against abuse, such an institution would be of the greatest utility; we have thousands of persons of fortune ruining and disgracing themselves and their families, and setting a vile example to their offspring, who, under the influence of a "Lettre de Cachet," in a comfortable prison, might be brought to a due sense of their folly and wickedness. A year of such quiet would do much good to Mrs. B. and perhaps save her child from perdition. By-and-by, when, in the natural course of things, he disgraces himself, and offends the laws of his country, no allowance will be made for his mother's folly.

How delightful, says Madame du Deffand, is the society of a physician; to him one may talk eternally of oneself without danger of interruption. Now, I consider the reader to be in much the same position; with the sole difference that he is the payer instead of the payee—a difference, however, that is of some importance. Should he decide that my talk is only twaddle, he cannot tell me so; he can at most only throw down the Magazine, of which contemptuous act I shall know nothing. I continue, therefore, to "inflict my tediousness upon him," and if he complain, and call my admirable letters *senile garrulity*, I reply, as the Archbishop to Gil Blas, "God bless you, I wish you all possible luck, and a little more taste; and bear in mind, that the composition which has the misfortune to incur your censure, is the very best I ever wrote in my life."

Naples, like all the towns on the Continent which are not absolutely detestable from their position or annoyances, is full of English. Many of the highest fashion and fortune, and *some* of the highest respectability—but there is no place where the English reserve and "morgue" is more excusable, for if you give way to the advances made to you and enter into conversation with a stranger, without the formality of a regular introduction, you are likely enough (when you describe him on your return to your hotel), to find that he is one of those gentlemen

"Who leave their country for their country's good."

I cannot quite understand the conduct of our English gentry abroad; they carefully avoid the society of their self-expatriated countrymen, but mix, without hesitation, with natives of similar character. There seems to be less of virtuous repugnance in the matter than fear of recognition. "Bless your honour," says Clack, in the farce, "I would not be found out in such a thing for the world." *We* would not be *found out* in associating with such persons for the world. I am the more inclined to put this construction on their conduct, from observing that almost all of them visit an English lady of notorious character, who has taken an *alias*, that is to say, married an Italian of rank but no fortune—or, in other words, hired a good name, her own being entirely worn out. "She gives d—d good dinners, however," was assigned to me as an excuse by a high aristocrat. Like the "sans dot" of Harpagon, that stands in lieu of everything.

To visit Italy for purposes of health, recreation, improvement, or economy, is not only justifiable but indispensable to hundreds, if not thousands; but where no valid excuse offers, I cannot but look with an eye of suspicion on such of my countrymen and countrywomen as make a prolonged residence in this part of the world. I am so uncharitable as to think that they wish to enjoy the pleasures of sin and debauchery, and yet preserve the reputation of virtue. There is no imaginable vice that may not be practised with impunity abroad, by a person of ample fortune, and the same thing is true, nearly to the same extent, with foreigners in England. Every man of fortune has duties to perform in his own sphere, in his own country, and if the Agrarian Law should ever be put in force, it will arise from the general neglect of these duties.

I encountered a few days ago, at a coffee-house, an Englishman, too well known, and of whom I had some knowledge when a boy; I knew not that he was alive, and after the lapse of more than thirty years, there was little probability that either of us should recognize the other. His mode of address was so deferentially humble, that, although his manner was that of a man accustomed to the best society, I was beginning to set him down in my mind as a gentleman's gentleman (many of whom acquire so perfectly, by imitation, the manners of their masters, that it requires an experienced eye to detect the counterfeit), when he casually stated some incidents of his youth, and the whole truth flashed upon me; I saw there was no danger of myself being recognised, and therefore allowed the conversation to continue, till I could find a decent pretext for ending it quietly. Oh! what an example of the highest faculties, noble station, and splendid prospects, all thrown away from a deliberate preference of vice and infamy. On meeting him in the Chiaja Gardens the next day, he saw by my countenance that he was known, and slunk away instantly behind the bushes.

I saw to day in these Gardens, a number of youths in a sort of uniform, somewhat resembling that of our midshipmen; a bystander told me they were the pupils of the Naval School. I have often pointed out the large proportion of fine forms and faces, in some of our analogous establishments, as corroboration of my assertion, that our higher classes are the finest *animals*, but must confess that I have never seen an assemblage at any of our great schools, or military or naval institutions, which would not suffer in this respect by a comparison with these Neapolitans. "Gentlemen" was most conspicuously marked on the face of all, with scarcely an exception, and there was almost universally that expression of openness and candour which gives such a charm to the countenance of youth.

With the arrogance of national vanity, I could not but pity them for the inglorious life to which (from the very nature of the Government) the profession they have selected can alone lead. When we look at the youths of our own great establishments, we know that we see those who are to occupy the pedestals of society—who are to carry the renown of England to the very extremities of the earth—who are to be pioneers of civilization all over the world—who are to govern vast provinces, to found colonies, to lead armies and fleets, to change the face of society, or to make the very extremities of the globe echo with their senatorial eloquence—to teach self-government to myriads of beings now sunk in barbarism. But these young Neapolitans can at most attain only to a local and limited reputation; their greatest dignity of danger perhaps the preservation of a fleet of merchantmen from pirates; but patriotism can dignify everything. That nation holds the first place to which all others grant the second, and perhaps these youths, like others, consider their own the first, and acquiesce (as we ourselves do with perfect coolness) in the etiquette of the court of Naples, which allows the fifth place among the powers of Europe to Great Britain.

"You are strangely mistaken," said ——, "in your estimate of the young gentlemen. They are like all persons of their age, in all countries—selfish, cruel, and depraved."

"I cannot think it," said I; "*fronti nulla fides* is an old adage, but it is a vile sentiment; I wish to attribute the possession of good qualities where the countenance gives presumptive evidence of them, and would rather be sometimes deceived, than allow such a disheartening conviction to take possession of my mind. Why do *you* entertain such an opinion?" said I.

"It is founded on experience," he replied; "I remember what my companions were at that age, and as for myself, I was the vilest scamp that ever walked the earth."

"And yet," said I, "you now fill your elevated position with credit, and are universally called a man of the highest honour."

"Perhaps I am indifferently honest and honourable now, but I only reformed late in life, and more from reasoning than feeling. No man in good society can enjoy the benefits of his station unless he has an irreproachable character, and therefore he takes pains to preserve it, but we should all be sorry to have our past lives put into the scale."

Now I do not acquiesce in this opinion; when a man is thus indiscriminating in his censure, I certainly make up my mind that he judges from his own experience, and on the principle that "*similes similibus gaudent*" I take for granted that he attracted round him just those whose qualities were like his own, and that the "*idem sentire*" was the bond of union.

Men tell me, for example, of atrocities that they have seen in the various capitals of Europe, and

which they assure me are common and known to all the world. My reply is, "I have resided at these places—have mixed with the various classes of society from the very highest down to all but the lowest, and have seen nothing of the kind. If you saw it, the necessary inference is, you sought it." *I did not.*

I look on the ingenuous countenance of youth with the deepest interest. Many of the companions of my own adolescence, were I believe as good, as thoroughly honest, candid, veracious, and warm-hearted, as virtuous in fact, as it is permitted to mortals to be at a period of life when temptations are strong and self-control so difficult. A large proportion of the better classes are as devoid of sensual and selfish views as any man of mature judgment can expect from human nature. The very highest class is by its position, like the lowest class, exempt from the direct and immediate punishment of vice; the one is above shame, the other below it. The man of large hereditary fortune will receive his rents as punctually, and the day's work of the labouring artizan will fetch exactly the same price, whether the one or the other debauch his neighbour's wife, seduce an innocent girl, or degrade his very nature by intoxication; but in the middle classes, loss of character is the loss of income; and though, under such motives, there may be less merit in good conduct, there is a much greater probability of its becoming the established habit of the mind, which is in fact the essence of *virtue*.

In our schools and universities, if only a twentieth part of the whole number (or even a much less proportion) make themselves disgracefully notorious by their profligacy, those who know nothing of the interior of such establishments set down the inmates as universally vicious. At each university there are perhaps nearly two thousand students. Are there two hundred who obtrude their disgusting vices and debaucheries on the public eye, and thus damage the character of all? No! You could barely enumerate half the number, who commit any but the venial indiscretions of youth. The many who are quietly at their studies, fitting themselves to become "the salt with which the earth is to be salted," are not seen, not heard of, are known only to their immediate friends; they do their duty and come forth from the ordeal with honour.

In proportion to the pleasure with which we look at the honest open countenance of an honourable and high-minded young man, is the horror inspired by the face that marks the possessor of a heart thoroughly rotten before it is ripe. Oh what an utter loathing and sickness take possession of us when we see a youth, the hope perhaps of an honourable family, who, born absolutely without the moral sentiments of humanity, drops down at once to the lowest depth of premature vice, selfishness, meanness, fraud, lying, cowardice, and loathsome debauchery. Happy for all connected with him, when the constitution sinks under these excesses, and he is removed from a world he polluted. God alone can judge how far these detestable vices were the result of malformation of the organ through which mind is in communication with external objects; and to his mercy we leave the judgment.

The discrepancy in the opinions of men of mature age, as to the general character of the young, I can only account for in the way above stated. The almost universal hatred of boys by schoolmasters, is a different sentiment, and may perhaps be explained by the inevitable antagonism of their respective position; a position of partial tyranny and instinctive resistance; but I must own that I would not willingly become intimate with a man who deliberately acknowledged his hatred and contempt for the generation which is destined to take our place.

I look on youth, as I look on trees in blossom; the state itself is beautiful, but it is the promise of fruit that constitutes the deeper charm.

When we cease to sympathise with the young, let us prepare to die. Be assured the heart, the moral heart, is ossified; it is time it ceased to beat; life is no longer worth having; let us be gone and make room for better men.

Saw again to-day our old acquaintance F——, as great a bore as ever. He goes on worrying everybody about his scheme for universal education, a real millennium, when the race of human beings is to be exempted from all labour but the manufacture of steam-engines, which are then to do everything. He has collected together a thousand plausible suggestions, which he pours out upon all occasions with stunning perseverance. If you stop to listen to one of them, of which the paradoxical ingenuity attracts your notice, before you are half through your refutation, he sees what is coming and has danced off to another, and the latter is so ingeniously dovetailed into the former that it takes you completely by surprise, and bothers your first demonstration. He goes about exclaiming against the blindness and stupidity of mankind, says he left England in despair, and that he is now trying what he can do with the Italians, for the French are too fond of having all the talk to themselves; and besides, as it is the custom in that country for half a dozen or a dozen to talk at once, even F—— was talked down; and he left them (as he left his countrymen) to *perish in their ignorance*. It is a curious specimen of monomania—a new word for riding a hobbyhorse to death. Göethe, in his "Theory of Colours" (an absurd essay on a subject of which he was profoundly ignorant), tells how he used to pester all his acquaintance with his discoveries, and remarks how curious it was that everybody despised his labours, and that their dislike or even enmity was always in exact proportion to the learning and acquirements of the individual he was addressing. This is one of the happiest bits of *naïveté* that I know of, and shows the extreme simplicity of that over-estimated man; he might, to be sure, be a very great man, without understanding the nature of colours. I bear in mind, however, Cardinal Maury's Apostrophe to the English, in his Essay on the Eloquence of the Pulpit:—"Illustrious Islanders, I try in vain to discover a real orator among your holy ministers; your writers; your members of Parliament; without offence to your glory I say, that there is not one among you worthy of the name." The Cardinal and I are on a par. He acknowledges that he is totally ignorant of the *English* language, and I do not know a word of German—so that we are both admirably qualified for the office of critic.

SALERNO.

Before we quit the delightful environs of Naples, let us take one more trip to the beautiful Salerno and its enchanting bay. At this place died that sturdy old fellow Gregory VII., whose name was Hildebrand, a man who, with the sincere desire of reforming abuses, deliberately resolved to render himself absolute master of all Christendom. He set up and knocked down kings as if they had been nine-pins—and commenced the reform of abuses in the church with a vigour which, had it been continued by his successors, would have rendered Luther unnecessary. Like many other great men, however, he failed at last by attempting too much, and was obliged to take refuge in this place. The story is well known, but it suggests so many reflections, and forms so curious a chapter in the history of the Progress of the Human Mind, that it will bear repetition.

Gregory first of all thundered out his anathemas against Henry, Emperor of Germany, for his simoniacal sale of benefices. Henry, thinking himself entitled to something more than first fruits (or even second and third fruits), persisted in his practices, and Gregory cited him to appear at Rome on a certain day, and threatened excommunication should he disobey the commands of God's Lieutenant. Henry convoked an assembly at Worms—accused Gregory of all sorts of crimes, of which he was certainly guiltless, and then pronounced sentence of deposition against him. Gregory, in turn, called a synod at Rome, solemnly deposed and excommunicated Henry, forbad his subjects to obey him, and relieved them from their oath of allegiance. His sentence was to this effect :—

"Peter, Prince of the Apostles, listen to thy servant whom thou hast tutored from his youth, and whom to the present hour thou has freed from the hands of the wicked, who hate me, because I am faithful to thee—thou canst witness, and the holy mother of Christ can also witness, and thy brother Paul, that unwillingly I was compelled to mount this holy throne. Rather would I have worn out my life in exile than usurp thy seat to gain glory and the praise of mortals. By thy favour has the care of the Christian world been committed to me; from thee I have the power of binding and loosening.

"Resting on this assurance, for the honour and support of the Church, in the name of God, the Father Almighty, of his Son, and of the Holy Ghost, I depose Henry (who rashly and insolently has raised his arm against thy Church) from all Imperial and Regal power—and I absolve his subjects from all allegiance to him. For it is meet that he who aims to retrench the majesty of thy Church should be despoiled of his own honours."

It was a bold experiment on the part of Gregory, and was the very first time such an attempt had been made. It would have failed, however, had not the nobles of Germany, thought such an ally as Gregory useful in their struggles against the Emperor, and, under the shelter of the Pope's manifesto, they took steps for electing another Emperor. We care nothing for the character of the men whose aid we want. Henry began to think the matter rather serious, and determined to make his peace with Gregory at whatever cost. He crossed the Alps and made his way in the guise of a simple penitent, to the castle of Canusium, where the Pope then was. Having dismissed his guard and laid down every ensign of royalty, he presented himself at the gates bare-footed, and was refused admittance. It was winter, and the season was severe; there he was kept four days, silent and submissive, before he was admitted to the presence of Gregory, who, after making him drink the very dregs of the cup of bitterness, at last received him into communion, but did not restore him to his throne.

The Lombards, feeling indignation at the abject conduct of Henry, resolved to transfer their allegiance to his son, who was yet an infant. Henry took the alarm and broke through the treaty he had just concluded with the Pope. The German States assembled at Foreheim, and elected Rodolph, Duke of Suabia. For some time, Gregory remained neuter between the two Emperors, who fought it out as they best might, each being anxious to have on his side the thunders of the Vatican. At last he fixed his patronage on Rodolph, and promised him certain victory, by the aid of heaven. Gregory was, however, no prophet, for Rodolph was killed; Henry now marched to Rome to take revenge, and would certainly have convinced Gregory of his folly by putting him to death, had not the famous Guiscard marched to his aid and raised the siege of St. Angelo, just as he was on the point of being taken. Henry set up another Pope, in the person of the Archbishop of Ravenna, but was obliged to retire before the forces of Guiscard. The Romans, however, exclaimed "a plague on both your houses," and began to treat Gregory as the cause of their misfortunes; he retired to this place, where he died, in the year 1085.

Gregory tried a similar experiment with our William the Conqueror—sent his Legate to England to demand the oath of fealty and regular payment of the subsidy. William sent him the money, but refused the oath. Gregory was greatly irritated, and exclaimed, "It is his submission and not his money that I want." Of course, he sent back the money? oh, dear, no—he retained the cash to console him for the want of the submission.

My notes, on leaving Naples, are for the moment mislaid. We will at once pass on to Florence, and in a future paper I will describe the interesting voyage to Leghorn, with the numerous ideas suggested by its events. It is one of the advantages of my rambling remarks, that they may be commenced at any point and suffer nothing by transposition; at least, this is the footing on which I choose to place the matter.

FLORENCE.

And now we enter Florence the beautiful—the subject of all this anticipation. It is dark; the lamps are few and distant; our horses slide about on the smooth pavement as if it were ice, but we reach the Custom-house at last; we are allowed to take our carpet bags after a very cursory examination, and we hurry to the hotel. A quarrel between two boys, as we pass along the street, becomes audible and distinct. Why, surely!—it cannot be!—yet it is—and *no mistake* (a phrase which the Duke has made classical). 'Tis no choice Italian which salutes my ear, but genuine English Doric. "You lie," says one of the boys, *ore rotunda*. "And you're another," replies his companion, with a noble defiance of grammar and logic. Now I like this; it shows that the expression is thrown off from the full heart, and that the speaker attaches no definite idea to his anathema.

I turned up my eyes to a board over the head of the disputants, made conspicuous by a lamp by the side of it, and I saw written up in very clear white letters on a black ground, "Saddle horses to let for ladies and gentlemen by the day or hour." Plain English and no mistake. Let us go to bed; to-morrow we will examine into the matter. It feels bitterly cold, and if this were England I should fancy it a severe frost, but we are still in Italy, the land of eternal sunshine and of orange groves. It was cold at Pisa, and the plain between that town and the sea was covered with snow. Every one, however, assured me that this was an exception to the regular course of nature, had never occurred before, and would never occur again—but at Florence?—Oh, no! it cannot be, my sensations must deceive me—this is positively Italy.

The morning comes—I look out of the window and see the beautiful Arno running down the centre of the town, between two stone walls, which mark "thus far shalt thou go and no farther." Men with naked feet are walking along the coping of the wall, sliding about among frozen snow, and dragging a large boat against the stream; workmen with pickaxes, are loosening the solid ice accumulated in the gutter which occupies the centre of the street, and shovelling it into carts; and the Arno, the lovely Arno, like the Saone, *runs Pease-soup*.

My first act, after finishing breakfast, was to call on M——, from whom was to be obtained all the information necessary to a stranger on arriving in this metropolis of the fine arts. "Not at home," was the answer to my inquiries. "Will he be at home soon?" said I. "Not for some hours," was the reply. "*E andato palpeggiare*, Signor." "And what is *palpeggiare*" said I to the boy—"I don't know the word." *Palpeggiare é patinare* Signor." "Ho!—your master is skating?" "Si Signor."

Skating at Florence!—why this is worse than Herculaneum and the railroad. I must re-arrange my ideas as to these matters.

On going to the place pointed out I found a considerable party of gentlemen, almost all English, busily occupied in, what appears to be after all, a rare amusement here. Close to the walls on the north of the town, and on each side of the Fortezza da Basso, are a number of shallow square ponds, about ten or twelve inches deep, into which the water is admitted from the little river Mugnone, for the purpose of obtaining ice for the use of the town. This was the scene of action, and, from the vigorous exertions of the skaters, they seemed fully aware of the precarious tenure of their gratification, and determined to make the most of it while it lasted.

This, it appears, is a season of very unusual severity at Florence, but by no means the most severe that has been known of late years. "I have," said M——, "more than once, since I fixed my residence in this town, skated on the Arno itself."

Now, this is another of the instances where a fact may be stated truly, and yet convey a falsehood. Such a frost as could congeal a river like the Arno, would necessarily imply destruction to the orange and lemon trees—the olives and the palms; but the explanation is this. The river, when not influenced by rains, is a very small though rapid stream, not navigable, and to make a decent appearance, in the centre of the town there is a dam or *weir*, which keeps up the water to a certain height, and in dry weather it is in perfect repose—you are scarcely conscious of its motion except at the fall—so that a slight addition to the present frost, would give it a coat of ice sufficient to enable a bold skater to swear truly that he had enjoyed the amusement on the river itself.

Took a drive afterwards to the Cascine—the Hyde Park of Florence—where every one goes to see and to be seen. Encountered a number of remarkable persons—among the rest Lucien Buonaparte's son, the Prince of Canino, and *his* son, called the Prince of Musignano. Joseph, ex-King of Spain—Louis, ex-King of Holland—and Jerome, ex-King of Westphalia; there was also another discrowned head, the ex-King of Sweden that should have been, and that probably will be in some of the changes now so rapidly taking place in the world, for Dame Fortune seems to have set herself to spin her wheel with unusual velocity, and it is difficult to say which spoke will be uppermost next week.

Florence may be called like Malmaison, a "*Magazin de cire fondue*" (*Sires fondus*—melted Kings). It gives rise to deep and painful reflections on the instability of greatness, to see so many of the tools of the great mountebank, the Jupiter Scapin, thrown aside and fallen into oblivion.

In returning home we passed between the Cathedral and the Baptistery. "What are those chains," said I, "which adorn the front of the Baptistery? they seem a strangely inappropriate ornament to a place devoted to religion—I should have thought it a prison, did not its form belie such a destination." "Oh, the chains," said M., "they are the chains which formerly closed the port of Pisa, and were taken by the Florentines on the conquest of that country. For more than a hundred years did these people tyrannize over the poor Pisans, with every refinement of barbarous cruelty; and it was not till Cosmo the First began to exercise his power, that the conquered were allowed to breathe and enjoy the blessings of justice and tranquillity." "But the Pisans (with whom I have been residing for the last fortnight) do not seem at all aware of their degradation," said I—"they seem as completely melted into one nation with the Florentines, as the inhabitants of the counties of Kent and Surrey. I doubt even if they feel any patriotic hatred of their countrymen." "Certainly not," said M., "they are not such asses—they enjoy the blessings of a mild and just government, and the few who are aware of the historical fact, are not such fools as to care a straw about it."

Strange and lamentable delusion!—Surely nature will in time raise up an O'Connell for Pisa, who will explain all these things—show them that they are wretched and degraded, though they know it not, and by inspiring them with a due sense of their forgotten misery, render them as unhappy as "the finest pisantry in the world."

Ah! "*Sua si mala norint*"—If there were but a "Young Pisa," as there is a "Jeune France," we might hope to see bloodshed once more in this most peaceable and stagnant corner of Europe, and the population elevated, from the low tranquillity of shameful content, into the ferocious energy and savage happiness of incessant revolt, in all the dignity of anarchy—"Patience—and shuffle the cards."

"*Le Cascine*," literally means Dairy Farms. The roads wind through beautiful woods, occupying what

may be called an Island—being bounded by the Arno and the Mugnone. There is a palace of the Grand Duke in the wood, and in the open spaces are abundance of cows. A number of neat farm-houses (also belonging to the Duke) are spread about in the environs, and in summer I can conceive that the enthusiastic admiration of the Florentines is not without foundation.

Calling on H., yesterday, I found him suffering severely from an incipient inflammation of the lungs, under the care of an homœopathic physician, who was giving him a hundred millionth of a grain of something or other. It was evident that the poor gentleman was in danger. It was one of those constitutions where, if you do not tread out the first spark, the house is on fire before you are aware of it; a small bleeding will arrest the progress of disease in such a constitution during the early stage of the malady; if you wait till a large one is necessary, you equally cure it by active measures, but unfortunately the patient *dies of the doctor*, a frightful disease, and one that I have sometimes seen fatal!

With great difficulty I succeeded in persuading the invalid of his danger, but could not shake his faith in Homœopathy; the progress of the disease was, however, so rapid, that a few hours afterwards he sent for me. He could scarcely breathe, and consented to the lancet; a single bleeding gave instant relief and cured the malady. He will have, however, as many *weeks* to pass in the re-establishment of his health and strength, as would have been required *days* had he been bled at the beginning.

After all, when he was once out of danger, his homœopathic friend (who I believe to have been perfectly sincere and candid) succeeded in persuading him that had he *not* been bled, the natural progress of things from his fraction of a grain of homœopathic drugs, would have brought about the relief and the cure exactly at the same moment.

Qui vult decipi, decipiatur.

V., whom I met in the evening, looked down with contempt on all pathys, regular and irregular. "I never took a dose of medicine in my life," said he, "and see how healthy I am." "It would be more rational," said I, "to say, see how healthy I have always been, and therefore I never needed a dose of medicine." I was, however, tired of argument on a subject so thankless, and after he had bestowed on me a few of the usual truisms on his side of the question, he left me silenced, if not convinced.

Among all the delusions which have possessed the human mind, perhaps the most extraordinary and incomprehensible is that of Homœopathy. It would appear that in the long line of arts and sciences, poor common sense is like the pivot man in the military evolution of *wheeling*—his comrades, in proportion to their position in the line, make the whole circle of knowledge, but he remains on the same spot, affecting to march like the rest, but never making any advance. The faith of amateurs in medical doctrines, is like that of the laity in matters of religion; the professors of both sciences can, at least, "give a reason for the faith that is in them," for they have studied the subject and possess the preliminary knowledge which enables them to *form* an opinion. That the opinions of the most learned in these two departments are not always correct, is shown by the discrepancies on the results of their investigations; their followers, however, in exact proportion to their ignorance, are most vehement in maintaining their crude opinions, and many of their assertions are like that of the man who declared that his horse was so strong, so *very* strong, that he really believed the animal was as strong as brandy, if not as strong as aqua-fortis. Part of this enthusiasm of patients arises from a misapprehension of unnecessary technical words, which, although gradually falling into disuse, are still frequently employed, when a common word would avoid the equivocal meaning. "Doctor," said a lady, "my liver has been secreting bile again." It was *my* fault that she had been led into this error. If on the former occasion I had talked of *forming* or *creating* bile (the real meaning of the word *secreting*) there would have been no equivocation. So in religion and in politics—when the terms are clearly defined, there is but a slight difference of opinion among those possessed of good sense and good feeling.

When some one quoted to Wilkes one of his violent diatribes, and, thinking to pay court to him, praised it to the skies, Wilkes exclaimed, "Why, sir, you surely don't suppose me to be a Wilkite." So an homœopathic physician, in his moments of confidence, may say to you, "Why, surely, sir, you don't think me such an ass as to believe in the humbug myself; I take it up as a means of guiding people to their good, and persuading them to use exercise and practise abstinence; all that is necessary in nine cases out of ten, as you very well know. *You* try to reason with patients; I try to please them, and pocket their guineas—cases of real active disease I turn over to others, not that I would not cure them, but if I used the effective means that are necessary, I should spoil the mystery."

When the founder of this ludicrous *science* (save the mark!) first began to turn his attention seriously to his profession, and to the advantage of acquiring notoriety, he seems to have reasoned in this way—"There is so much ignorance, so much prejudice, so many false facts on record,—patients are so bigoted, so anxious for mystery, so unwilling to submit to the privations necessary to give fair play to nature—and so many absurd systems of medicine have been invented by men who have studied a part of the science and guessed the remainder, that I really think the world would be better off without medical men than with them." Forming his opinion from the practice of medicine in Germany at that time, I quite agree with him; but, continues he, "it is not in human nature to wait under suffering—something they *will* do—they *will not* fast and use exercise—mystery they must and will have, and a scheme which shall sound like a system. I must, therefore, set to work to devise something which shall seem to have a meaning, so I will prescribe all the most active agents of the Pharmacopœia, as opium, belladonna, mercury, nux vomica, stramonium, hellebore, and other awful sounding names; but in such quantities as shall have no effect, and as I cannot trust to other hands the preparation of such powerful remedies, I will make them with my own. As, however, it would be gross folly to take this trouble, I will buy the small comfits made by the confectioners, which are of course equally powerful, put them into little bottles with separate labels, and administer them myself; and thus I shall avoid the necessity of having any medical colleagues, who can

peach and betray the humbug." He, perhaps, adds further, thinking of his gains,

Medici me sibilant, at mihi plaudo, &c.

He knows himself an object of contempt to his professional brethren, and tries to take his revenge by abuse of their interested opposition. Whether there be any fools among the many knaves who practise Homœpathy I do not pretend to decide, for unless you are permitted a *viva voce* examination, it is almost impossible to ascertain the fact from printed works—indeed, there is a considerable extent of debateable land for the excursions of both parties. Some perhaps begin knaves, and end by persuading themselves that they are really in the right road; others begin with a conviction of the truth of their doctrine—soon see through the delusion; but, having gone too far to return, put a bold face on the matter, and brazen it out. How many parallels offer in politics and religion!

That cunning old fox, Dr. Hahnemann, has, it appears, "found it answer" amazingly. "Long life to Sultan Mahmoud," said the owl, "while he lives we shall never want for ruined villages."

On board the steam-boat from Marseilles to Genoa were two French ladies of a certain age,

"Which is the most uncertain age of all,"

says Byron—of an age, however, which made the talk of *bowels* and *physic* no longer an indecorum. I wish this age arrived a little later in England. Each had a little apothecary's shop of homœopathic medicines, and were going forth like a pair of anti-Pandoras on their errand of usefulness, quite prepared to stay all the hydra diseases which are the terrors of mankind. "*Pour passer le tems*" they opened their little cases of Lilliputian decanters and cannon balls, compared their respective treasures and discussed their merits. Each had a stock of miraculous cures to relate, and each in succession trumped the other's last story. Neither liked to be outdone; and when they had exhausted their memory, they had recourse to the reservoir of imagination. How long this amiable rivalry might have lasted cannot be known, but it was interrupted by a countryman, an officer recently arrived from Algiers, who, with an air of great mildness and assumed simplicity, begged for a little information on the subject. "How much of emetic tartar is there in this pill?" said he. "A ten millionth part of a grain, Monsieur." "And how much opium in this?" "A millionth part." "And how much mercury in this?" "A hundred thousandth part;" and so he went on, when suddenly he exclaimed, "Well, ladies, give me your two Pharmacies, and I'll swallow the whole." "Oh! horror," screamed the ladies, "you will kill yourself." "That," says he, "is my affair; I will swallow all if you will give them to me." The ladies, who did not believe he was in earnest, saw him empty bottle after bottle and box after box into half a tumbler of water, till he had completely cleared both treasuries, and then (finding him really in earnest) tried to prevent the catastrophe. He tossed it all off, however, and retired to bed. They appealed to the Captain in vain; he thought the gentleman had a right to exercise his discretion. The two ladies, after passing a night of sleepless terror, had the satisfaction of seeing the officer at breakfast, *apparently well*. "But did you really feel nothing, Captain, during the night?" "Oh, yes," said the officer, "I felt that I had done a foolish thing, and even this morning—I feel—I feel said he, a painful sensation *here*," laying his hand on his stomach, and casting up his eyes pathetically—"I feel."——"What?" said both ladies, in breathless suspense. "I feel, ladies—a—a—a—double appetite; and you shall see me cure the disease in a short time."

When the hearty laughter of the whole company had subsided, an elderly gentleman, of grave aspect, a firm believer in Homœopathy, remarked—"The case is easily explained, ladies; it is clear that one powerful medicine neutralized another throughout the whole Pharmacie, and thus the effect of all was destroyed." In medicine and in politics we are never at a loss for a loophole of escape.

After our long conversation with M. yesterday, on the subject of Homœopathy, I was quite prepared with my battery for V. this morning. He entered gaily, with a triumphant air, as if he considered that he had gained a complete victory over me. I stopped him by an expression of sorrow and anxiety in my countenance—"What is the matter, to-day, are you ill?"—"Oh, no! but I am in great grief for the situation of an intimate friend, who I fear is the subject of an insidious and fatal disease. He will not take my advice, nor will he accept a recommendation to any man of skill in the profession, and there are several such in this town. He has placed himself under the exclusive care of a person, who (he has proof incontestable) does not know the difference between a nerve and a tendon; who is notoriously and even confessedly ignorant not only of medical science, but even of the very rudiments of anatomy; yet, while he has unbounded confidence in this man, he utterly despises and ridicules the acquirements of the most learned and experienced of the profession." "What infatuation," said M., "but perhaps he is very poor, and only professes want of confidence in medical skill to conceal his inability to pay for it." "On the contrary, he is rich." "Why then the man is a fool."—"No, he is not a fool, he is prejudiced; he believes that the men of the most liberal of all professions are uniformly innocent impostors; he has collected all the facts he can find of medical mistakes, and considers the list a fair sample of medical skill, just as a man might collect a list of shipwrecks to prove seamanship useless." "Oh! the man is a fool—a fool." "He is not considered so by his friends, I can assure you; on the contrary, his opinion is taken on the most important subjects; his brother, for example, was about building a house the other day without the aid of an architect, and had twenty ingenious contrivances, which he was going to put in execution; my friend showed him that many of them were utterly futile and absurd, and rated him very soundly for his folly and presumption in imagining that he, without any instruction in the matter, should be a competent judge of such a variety of details, and capable of devising at once a plan which should require no alteration, as it went on. If you could not afford to pay an architect, there *might* be some excuse for you, said he, but, as it is, *none*. His arguments were very acute, and produced entire conviction. Poor man, he will soon be incapable of giving advice to any one, for his

disease is steadily advancing." "But do not his friends interfere?" "He will not listen to them." "Why the man is insane, and ought to be put in a strait waistcoat. What! when he has the power of obtaining the best advice, to wantonly throw away his health by depending on a fellow such as you have described? But you are prejudiced by professional jealousy; the man cannot be so ignorant as you represent him." "I tell you, my good friend, that he avows it—declares that he knows nothing of anatomy, that he despises it, and the whole bundle of medical sciences." "And who is this fellow whom he employs, it is well to know his name, that one may warn one's friends?" "Oh! as to that, the warning would be useless—IT IS HIMSELF!!"

RHYMING RECOLLECTIONS.—No. III.

THE JUNGFRAU, OR VIRGIN ALP, SWITZERLAND.

A custom, which has fallen into desuetude, formerly prevailed among the pious and brave mountaineers along the whole Alpine range. This custom was to hail the last rays of the setting sun with a Jubilate Deo; even as the Italians welcome the evening star with an Ave Maria or Salve Stella Maris. Between the two customs the analogy is the same as that between the sublime and the beautiful; and, perhaps, the difference of scenery between the two countries may have had no slight share in creating the difference between the expressions of devotional feeling. The following sketch is simply as it professes to be, a recollection; and presumes not to describe what the noblest pens have utterly failed in effecting.

SUNSET.

'TWAS the evening tide, and the sun was low,
As we journeyed over the trackless snow,
Where the Virgin Alp would essay to hide
In the veil of the heavens, her bosom's pride.
Bright blushing, like maid at her bridal vow,
As the fond sun kisses her vermeil brow,
More fondly, more fondly, as night draws near,
Commanding the stars of her train to appear,
When Hesper, the first and the last at his post,
Forth heralds through heaven his glorious host.
Sweetly shall glisten their lustres ere long,
For the shadows are gathering swart and strong;
And now on each mountain's unsullied crest
The farewell beams of the broad sun rest,
Wreathing their temples with roseate rays,
Which seem as the smile of The Ancient of Days.
For the mountains were Heaven's first altar on earth,
Where the laws of religion and truth had birth,
And he who inspires the pure Alpine air,
Must feel that his spirit soars heavenward there.

* * * *

'Twas the sunsetting hour of the evening tide,
As slowly we wound down the mountain's side,
Lingering to gaze on the solar glow
Of the Alps or the valleys, and lakes far below—
The valleys and lakes of the land of Tell,
The valleys that flourish—the lakes that swell,
As if they had hearts and felt they were free,
In the oasis of Nature and Liberty.
Had a love-lorn exile beheld that scene,
As the valleys were robed in their twilight sheen,
He would think how his lone heart's distant flower
Had felt the deep spell of that scene and hour.
Had a patriot chief on the wild hills stood,
Whose snows were oft crimsoned by Freedom's blood,
His weapon had leaped from the sheath to his hand,
To strike for the weal of that slaveless land.
And oh! had a wandering child of song
Looked up to the Alps, on whose summits along
The day's dying lustre like banners unrolled,
Streamed out o'er pavilions of crystal and gold,
He would deem that a host of the sons of light,
Had left for a season their own blest sky,
Descended to earth in their glory and might,
And erected their camp on the mountains high.

'Tis the soft pure hour of the evening tide,
When breathes the lone spirit its grateful prayer,
And, hark! from yon glacier's crest of pride,
What words doth the breeze on its light wings bear?

"PRAISE YE THE LORD!"

"Praise ye the Lord!" the day is done,
Yon chasseur who marked the descending sun,
Till her last beams died, has knelt and poured,
In humble devotion—"Oh! Praise ye the Lord!"
"Praise ye the Lord!" from tongue to tongue,
From mountain to valley the blest words rung;
Kneels the chasseur in the deep snow-flake,
The fisherman bends him in prayer on the lake,
And withering eld, and childhood fair,
Kneel side by side in praise and prayer.

Not a sound is heard o'er the valleys and hills,
The mountains would seem to have hushed their rills,
In voiceless awe as the vesper hymn
Is borne on the wings of the cherubim.
Now the prayer is said, and the horns are ringing,
"Good night! good night!" the chasseur is springing,
Adown from the hills with the mountain roe,
A prey to his rifle, or Switzer bow.
"Good night! good night!"—the young fair moon
Looks down from her throne on the lake of Thun,
And bathes in her lustre the meadows green,
Of fair Interlachen and Unterseen.
"Good night! good night!" the horns are still,
And silence now reigns o'er lake and hill,
Save where a far echo, in truant delight,
Prolongs for a moment "Good night! good night!"

Good Lord! when my heart is obdurate and proud,
When broods o'er my soul sin's baleful cloud,
Oh! give me to feel as, that even I felt,
When on the snow mountains we humbly knelt.
With the Alps for our altars, our temple the skies,
THY prayer our homage and sacrifice.
Oh! then, amid darkness thy peace shall beam,
As light shone forth at thy mighty word,
Thy mercy shall guide me o'er life's dire stream,
And the voice of my spirit shall "PRAISE THE LORD!"

THE COMING OF THE SPRING.

How lingered and lingered—ah! may linger yet!—the very last winter, as if reluctant to quit the scene of his icy enchantment. Could the frost-king, like Narcissus, have been enraptured by an image of personal reproduction? We, as dwelling within ear-shot of those ancient bells of Bow, might attest this fancy almost as a fact. Our own outward man hath shivered, while our inward man hath poetized, even at beholding *that* tree in the old Temple fantastically but beautifully arrayed in its garb of icicles, and we have seen most of the few slight fountains that decorate this metropolis of ours, saving and reserving always, as the lawyers might say, those fountains in Trafalgar-square, which never *can* freeze, fixed in pendent drops like translucent stalactites. Was it for the sake of these things that winter would remain with us, looking uneasily back, like Lot's wife, to the devoted City?

But a few days back and we were away from the crowded streets and in the silent country. It might be that our journey was one of business, or it might be that inclination—few, we presume, to be unaware that business and inclination, even in these driving, hurrying, money-getting times are not always terms synonymous—led our steps away from the murky metropolis. But certainly it was to experience pleasure. We have long fancied ourselves—and we hope most others may lay such "flattering unction" to the soul—utterly unable to travel from "Dan to Beersheba," and perceive all barren. Even in the depths of winter there is something to inspirit a denizen of the town, when he may find himself in contact with rural "sights and sounds." Shawled to the eyes we may be, in pursuance of the dictates of the modern wintry fashion, but still we endeavour to keep one little corner intact. From this "loop-hole" may we peep forth upon nature, even in her undress, while yet unadorned with the vesture that summer bestows, of green below, and azure brilliancy above. In every aspect she still develops something to delight, and therefore something one must, perforce, admire. In the nipping frost it is not perfectly correct that we should quite forget the "balm-breathing gale." Byron, in the true spirit of poetry, took occasion to remark, "Dear Nature is the kindest mother still," and when age has fallen upon her, when she has lost much of the beauty and grace erewhile attached to her form, and her dimpling smiles have subsided, it would be the work of an "ingrate son," indeed, were we to "toss the nose" of reproof in her presence, or neglect her altogether. No, winter or summer, "frost or shine," she is, and ever must be, "ever welcome, ever new."

But it is another matter now altogether. We have no necessity, at "this present writing," in our intercourse with the aspect of nature, to exercise any degree of constraint, or bestow upon the "wrinkled beldame," if any must have her so at any time, a huge quantity of our magnanimous consideration. She begins to exhibit sundry signs—and welcome ones *we* must admit—of the revivifying influences of the solar rays and the lengthening hours. We were sweetly assured of this fact, because we were, enabled to gather, a few brief days since, on the occasion of which we speak, and bring home as the legitimate trophy of our travel, the firstling of the Spring. Well, what of this? some might half pettishly, haply half indignantly, exclaim. We might plead in justification the evidence of some score or two of poets, from Herrick, the quaint old Herrick, of a yesterday two hundred years agone, down to the youngling chirruping in the magazines of to-day. And add the testimony of—how many, pray?—not poets, but men and women clad in the homeliest drab of common sense, and girt about with a myriad of petty cares—which latter, by-the-by, every one seems to consider poets claim an especial exemption from. How many with us might stoop, and, with ineffable delight, gather the first sweet wild flower of Spring, and feel their recollections kindle at the simple act? The fever of the world may lie hot upon the brow, but that "first flower," that snow-drop, primrose, or violet, dear graduations, will dispel its unkindly influence in a moment, and the "dewy freshness" of days gone-by again may entrance us.

We once heard of a strange peculiarity, strange we in our simplicity have ever considered it, possessed by a man of talent, of genius, a historian of no mean or undeserved celebrity,* and this peculiarity was that he could scarcely endure the sight of a flower. In his eccentricity he bade the gardener root up those lovely evidences of heaven's teeming bounty from around his mansion. Nothing but blossomless evergreens flourished in that spot, tabooed from the gentle presence of Flora's blooming train. We would have nicknamed him old Winter.

Harsh and crabbed winter—a king he has been called, and very jealous of the least interference with his dignity or domination. How he will struggle and bluster—but the "first flower" always bids fair to "thrust him from his stool." His myrmidons, frost and snow, may scatter their favors with a liberal hand, but by-and-by up springs a little snowdrop, to scare the "grisly monarch and his train," and frighten them indeed from their propriety. Ere the sun asserts sufficient strength to strip the earth of its icy garb, appear the pale blossoms and green leaves of the appropriately-termed snowdrop, and we know that winter's reign is almost over. True, he may demur a little, and heave himself about with uneasy throes, like a giant in his agony, but his doom is sealed, when once that visitant arrives. Shortly, too, an overwhelming force is against the failing monarch in the field—ay, and in the hedge-rows too. He cannot withstand the combination long, and at length he sinks—where we mostly wish disagreeable things and people—in the *rear*,—

> Violets dim,
> But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,
> Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroses

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* Mitford, the historian of Greece.

——bold oxlips
And the crown-imperial,

quite overpower him. In his departure, however, he has the consolation of receiving the *coup de grace* from beauty's eyes—happy like a true knight of medieval chivalry. And, therefore, may we say of aged winter, as Milton did of a young lady "dying of a cough,"

Yet art thou not inglorious in thy fate.

It is very certain that we cannot for the life of us do otherwise than gladly hail the arrival of the Spring. Indeed we look with an expectant eye for the slightest symptoms of its approach. It comes, and no unwelcome visitor. There are no poutings of the lips when the damsel—the mythologists were right in portraying the Spring as a gentle damsel—comes tripping lightly o'er the earth. For ourselves we are half tempted to perpetrate a lyric on the occasion. The Gods may not have rendered us more than ordinarily poetical, but we must speak in verse. We are far from taking occasion to imitate some modern poet or poetess: forgive us, reader, if it should happen to be L. E. L., whose full heart it was said

Must break in song or die.

Quite the contrary; we feel at this moment remarkably easy in immediate circumstance. Everything around us wears a most provoking appearance of positive and prosaic comfort. In an easy chair—by the firelight's cheerful blaze—still must we gratulate

THE COMING OF THE SPRING.

Soon nature will resume her dormant powers,
Immortal as in triumph over death;
The Spring will soon be with us. Many flowers
The earth will hallow with sweet forms and breath,
And thousand bosoms with delight be rife,
Those symbols welcoming again to life.

They will arise o'er many a wooded hill,
In lowly spots 'mid many a pleasant vale—
Will gem the brink of many a gurgling rill;
And who will deem their charms of slight avail,
Wooing us to regard their blossoming,
Telling us silent tales of *our* warm Spring?

Fond hands will place them in the sick man's room,
Their presence gleaming like a ray of light
And beauty, peering through its saddened gloom;
And with their scent will visions, calm and bright,
Lulling in soft delight the sense of pain,
Arouse the faintness of the sick one's brain:

A flush will overspread the faded cheek,
A brightness fill again the sunken eye;
And friends will bow to hear him softly speak
Of health and vigour, life-renewing, nigh;
A blessing will be with them—that they keep
Hope from relapsing into weary sleep.

And shall we not love flowers, if they but raise
Our thoughts a moment from the worldly din
That stirs our hearts too deeply in this maze
Of toil, ambition, passion, or of sin?
Oh, are they useless? Every flower we see
To sight and sense betokens purity.

MUSINGS OF A WANDERER.

No. XI.

To look upon the ruins of the past,
And then compare them with our grandest tow'rs,
Makes the heart bow to low humility,
Confessing at the shrines of ages gone!
Where are our pyramids, or gardens hung
By some invisible tissue from the stars,
To which they seemed a short and flow'ry way.
Instead of passing through the gate of death!
Where are our Tempe-Vales, Ilyssus springs,
Or Heliconian mounts, with the fond dreams
That made their worshippers immortal!—where?
Alas! but in some sympathetic mind,
Which feels the past from what Time 's left behind,
And struggles in a glorious rivalry!

W.

No. XII.

And now 'tis o'er—my musings all are done,
I'll seek the village of my native home,
And leave a twilight, like the setting sun,
O'er all the hills and valleys I did roam.
When youth's gay buoyancy could float me safe,
O'er roughest wave the wildest storm could chafe;
When ev'n the perils of this dang'rous world,
Tempests by sea, or avalanches hurl'd,
From their white Alpine solitudes, could give
My soul a melancholy joy, and fill
Its thoughts with—bliss it is to live,
And trust to Nature that she will not kill!
Now, now, farewell to all those happy hours,
Their memory lives like scent in faded flow'rs!

W.

THE PAST, THE PRESENT, AND THE POSSIBLE;

OR, PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF A COSMOPOLITE.

THE LAW OF PREY, AND THE LAW OF REASON.

> We
> Are mere usurpers, tyrants, and what's worse,
> To fright the animals, and to kill them up,
> In their assigned and native dwelling place.

CHRISTMAS CAROLS speak in warm commendation of roast beef and similar edibles, and even the praises of hot tripe are chimed. The length and breadth of the land rings with the doings of the members of the Smithfield Club Cattle Show, and of those who follow their guidance, in piling mountains of fat upon every four-legged beast, and diminishing its bony structure, till the semblance of animality is gone in its outward appearance, and its power of locomotion is nearly lost. The Strasburghers, who roast geese alive for the sake of diseased livers, are not a whit more cruel; nor, probably, is the result of one more unwholesome than the other, as articles of human food. Could we imagine a graminivorous animal endowed with human reason (an Indur) to walk through London in the Christmas week, and survey the various shops and markets stored with animals, skinned and unskinned, entire and dismembered, what a horrible nation of monsters should we seem to him. And in truth so we are. The tiger kills and devours for himself, under the influence of ravening hunger, and without moral perceptions. We, on the contrary, slaughter by system in cold blood, with systems upon systems of moral philosophy. We perceive the unpleasant nature of all the blood and slaughter, we feel sick when we pass the gore-embued kennel, but, nevertheless, we convert a portion of our fellow creatures into Helots to do this slaughter drudgery for us; they keep the shambles for the carcases, and dwell in close contiguity to them; and we, who avoid the butcher's shop, keep it in the back streets, and shudder at the thought of a slaughter-house, and frequently try to disguise it in print under the name of an "abattoir"—we, delicate and refined as we are, sauce, and dish, and transform, the fragments of these same carcases in order to furnish them tombs within our own delicate bodies. The man who ate the hot tripe at the street door had probably no such perceptions; it was hot "inwards" to cold inwards. It was enjoyment, animal enjoyment, neither more nor less than that of the sailor butcher, who after being long on salt meat, will cut off and devour, hot and raw, pieces of the sheep he is skinning for the use of his captain's cabin, on the long voyage. With the animal portion of humanity all this is in keeping, as well as the numberless songs and books in praise of feeding—the "roast beef of old England" inclusive.

But it is not in keeping with intelligent humanity. Few can eat the cosset lamb, or the tame fawn brought up in their own household. The house kid grows up to be a goat, and the chicken, brought up by hand, continues to be a pet when grown up. Propose to the people they belong to, to eat them, and they will tell you "they would as soon eat one of their own children." The hackneyed argument, that the lower animals were made for the food of man, stops short here. But they will sell to the butcher their pet animals; they will not eat their own children, but they will sell them to others to eat. This is just the principle on which people will not kill their own meat, but will eat the meat which has been killed by others. Each family might thus eat their neighbours' cosset lambs all round the parish. On the same principle a man will send his son to the army to shed foreign blood, or to have his own shed, but he would be horror stricken at the thought of blood-shed in a family feud with his next neighbours—until used to it, like the Corsicans or the Irish; just so, a slaveholder cruelly ill-treats his field negro, to get the greatest amount of labour out of him, but spares his domestic slave who has gained a hold on his affections. There is something extremely repugnant to the humane spirit in this, and there must be the same kind of repugnance to eating the flesh of any animal, with one of whose species we have been on familiar terms.

There are very few candid people, of intelligence and refinement, who will defend the practice; they will at once acknowledge that it is an evil, but they will add, a necessary evil; and there appears to be little doubt that the world, formed, as all seems, in the plan of progress, step by step, could scarcely have attained the present dawn of civilisation, without going through the process of preying, as well in man as in the lower animals. We say advisedly—dawn of civilisation—for as no more can we regard the condition of humanity, in which three nations, so far advanced as England, France, and the United States, can support publications, in which the possibility of war between them, or any of them, is alluded to in terms of complacency. In a state of true civilisation such publications would become extinct, by the general sense of the community, at the moment of broaching doctrines fit only for existing wild beasts, and breaking up human association into its elements. We will examine into the nature of this necessary evil,—making human bodies into animal tombs.

In perusing, carefully, the early history of the world, in the great stone book which lies not nor deceives—the geological formation—we find that the first creation was inorganic, that then organic vegetation was produced, and, in succession, followed animals of various kinds, the general law being, that the less perfect ever preceded the more perfect; and, leaving the geological evidence, we find the same law to obtain, up to the advent of man, and to keep pace with his existence. Another law has been the *Law of Prey*, or law of violence, the stronger preying on the weaker: the more perfect on the less perfect, throughout creation. And from this law man has been no more exempt than the rest of creation. But the progress which man has made under such great disadvantages, gives irresistible demonstration of what he will yet do in a future of compound progress. For many years the writer has speculated on future pro-

babilities in the destinies of the human race, and striven to analyse, so far as a life of occupation would permit, the chief "lets and hindrances" to more rapid development.

Excess and deficiency of warmth, dryness, and moisture; deficiency of food, bad quality of food, and excessive competition for food, are amongst the primary causes of retardation, experienced by man, in common with the lower animals, and also with the vegetable tribes. Although many members of the human race do not experience the direct action of these circumstances, the large majority, who are directly affected, exercise an indirect influence of mischievous tendency in the moral and intellectual development of those who are called the rich. For example, while the poor and working classes compete with each other in the market for employment, which is only another name for "meat, clothes, and fire," and in the process of competition, occasionally assassinate individuals of their own class, as has been shown in Glasgow, Manchester, and elsewhere, the possessors of property can scarcely avoid perceiving that they are surrounded by envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness; that they are liable to the attacks of disease, engendered by their poorer brethren, and that a considerable portion of their property must be expended in guarding the remainder, by the agency of magistrates, judges, police, military men, armies, fleets, and ships. And, moreover, no man of property is morally sure that he may not come to be a man of no property, and the inmate of a workhouse, unless he be constantly on the watch to prevent it. All this tends to prevent the finer developments of humanity, to keep alive the wild beast qualities, and to repress the higher attributes. And this struggle, this natural struggle, of a competitive world must ever go on, till food and necessaries shall be in excess of the demand for them.

For the *Law of Prey* is the existing law of nature; of organised matter. It is the law whereby the balance of creation appears to be preserved, one class preying on another, and also individuals of the same class preying on each other, vegetables as well as animals. The shark, who devours his fellow fish, or a casual man, in the ocean, does no more than the city tradesman who drives off the hawker from the pavement before his door; and exults in the good bargain he has obtained, of the goods of a rival tradesman become bankrupt. It is the natural process, whereby fish are prevented from becoming too numerous, and whereby the weaker and less active are sacrificed, while the stronger escape; and it is also the process whereby tradesmen are regulated in number, and those least fitted for the employment driven off. The race is kept up by the strongest and best, *i. e.*, the most energetic, the naturally, not the morally best. We take it, that if this huge metropolis were examined, with a view to discover the sharpest and shrewdest people, they would almost invariably be found occupying the best positions, but we should not look for the most moral in the leading thoroughfares of the lines of retail shops; though, away from their several fields of competition, their owners would, probably, be found as humane as the average. "Carthage must be destroyed!" is their motto; but they have no objection to the Carthaginians distributing themselves anywhere they please, provided the competition is at an end.

Throughout organic creation, nature has provided, that every race, animal and vegetable, shall produce more offspring than is required to fill the spaces the parents occupy. For this there seems to be two reasons; first, to colonize the uninhabited spaces at the outset, and secondly, to supply casualties. To prevent too great accumulations, where casualties do not occur, the *Law of Prey* comes in force. In natural forests, the trees tower upwards, side by side, each striving to out-top its neighbour, till all alike become weak, lose all development of lateral branches, and possess only an unnatural tuft at their top in the likeness of a broom, the timbers of their long thin trunks being of most inferior quality. Nor does either grass or brushwood grow in the spaces between their roots. In their competitive struggle, the sunlight is shut out from between their stems, they have destroyed all races of plants except themselves, and they have degenerated in the process. But when a river or a mountain ravine breaks in upon the monotonous level, or where the agency of man, or fire, has opened up space, then, the trees exposed to air and light, and thinned in their numbers, become strong and healthy, develop lateral branches, and produce strong timber. So also, in the process of natural decay, as the weakest dry up and fall, the remainder flourish. But it is under the care of man, where the process of thinning is judiciously performed, that trees attain their greatest perfection, when the competitive process is at an end. There is also another process of thinning which nature has provided, in the vegetable-eating tribes of animals, which in some cases carry the process so far, that the forests are actually extirpated, as in the Steppes of Tartary, and the Pampas and Savannahs of Southern America. Forests thus extirpated cannot rise again, the young trees are bitten off like grass as fast as they shoot, and grasses and herbs become the sole occupants of the land; grass, which becomes a matted turf, and loses the characteristics of a seed-bearing plant, remaining a mass of imperfect vegetation. Yet, select from amongst this mass individual plants, cultivate them carefully through a series of years, and seed will be developed. Replant this seed, and select the finest seeds for the next crop, and one may, perhaps, become a plant of wheat, another of barley, another of oats, another of rye. And when the wheat has attained its greatest state of perfection, and the seed is produced in quantities at pleasure, let a field be thickly sown with it, and let the crop shed its seed into the ground and grow up the following year, the crop of straw will be large, and the seed reduced. Let this process be repeated through a sufficient period of years, and the wheat will return to the original state of grass from which it was developed. The peasantry of Chilé express this known fact, by saying *vuelve centeno*, "it becomes rye." It is the same with the wild kale, which may be cultivated into every variety of cabbage by human care, but which, if neglected, will become kale again. Competition, with weeds and other plants, will reduce it to its original type.

Had the forests been left to the operations of the *Law of Prey*, acting against them, and not for them, by their own competition, and by the rapacity of the vegetable-eating tribes, they must wholly have disappeared. But nature provided a balance in the carnivorous animals, who thin their numbers by the

same *Law of Prey*, and by this reciprocal action and re-action, forests, grass, and animals, were kept in abundance to greet the advent of man, as fuel, implements, houses, and food, to supply the wants of his savage state. Man, as a hunter, was little more than instinctive, as a wild beast. While his numbers were few, and birds, beasts, and other animals were in surplus he would not quarrel; but as they became scarce with man's increase of numbers, the *Law of Prey* came again into operation, man against man. Rival claims to hunting grounds begat strife, and the numbers of men were kept thinned, till the balance was adjusted between mouths and food. And, in this mode, the finest and strongest trees, animals, and men, were preserved to keep up the races, while the weaker were destroyed, a law of nature to prevent deterioration.

It must be sufficiently obvious that the *Law of Prey* was essential to progress, in the merely instinctive state. Every organised being, plant, or animal, had its food prepared for it by nature, throughout a series of gradations. But with the advent of man, provision was made for the development of a new law, gradually to abrogate the *Law of Prey*, viz. *The Law of Human Reason*. The cultivation of the earth, for the production of improved vegetation, is amongst its earliest efforts. The competition for hunting grounds lessened, when, from a limited space, the amount of food could be insured, till such time as the consequent increase of population restored the rivalry. And the history of all nations called civilised, is that of a constant struggle between population and food, skill and industry increasing the quantity of food, and population, thus excited, growing beyond the quantity, till the application of fresh skill again changed their relative proportions. The same has been the case with fuel. Trees disappeared under dense population, and then the stores of coal, hived up by nature, were dug from the surface and near the surface, and, as exhaustion took place, man's growing skill pierced deeper and deeper still. Had not fuel been thus provided, the numbers of mankind must have been very limited, and great parts of the earth left uninhabited.

It is an established fact, that vegetable-eating animals are far inferior in energy to the carnivorous tribes; but the omnivorous are the most generally intelligent, amongst the lower animals, as well as amongst mankind. The Bramins of India and the Celts of Ireland are dominated over by the omnivorous English. Rammohun Roy was accustomed to say that when the Eastern Indians should begin to eat meat with their rice, they would take part with the English in governing. The bean-eating peasantry of Chilé, are quiet and submissive; the flesh-eating wanderers of Paraguay and La Plata are ferocious and intractable. Ferocity is traceable to the practice, instinctive to the *Law of Prey*—of animals devouring animals. The wild pseudo Christians of the Pampas, who kill a cow, or other animal, and have a portion of the quivering flesh on their rude spits, while yet the blood is gushing, and the carcase is convulsed, will shed human blood with just as little repugnance, and will eat their tiger-like meal with the unwiped knife, which has been replaced in the girdle, fresh from human slaughter. The Europeans who mingle in these scenes, become nearly as callous, and it once occurred to the writer to have a proposal made to him by a tolerably intelligent native of Scotland, equalling in ferocity anything that could emanate from a New Zealander. A travelling party of native Spaniards and Europeans, English, Scotch, and Americans, were surrounded by a horde of several hundred Patagonian Indians, and awaited their attack in a temporary entrenchment. It was a position of peril, but it was calculated that some half dozen rifles of the party would give account of as many score Indian lives. The Scot in his slow broad accent said, "Wall Sir! I'm thinking if you'll join me, I should like just to cut some steaks from one o' those Injun fallows, to roast and see what they eat like, when the Gauchos have skinned them." All this was said as coolly and quietly, as if it had been a proposition to taste red deer venison for the first time. And this man had been brought up in the modern Athens, and is now a large landed proprietor and cattle owner. Christians and Indians of these districts, alike subsist on flesh alone, and in most cases hot from the carcase. When the Christian conquers the Indian, he skins him as he would a wild beast, to make trappings for his horse; an improvement on the scalping process. When the Indian conquers the Christian, he tortures him to death with the greatest possible number of lance wounds. Under favourable circumstances, the Scot above alluded to, might with his family have realised the old story of Sawney Beane, the man-eater, salting down human limbs as a provision stock. The case of the London butcher who cut off his child's head on a table some years back, is familiar to most persons; and it is probable that in his case an inherent ferocious tendency was strongly developed by the daily practice of animal slaughter. A French writer—Eugene Sue—apparently a close studier of the habits of the Parisian populace, represents his chourineur, or stabber, as stirred at intervals by a mental vision of blood, which excites him to seek a victim. And this man's ferocity was originally excited by a youth passed in the horse shambles. So also a tiger cub brought up on vegetable diet, is tame and docile; and it is possible that the same mode of feeding continued through two or three generations may render tigers useful to man, and wean them from blood. But let the tiger's cub, brought up on vegetable diet, once lap blood, the ferocious fiend is raised, which can never more be appeased but in death.

While man works by his mere instincts, he is subject to the same *Law of Prey* as the inferior animals. But, by the *Law of Reason*, he must eventually emancipate himself from the *Law of Prey*, and become a *non-preying* being. He may even go further than this, and make the lower animals *non-preying*. This would really be conquering the earth.

There can be little doubt that ferocity arises from the practice of animals eating each other; but there is also another question for consideration. How much disease peculiar to animals has been grafted on the human race by the practice? We know, from the cow-pock and the glanders, that the diseases of animals can be communicated to mankind by external contact, and there seems to be no reason why we should be free from the inoculation, when we make the contact internal. We know that the qualities of food affect the condition of mankind; we know that people are occasionally poisoned by bad fish and bad meat, but we know not the amount of disease generated by unwholesome meat, which stops short of immediate

death. If animal food be good for human beings it must be in proportion as it assimilates most to them in their most healthy condition. For this reason it is, that the wild animals—as deer, pheasants, partridges, and game generally, Southdown and Welsh mutton—are more prized than the fatted beasts of the farm-yard. They are killed, for the most part, in a state of perfect health, in the enjoyment of animal spirits, from breathing a free air during the salutary exercise of collecting food which is not found in masses. Consequently they had no lazy life, inducing plethora, and, if attacked by illness, they die, but do not become man's food. Take the same animals, place them in stalls and fattening cribs, induce plethora by over-feeding and the absence of exercise and free air, and the result will be, the aldermanic mutton-venison, consumed so largely at city feasts, in the belief that it is wild meat, and the dunghill birds that are uneatable, save with the stimulus of salted swine's flesh. It is the difference between an unaired turtle-eating alderman and a healthy game-fed mountaineer; the greasy city pavement, and the odour-breathing heather; carbuncled Curtis, and a kilted Celt. And, even when well-born and bred, the animals are mostly deteriorated before they become city food. If killed previous to transportation, close packing and bad air do their deteriorating work upon them. If transported alive, fatigue commonly dissipates that elasticity of temperament understood by the term, "animal spirits," and the animal killed in the flagged or exhausted condition, does not furnish nutrimentitious food. In the Spanish settlements of America, where live cattle are driven along to serve as food during journeys, so soon as they are wearied the meat acquires a distinctive name—*carne cansada*—tired flesh. This flesh, the travellers' only food, has no more flavour than boiled straw. Pound after pound is consumed from the spit without the slightest satisfaction of the appetite. Weariness of the jaws or throat, and disgust of the stomach, alone cause the cessation of eating. Were it not for repletion—not like a stomach, but like a sack—a man might eat on till the next meal-time. But

> Oh! this flesh, this flesh!
> Of this flesh I'm wearie!
> Rest, I can get nane,
> On this flesh sae drearie.

After eating such food, wild horse, mule, deer, ass, ostrich, lion, anything in which the blood freely circulates untired, in short, anything that has the vigour of life, is a welcome change. In our cities we frequently have this "tired flesh," but we do not eat it alone. We have bread, vegetables, sauces, and condiments of all kinds, and the deteriorated flesh is swallowed unconsciously, amidst a variety of other matters, as the French cook made the lady's slipper palatable in a ragout, with a sauce of that piquancy which originated the proverb, "steeped in that, a man might eat his own father."

Flesh of this kind is simply unprofitable as nourishment. Fed on it solely for a long time, without a free supply of oxygen, a man would die of exhaustion. But it is not positively poisonous. Could the "animal spirits," or the chemical ingredients we class under that name, be restored to it, it would doubtless be good nourishment. But much of the flesh we consume is positively diseased. It is in a state of living decomposition before death. "Rotten sheep, yellow mutton," are phrases familiar to the ear, and their owners take care to kill them, to prevent a natural death, after which they would be unmarketable. And, we incline to think, that Prince Albert's fat bull, saved from the slaughter by the gentle mercy of Queen Victoria's philanthropy, was no loss to the public. Pages on pages might be filled with details of the poisonous condition of much of our food, but the knowledge that it is thought necessary to appoint public officers to watch the markets, is sufficient evidence of the fact. But they are only purveyors to cooks, they are not chemists to detect latent diseases, and bear about the same relative position as judges of human food, that a coroner's jury bear to a human body that has been killed by poison.

The truth is, that the inferior provisions are sold to the ignorant poor, and the designing purveyors of cooked food who disguise it, and make it palatable. Amongst the poorer classes, the diseases are the diseases of poor animals, they are assimilated to their food. The plethoric meat of the wealthier classes is also analogous to their condition. Gout is the rich man's disorder, rheumatism belongs to the poor. But the rich man's cook is not a mere heater of flesh by radiant heat or hot water; he is an empirical chemist. He does not know what proportions of the gases enter into his compositions, nor what are the constituents of his aromas or flavours, but he has a mass of practical recipes at his fingers' end, to produce these compounds and flavours, which, by long practice, he has ascertained produce pleasure in the eating, to the majority of his employers; though he knows full well, that "what is one man's meat is another man's poison." He knows that his bitter almonds, in certain quantities, produce enjoyment of life, and, in larger quantities, certain death—

> Within the simple rind of this small flower,
> Poison hath residence, and medicine power;

that the shadow of a shade, even of garlic, heightens the gusto, which becomes disgust, when the quantity is in excess. The coarse rude race of mankind, as sailors and excavators, ploughmen and others, have, when abundantly fed, so much animal heat, that they can with impunity eat raw, or cold, flesh and vegetables. They can make their stomachs serve as cooks, as well as chemists—heat their food previous to dissolving it. But it is not so with people living in a state of refinement. Their stomachs are chemists only, and the food introduced therein, as assimilated by nature's chemistry, will not serve their purpose. They require an artificial chemist, the cook, to perform the rougher processes, leaving to the stomach only the more delicate operations.

The constantly increasing horror of war and bloodshed amongst the most civilised communities; the disgust experienced after the excitement of a battle, in beholding the unburied dead, the sickness caused by the sight of public shambles, or of knackers' yards; the brutality engendered in most of those who follow the trade of slaughter, whether of their fellow men, or of the lower animals; and the frequent attempts to introduce the practice of feeding on vegetables only, to the exclusion of animal food;—all these things point out clearly to those who can see the signs of the times, that mankind are in the transition state, between the *Law of Prey* and the *Law of Reason*. If it be unjust to condemn black men to be our slaves, and do our drudgery instead of steam engines; if it be unjust

to condemn white boys to sweep our chimneys instead of making them self acting; if it be unjust to set our fellow creatures on to slaughter each other;—it surely is unjust also, to condemn our fellow men to perform the office of animal slaughterers; a process that persons of refinement shrink from, unless in the royal and noble form of killing birds and beasts with guns and other weapons in the open air. Were pheasants and partridges, hares and rabbits, slaughtered by breaking their necks, or cutting off their heads in cellars or stables, the royal, the gentle, and the noble, would turn over the ignoble labour to the ignobly born race of common butchers.

And there can be no doubt that the example set by the rich, royal, and noble, in making a sport of the death of the lower animals, has its effect in brutalising the poorer classes of the community. Gamekeepers and poachers begin by shooting birds, and end by butchering each other; while the patrons of the taste for slaughter, reward the one and punish the other under every possible contrivance of landlord-made law. We are at a loss to understand this taste, as practised in a civilised community. Hunting in the olden time was said to be "minor war;" but something noble was to be found in the old hunting. It was the skill to find and to destroy wild beasts, the foes of mankind; or it was the skill to find and capture the wild beasts, the food of mankind. In the wild countries of America hunting of both kinds is practised at the present day—hunting and shooting being synonymous terms. Hunting, as a sport, implies the seeking for game, the finding of which is uncertain. But what is called hunting in England is a matter of certainty. It is the chase of an animal previously captured, or whose haunt is known, and there is no exciting uncertainty, unless in the possibility of the deer or fox escaping. Hare hunting approaches nearer to the truth, but this is held to be comparatively low pursuit. To call the practice of gathering together large numbers of half tame birds and animals in fields and copses, for the purpose of shooting them wholesale—to call this mere coarse butchery, sport, is a gross perversion of the hunter's craft. As well might "Herod's slaughter of the Innocents" be termed a glorious battle. The step-sovereign of England, the husband of our much praised Queen, works wonders in this kind of "sport," under the guidance and assistance of Colonel Bowater, but, nevertheless, we think it hardly fair to libel him as many of the newspapers did sometime back, by reporting that he had a Highland deer shut up a live-long night in the courtyard of a Highland castle, disturbing the inmates with its plaintive cries, in order to shoot it the next morning from the breakfast room window, our Sovereign Lady standing by, and approving. Her rescue of the bull from the knife of the butcher at the Club Cattle Show, would seem to mark the episode of the Highlaud deer as fabulous. If true, one might suppose that the shooter had been studying the feelings of the Duke in "As You Like It."

> And yet it irks me, the poor dappled fool,—
> Being native burghers of this desert city—
> Should, in their own confines, with forked heads,
> Have their round haunches gored.

And for this reason the deer was transported to the castle court, where

> The wretched animal heaved forth such groans,
> That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat
> Almost to bursting:

And there, away from his "native desert city," and thus removed from the literal stricture of the Avon moralist, his "round haunches were gored," not with a "forked head," but with a royal ragged rifle bullet. And his fate will be like that of the deer of Jacques, all true hearts "weeping and commenting upon the sobbing deer."

> What shall he have who killed the deer?
> His leathern coat and horns to wear!

We would transfer this meed to the libeller who slandered the Step-Sovereign of England by such a report. Nothing could be more dastardly than such a report, except the commission of the cruel act.

Our butchers are our Helots, kept, and condemned to do the slaughter drudgery we ourselves are disgusted at. We keep our brethren in a position only one degree above that of the lower animals, and boast of our own refinement. We give titles of honour to the ingredients of our charnel feasts—the "Baron of Beef" and "Sir Loin." On some occasions our chief cooks head the procession of honour which brings in the *disjecta membra*, the hewn limbs and bodies of the farmer's four-footed tribes. Flourishes of trumpets greet the approach; bands of music strike up "Oh! the roast beef of old England." A chaplain is in attendance to say grace over the flourish of knives and forks; but from all this, the grazier who bred the ox, and the butcher who slew it, are sedulously excluded; or at least, if there, they are in disguise and not in the robes of their vocation. If the feast be laudable, the ministers to the feast should be installed in their honours. The grazier, as the presenter of the offering, and the butcher, as the sacrificing priest, should be there in their mystic robes; the butcher with brawny arms and upturned sleeves, and sacrificial apron, bearing his knife and flourishing his steel; followed by a band of marrow-bone and cleaver music, "the chief with his tail on." In short, the whole tribe of butchers should preside at all the Christmas dinners, to cut into slices after cooking, those masses of carcases they cut up into joints before cooking. Let worth be honoured; let the true founder of the feast preside at the feast. When the perception shall arise, of the true nature of our carnivorous rejoicings, it will be time enough to sneer at those "whose talk is of beeves."

Doubtless, the mass of the community is thoroughly imbued with the conviction that all the world was made for man's uses, and that he has a right to slay and devour the lower animals. Sometimes the argument takes the philosophic form, on the score of the fitness of animal flesh to assimilate with human bodies, and replace their waste. Yet this argument cuts two ways; for tigers find human bodies admirably adapted to replace their corporeal waste. Occasionally, in the jungle tracts of India, the due arrivals of the post are interrupted for weeks in succession. The neighbourhood is roused and the steps of the foot posts are traced to a certain spot, where many in succession have disappeared. Diligently seeking, footsteps of a smaller print are found, leading off in one direction; following their track they are found to end in a patch of jungle, where putrifying carcases and skeletons of intercepted messengers are intermingled with shreds of torn clothing, and scattered letter bags; and, crouching amongst them, is the couchant tiger, glaring fiercely in the full spirit of savage independence, on the insolent intruders who have

violated his sylvan retreat, the abode of his mate and little ones. Could he speak, he would, doubtless, assert that the earth was made for tigers, and that men were created for their sustenance. The New Zealanders, and others, have carried their material philosophy still further. They have thought man's flesh more fitted than any other flesh for man's food; and, if we remember rightly, it is Mr. Earle who relates the case of a female slave in New Zealand, who, having offended her master by suffering a pig to stray, was by him coolly knocked on the head, and hung up for fresh provisions. So that, in this mode a New Zealander, above prejudice, might marry a wife, degrade her to a slave, or beast of burden, and then slaughter and eat her, as a grazier may his ox. Bush-rangers in New Holland, men born and bred in civilised nations and countries, slaughter and eat one another, when provisions fail in the woods, and it would not be a little instructive to civilised humanity could the history of the early training and lives of such individuals be collected and registered.

Many in our land will exclaim at the recital of such deeds :—

Oh horrible! oh horrible! most horrible!

But not the less true are they. Hans D'Islande, described by Victor Hugo as drinking warm blood from human victims, is not more horrible than our Hares and Burkes. And what else can be expected from their education? We have before us, at this moment, a small book entitled "Cookery Rhymes, or, Useful Hints intended for Girls' Day Schools, by Miss Potter. Third edition."

The authoress is, we believe, the near relative of a Manchester magnate, one full of benevolence, and anxious to do good to the poor, as the phrase goes. We extract one of the recipes :—

Wash the heart, which either roast or broil;
And the liver and lights you also must boil;
Mince these small, add water and simmer,
With pepper and salt eat up all for your dinner.

It reminds one of the Canidia of Horace, or the caldron scene in Macbeth, so far as the matter goes. Alas for the rhymes and the measure. If Manchester mills were not of more accurate manufacture and proportion they would little resemble those of

Doncaster Mayor,
Who sits in his chair,
While his mills they merrily go.

But what shall we say for the moral taste of this rhymed cookery as an instruction for young girls; this early "handling, mincing, boiling, broiling, and simmering of hearts, livers, and lights,"—tripe we can find nothing of? Would a man of refinement be pleased that the wife of his bosom should do these things. If he would not, let him not sanction Miss Potter's school instructions; let not poor girls be taught, or enjoined, to do anything that a throned queen might fairly feel disgusted at.

This rhymed cookery is for the purpose of teaching the poor girls how to become economical housekeepers, and feed on the most inferior provisions, and small quantities. "A pound of coarse beef" makes a family dinner. "One pound of shin of beef," or "some bits of cold meat, bones and all," mixed with certain vegetables, will make "a dinner for half a dozen." "Fresh herrings," "knuckle of veal," "fried bacon and potatoes," "a gallon of broth for fourpence;" this must surely be analogous to "skilligolee." "Cow heel," "cod's head soup," "sheep's head," "cow heel and mutton," and then follows a primitive recipe :—

Take one pound of scrag of mutton,
Which cut up into nice thin steaks.

But this is excelled by a recipe for "cheap pease pudding" :—

To two pounds of mashed potatoes,
Add one pound of well mashed pease;
To which, put a bit of dripping,
Or butter, or lard, if you please.

It strikes us it would be still cheaper to use three pounds of potatoes, and add to them Beau Brummel's ration, "I once ate a pea."

Bread might be cheapened on the same plan. To a pound of flour, add two pounds of bran, and serve it up at the magnate's breakfast table. Our fair authoress, however, cheapens bread in another fashion :—

Now bread is very unwholesome,
And also very expen*sive;*
The difference of eating it stale,
Is a gain of *one* in *five*.

This also might be improved on :—

Keep it until it grows mouldy,
And people will eat less still.

The article on tea is choice and original :—

When you make your tea, if you'll put
Two leaves from a black currant tree,
They will give it as fine a taste
As if 'twere ten shilling Twankey.

We recommend this to the attention of the ladies of the aristocracy. And these recommendations to the poor to live on offals, emanate from Manchester, where Cobden champions free trade and ample food, and where Lyon Playfair lectures! Such stuff as the above is to be impressed on the memories of school girls, till they become a mental Golgotha. We, alas! know too well, that mouths are in surplus, and that offals must be eaten by the poor, at least till trade be free; but surely it were better to convert these offals into food, wholesale, by a process of manufacture on the large scale, similar to soap making or tallow melting, than to keep the animal pollution of the slaughter house on the hands and thoughts of the wives and daughters of the poor, as a daily, never ending humiliation. We are not morbid in the matter. A very pleasant thing it is to know fairy hands prepare our food, and most gracefully did Madame Roland tell the tale how she was accustomed to "skim the pot;" but it has ever been the practice of France to hide, as far as possible, the animal forms in their cookery, in order to diminish as far as possible natural disgust.

Miss Potter's essay commences with a grace—not the grace or gracefulness of Madame Roland, but of that kind which—

Sweet religion makes,
A rhapsody of words.

To this grace is prefixed, what we suppose is intended for a moral reflection :—

A Heathen or Turk,
Before he eat,
Will ask a blessing,
Upon his meat.
A Christian then,
Should say a grace,
Of thanks to God,
With grateful praise.

In Miss Martineau's fashion, as the painter wrote under his portrait of the racer, "this is a horse," we

give a "summary of principles contained in this volume":—

Be very obedient to your superiors.
Never eat the best parts of beef or mutton.
Make believe that a pound of meat is a dinner for half a dozen.
Tea is a very bad thing for the poor.
Make food unpleasant to the taste, and less will be eaten.

Butter is bought
Just to please the taste,
And in a poor house
Is a foolish waste.

Oh, Miss Potter, we entreat you to have the fear of Liebig before your eyes, and study the uses of butter in the economy of the human body, before you put forth the next edition. It is, at least, obtained without slaughter and bloodshed.

We wish some competent person would write a pendant to this rhymed cookery, for the use of young ladies' seminaries, boarding schools, and establishments, something in this fashion:—

HOW TO MAKE VERY CHEAP SOUP.

Boil a clean plate for an hour,
In two gallons of water or more;
Then put in a handful of flour,
Add water, and 'twill be soup for a score.

ANOTHER METHOD TO MAKE IT RICHER.

Add the water in which eggs have boiled,
And beat up the shells to a mash;
Mix all quickly, for fear they be spoiled,
And with pepper and salt you may dash.

HOW TO MAKE GOOD HOUSEHOLD BREAD.

Take of good thirds flour one pound,
And of good brewer's grains a bucket;
A sack of white sawdust, fine ground,
From which, all shavings are carefully plucked.
Stew them all in a copper together,
Till to proper consistence they come,
Then put in the oven and bake,
Until they are thoroughly done.

TO MAKE SMALL BEER GO A LONG WAY.

In the olden time, all tanners found
Small beer for all workmen on their ground.
One tanner, of a thrifty mind,
Found his men to too much beer inclined;
So, instead of hops, he used spent oak bark,
Which brought the consumption within the mark.

HOME-MADE CHAMPAGNE, WITHOUT PERRY.

Take a cask of the smallest ale,
That Christopher Sly was wont to drink,
And in it two bottles of London champagne,
Pour from a height till its up to the brink.
A quarter pound of raisins put in,
When of every one you have broken the skin,
Let it ferment, then stand, and strain,
Bottle it off, 'twill be fine champagne.

HOW TO MAKE "VERY" SMALL BEER.

Of hops and malt a bucket take,
(When a London brewer has done with them),
And round and round a sieve them rake,
Hot water, five gallons, running through in a stream.
N.B. Strong white wine vinegar cannot be made
Of this kind of beer, so don't be afraid.

The above are very much at Miss Potter's service, for her "additions" to the fourth edition of her valuable and benevolent publication.

The practice of eating animals appears in its most loathsome form, in the guise of making recipes for preparations of the "inwards." If Nature intended the practice of animals eating each other, to be perpetual, then she intended man to be eaten, as well as other animals, and this law of nature he constantly endeavours to evade, by burials and embalmings, and other processes. This is manifestly unjust, a gross misuse of power. If man converts all animals to his uses, he should, at least, leave his body after death to "stuff the maws of kites," or convert it into manure for land, placing it at the disposal of nature. The writer is acquainted with a very conscientious man, a grinder of bones for agricultural purposes, who imports them largely from the Continent. He is no profound anatomist, but he does his best to select such specimens from amongst them, as he believes to be human, and they are duly sent to the parish bone-house. Being a remote village no objection is made to this, on the score of want of room. No cannibal or bush-ranging tendency is there in this good man's blood; he at least reverences his fellows, and his following generations may grow up to study the book of nature more closely, and thus become seceders from the *Law of Prey*.

Our readers will ask, "Is it then really to be expected that man should subsist wholly on vegetables?" We answer, No! or he would deteriorate; at least on such vegetables as at present constitute man's food. Animal eating is man's savage nature. When Drake, in the pursuit of Spanish American gold, associated himself with the *Cimarrones* or fugitive negroes, the whole party, during a land transit, depended on the chase for food. One day they found only an otter, which Drake objected to eating. "What!" said the negro chief, "are you a man of war, and in want, and yet doubt if this be meat which hath blood in it?" And thus it is; the man of war is the natural man, and food which "hath blood in it" is his natural food.

But not so the man of peace. The *Law of Reason* has partially abrogated the *Law of Prey*, and will do so wholly, when our intellect shall have received full culture, and the law of universal love shall come into action, when "the lion shall lie down with the kid." As we are at present constituted, the inorganic world furnishes materials for the chemical synthesis of the vegetable tribes. The vegetable tribes furnish materials for the chemical synthesis of the vegetable-eating—the herbivorous and graminivorous animals. They, in turn, furnish materials for the chemical synthesis of the carnivorous tribes, and both vegetables and animals furnish materials for the chemical synthesis of the omnivorous animals. But not until after death do the animals restore to the vegetables the whole amount of the materials they have used, though during their whole lives there is a mutual exchange.

The reason of man can change this order of sequence. He has the power of varying by art the chemical synthesis of most inorganic matter, and probably will have that power over all, as his knowledge increases. We are approaching the time when man will prepare from inorganic materials, all the various kinds of food he at present obtains from the animal and vegetable kingdoms, and probably many new varieties in addition. We do not mean that he will prepare organic flesh or vegetables, but that he will unite the various chemical ingredients in an inorganic form, equally fitting them for man's food. Suet is organic, but the tallow which is melted from the suet, leaving behind the gelatinous tissue of cells, can scarcely be held organic. Our chemists have prepared fatty matter from gases; fat is one of the substances which serves for combustion in the body, to maintain its warmth. Blood is liquid flesh. Flesh is solidified blood, or fibrine. If fibrine can be produced from inorganic matter, then we shall have the bases of what is requisite to maintain the waste of the body, as well as the warmth of the body, in the shape of food. Something more than this is required, viz, the flavouring matters, or aromas, which probably act the

same part in assimilating food to the body, that fluxes act in the melting of metals, *i.e.*, they promote chemical affinity, just as a grain of salt dropped into a seething salt pan which does not contain crystals, sets the type for crystallisation to begin. It is stated that naphtha and attar of roses are identical chemical substances, as much so as diamond and charcoal, and there is little doubt that chemical synthesis will ultimately be able to convert one into the other. If one kind of flavour can be artificially produced, it may be varied almost without end. The flavours of game, of fish, of butcher's meat, of bread, of vegetables, of milk, of wine, of alcohol, are all chemical substances. If we can prepare from inorganic substances, matters analogous to the *consommé*, and glase, or flesh glue, or bases of flesh, and also to the bases of bread and vegetables ; and if we can also prepare from inorganic matter their various flavours, then will the causes of our disputes and ferocity cease, by reason of the abundance of food, and the ceasing of slaughter, and then also will many diseases disappear. The fable of Romulus and Romus being suckled by a wolf, is but a type of actual evils. Nurses communicate their qualities to children whom they suckle, and food of other kinds has probably a similar influence. The saying "he who eats beef will think beef" is not altogether without foundation.

We do, at present, prepare all our food from inorganic matter by a roundabout process. We merely follow wild nature. We set plants to consume inorganic matter, and animals to consume plants, consuming the animals in turn. It is the province of our chemists, it is their peculiar mission, to shorten this process, and prepare artificial food directly from the inorganic, as ultimately they will prepare fuel. Time was that all our soda was prepared from the ashes of vegetables. We now produce it from common salt.

It is probable that when this desirable result shall come to pass, many tribes of animals will disappear from the world, as many have already disappeared. They will have served nature's purpose in man's infancy, and be no longer wanted ; and thus more space will be left for man himself. And probably many of the ferocious animals will become useful to man. Even the surmise of Fourier, of an anti-lion and an anti-tiger, may come to pass, converting them into beasts of draught and the saddle, changing the hard hoof for the velvet paw, when the *Law of Prey* shall be finally extinguished by the triumph of knowledge under the *Law of Reason*.

J. R.

THE COMET AND THE EARTHQUAKE.

It is a curious fact that the appearance of a comet is generally attended or immediately preceded by a considerable earthquake This has been remarkably the case of late years. The present comet, which will soon be visible to the naked eye, is by no means an exception to the rule, as the recent earthquake in South America may testify with terrific truthfulness.

EARTHQUAKE.

I AM the King of the Earth, and I come
From its centre where glows my home ;
At the sound of my footsteps the world is dumb,
From the cot to the proudest dome.
Then trembles with terror the heart of the brave,
And the crown on the Monarch's brow,
And start, as to judgment, the dead from the grave.
But who and what art thou ?

COMET.

Oh! I am a rollicking roaming star,
Despising the laws of the sun ;
He binds not me to his bounding car,
I bow to the will but of One ;
HE bids me rove, as the Arab, free
Through the glorious Empyrene,
If to crush the proud Planet be HIS decree,
I come : and the Planet *hath been !*

EARTHQUAKE.

A fair city basked near the ocean shore,
Her thousand bells were ringing
For morning prayer, and Lisboa wore
The smile of joy : when springing
Up from my couch I laid her low,
Her towers I crushed to ashes,
Where the flag of Braganza had dared the foe,
The wave of the Tagus dashes.

COMET.

The Earth was rejoicing in beauty and youth,
Too proud of her fatal daughters,
They laughed to derision the Word of Truth,
When rushed the avenging waters.
I called them down, at a sign from on high,
I opened the windows of heaven,
And I heard expiring Nature's cry
When the heart of the deep was riven.*

EARTHQUAKE.

But what is thy mission at present tow'rds earth ?
Have monarchs much cause to grow pale ?
How great is the width of thy girth ?
And the length of thy terrible tail ?
Art thou inhabited ? I have my gnomes
And elves in my adamant halls.
Art flaming away like a rocket that roams
For a while—then to nothingness falls ?

COMET.

Go, look through the glass of the noble Lord Rosse,
Consult sage Arago, or Airy,
Let Murphy or Brougham enlighten thy boss,
I now must of seconds be chary.
Farewell for a season—(a thousand good years)—
Earth quietly plods in her orbit ;
The poor little puddle of bloodshed and tears !
When I next come back I'll absorb it.

* A Comet is said to have been the immediate cause of the deluge.

THE ADVENTURES OF A SCAMP;

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY; CONTAINING MY BIRTH, PARENTAGE, EDUCATION, AND FORTUNES AMONG SUCH PEOPLE AS WE SEE EVERY DAY, AND MY TRAVELS AMONG SUCH PEOPLE AS HAVE NOT HITHERTO BEEN SEEN BY MY FELLOW-COUNTRYMEN; DIGESTED FROM MY DIARY, AND OTHER MEMORANDA, BY ME,

GEORGE AUGUSTUS DELABOUE BAGGES.

CHAPTER XIII.

MY NEW CAREER AND ITS SUCCESS.

The house in Grosvenor-square was soon in possession of the messenger, the official in Bankruptcy, whose presence informs you that all you thought your own, and were accustomed to treat accordingly, is less at your service than if you were in furnished lodgings, and that even the cellars from which you might derive some little comfort in your trouble, contain liquors, to be sold for the benefit of your creditors, not to solace your own mind or palate. Although the man in question was instructed to treat Mr. Bagges as a gentleman, and by no means to be too nice upon any such particulars, and, although these instructions were fully and delicately made known to my father, yet this misery, of our own not being our own, was too much for all of us, especially for my mother. Indeed I was most distressed for her, and so, I think, was my father. His pride, to be sure, was sorely wounded, but then there was something of the great man fallen in his own estimation of himself and in that of others, and he had Rags to blame, and could fancy to himself every hour of the day, how he could look the rascal down when he met him. As for me, I was stunned rather than smarting with the blow. But, my mother! Go where she would—do what she would—think what she would—she was a penniless woman, living on sufferance out of her own house, no longer the Mrs. Bagges at all, that for years she had considered herself, but another identity altogether, which, as yet, she herself could not define or comprehend. She would have given the world for a drive in the carriage; almost for the first time that she had ever desired it for air and exercise and the useful dissipation of thought. She might have had it, but the consciousness that it was no longer her own, that people would know it and say so, the impossibility to meet cold curiosity or mere galling sympathy, where she had always commanded respect and excited envy, kept her from using it. She might have had a hired coach, but that!—such a change! She could not come down to it yet, though she supposed she must.

There was one wise thing to be done, and we luckily did it; an old acquaintance of my father's, a man whom he had obliged, put his snug little box at Clapham at our disposal, and advised us to go down there and make ourselves at home; we should not see any one, not even himself, until the matter should be a little blown over, and we might be disposed to meet our friends again and consult upon what could be done for the future. The great Bagges could not be altogether sunk; the name alone was worth something. This was hope; my father believed it really might be so.

At length, I began to think of myself. We had a sufficient allowance from the estate to keep us above want, and old friends were substantially kind to us; but there was no longer the opportunity of indulging every capricious whim as soon as it entered my head, and Paris had added not a little to my former stock of factitious wants. I was silly enough to wonder how far I was bound by my matrimonial engagement, but even my father laughed at me when I spoke of that. Lord Dilbury had gone abroad on a mission, taking all his family with him, having taken great care previously to contradict in a fashionable journal "the idle report of an alliance between a daughter of that noble house, and the son of a ci-devant banker." All misfortunes have their consolations; at least I was relieved from the prospect of a wife.

The friendly owner of our present residence now made it his business to call upon us. As soon as my father's last examination should be passed, he might fairly start in commerce again, not, indeed, as a banker, but in the old trade in which he had originally made his money, and as the father had prospered, so might the son; it was agreed that I should join him and take the working share of the concern. Had I not been his own son—had he possessed any other hope—had he not been spoiled by the habit of luxurious self-indulgence, Mr. Bagges would not have trusted so much to chance as this. All that he was when he made his money I was not—active, industrious, saving, and skilled in business. The times too had changed; he could himself have scarcely been a match at his best, for the new kind of enterprise which had grown up. But he was content to believe. As for me, the plan provided me an amount of present means, more liberty, and I was not indisposed to the energy of speculation. It was gambling on a larger scale and I was not afraid

of it. I had nothing to lose. Wiser and older men praised it as industry; why should I doubt them?

The examination was passed: of course with great honour. My father laid his gold watch and seals on the table; as a matter of course he was desired to take them up again; his furniture and part of his wines were also restored to him. He was quite an object of consideration. It is true that there were honest tradesmen standing at that very table, who were ruined by the failure—it is true that the ledger showed a large yearly expenditure, out of what had for some time been nothing—*i. e.*, the capital and profits of the house; it is true that such items as the Swinestead election cut deep into the dividend, but there was Rags to answer for all this mischief. My father was the principal partner; of course he could not be expected to undergo the drudgery of looking into the accounts. Every body knew that he had been worth a hundred thousand pounds, and that he was now bankrupt; that was enough; if he had spent that sum and more besides, how was he to know that he was not spending his own? Rags was the criminal. There is nothing like a scapegoat. My father was virtuous and indigent, pitied and honoured.

In one of the streets leading out of Cheapside, soon afterwards appeared upon a doorpost, "Bagges and Son." There is nothing in the world more easy than entering into business. I thought so at the time. We had credit, and goods were furnished to us, of course at credit prices, and such credit prices, too, as people charge who are not quite sure of seeing their money and know that their customers cannot deal elsewhere. Our new creditors, the kindest souls in the world, set us up as if we were to be knocked down. My father sighed as he turned over the parcels and compared the prices with the cash market value of the articles. As for me, I was sanguine. Old connections came in for the first month or two, made purchases when they had any excuse for doing it, and I believed that we should get on famously. My father shook his head. It is easy to guess which of us was right. Those who remember the state of trade in the City at the time I am now writing of, are well aware of the desperate character of the greater part of it. Accustomed to the success of war speculations, the realizing of war profits in paper money, nothing less would content the feverish, fortune-hoping, gamesters. Credit was still given largely, paper was still the basis of half the capitals; accommodation paper, by which A drew upon B, and B again upon A, or, perhaps, A upon B, B upon C, and C again upon A; and large houses kept clerks whom they dignified with the name of financiers, whose sole business was to watch the coming due of these acceptances, to get others drawn a few days before, and discounted ready to pay the old ones. And many hundreds a year were the salary of an adept in this honest trade. Nor were these bills always kept within the bounds of the most dangerous illegality. Discounts were tight sometimes; bills could not be cashed unless the too frequent drawer and acceptor could add to the weakness of their own names the strength of two or three endorsements. A very, very able financier had always these at hand, too; men of straw, perhaps, in distant towns, puppets set up by the houses that used them. Even they were sometimes surprised to find their names to bills they never dreamed of, but it was part of their bargain to be upheld by their principals, and to fall with the parent tree; but it sometimes happened that even these shadows were dispensed with, and the John Nokes or Tom Stiles of provincial respectability was a nonentity altogether. Perhaps, some of my readers will shudder a little when they look back upon those times, and remember how near some acquaintance might be to the gallows, when forgery was not only a hanging matter by law, but condemned as a mortal sin by those who were rich enough to be robbed by it.

A very few months and we began to be straitened. It was not difficult to begin the trade of bill-discounting, any more than it was to begin the other trade; the great matter was, to see the way out of it, which, as nobody ever could see, all contented themselves with thinking would have no end at all. I was now at the experiment, but I did not want courage, and that was the main thing, and within the first year the necessities of the concern were quite enough to put that courage to the test. In conjunction with the house of Sell and Spendall, and the no less respectable firm of Buy and Jobbem, I had managed to get paper out in the market which it was a curious puzzle to think how I should ever get in again.

While he thought there was hope, my father worked more than he had promised; when he found there was none, he abandoned the direction to me, glad to be deceived by my more sanguine temperament, and living now, I am bound to say it to his credit, so frugally, that if we had really made honest and reasonable profits he would have been much within his share. But even this prudence was too severe a trial for his wife. She did not complain, but she grew silent and very low-spirited; her appearance altered daily; change of air was recommended, but the advice was followed too late to prevent a bilious fever which laid her upon her death-bed. I was called away in the very crisis of some difficult negotiations to get bills answered which fell due in two or three days, and, at the urgent entreaty of Jobbem, who swore that there was no other way, and then swore by all that was most sacred that all

should be made right in the long run, I added the name of a "Peter Carpenter," who might or might not be in existence, to the endorsements on the next lot of bills; and set off by the mail to Brighton.

I found my mother anxiously awaiting me. She could not depart in peace, she said, until she had seen me, until I had forgiven her. To promise this to her, and at such a moment, had she been guilty of all that the human heart, at its worst, can conceive, was but an irresistible impulse of natural affection. And yet my blood chilled when she faltered the name of Ellen Willis, and yet my cheek flushed with something like resentment, when she related to me how the aunt's pride had been piqued, and Ellen had herself been deceived by a forged story of my indiscreet boasting, of my presumptuous vanity. She related to me her conversation with them, declared that she had invented a confession of my own that I was already the accepted lover of Ellen, and that her aunt had encouraged the connexion; but when my resentment was raised to the highest pitch, that, under such circumstances, it could arrive at, one look, one word were enough to disarm me. The look of a dying mother—the one sentence, "it was done out of love for you!" What could I do? I embraced her—forgave her—prayed for her. Oh! how glad I am at this moment that I did so.

Her mind relieved upon this point, I had hope of her recovery; but this was but one of many wounds. There were still her pride, her loss of consideration, of luxury. She even felt that she was weak, and said so; but, nevertheless, she could not overcome herself. In two days she was a corpse, and I was within a week more on my road to London again; anxious for the present, sorrowful for my loss, and despairing as I reflected upon the chance of happiness, of honour, of a roused nature, which had been taken from me with the hope of winning Ellen Willis.

My father remained at Brighton. I continued in town and worked doggedly. Had I felt myself within the pale of honest trade, I would have toiled the flesh from my bones and the heart's blood from my body to have achieved a chance of presenting myself once more as a fit mate to Ellen, and offering her a share in a comfortable and respectable home. But there was nothing of the kind. Any chance, however desperate, must have been by doubling stakes in some improbable adventure, to be buoyed up by some bubble, and alight ere it could burst, and the means even for this were wanting. I had done my utmost; for two months the day of reckoning had been staved off, but it was a terrible one if it must ever arrive. One thing I resolved, and the resolution haunted me day and night, tore me from my pillow to get up and swear to it, that when the accursed bills I had given to Jobbem were paid, come what might, no name should be put to others that had no right to be there.

I haunted Jobbem like his shadow, talked to him a month before the bills became due, of the means of taking them up. I had accepted them, and he had got them discounted through the agency of Rags, who, freed by his certificate from all incapacity, was now doing a good stroke of business as a bill-broker. Jobbem treated the matter with much hilarity, joked me on my unusual anxiety, drew upon me again, as he said, to relieve my anxiety, and hoped that he should be able this time to find the money upon the real security of Bagges and Son, Buy and Jobbem, and Sell and Spendall, though the latter firm, he hinted, would be very lucky if they could hold up their heads so long. I cared for nothing but to get Peter Carpenter's name out of the market. Day and day went on, and days followed each other, and I counted them as with the book of "bills payable" for an almanack. Still to the last Jobbem gave me hopes. I dined with him or he with me daily. I could not lose sight of him. At length, two days before the one of payment, when after a feverish night spent half in drinking, and the other half in some endeavours to sleep, I went to his house of business to renew the negotiation which had hitherto brought me no results, I found the shutters were up. It was half past nine. I rang. The porter answered me: he knew nothing but that the warehouse was emptied while Jobbem must have been with me; that neither of the partners had made his appearance that morning. As there was not a vestige of goods on the premises to sell; he had ventured, he said, to use his own discretion and keep the warehouse closed. I could have fainted. Jobbem had my other acceptances; those I did not care for. I knew their worth; I knew that all that could be called ruin was before me; I had expected nothing else for some time past. But the ghastly personal danger!—Should I sell what goods were disposable in our own warehouse and start myself for the Continent? That was my first impulse, but I reflected. Jobbem was certainly gone; he was the only evidence who could actually prove my writing, at least so it occurred to me at the time. The bills would certainly not be paid; but if I should stay, I was but the acceptor; it was impossible for me to tell through what hands they had passed; how could I then be expected to know the endorsers?—I had all the lies and subterfuges of a criminal in my mind in an instant. Yet the temptation was strongest to begone. I went home, wrote a letter to my father, got together about thirty pounds, went down to the London Docks to find a vessel starting instantly for America, was disappointed, returned, took my place by the mail for Liverpool, and as I stepped out of the hackney

coach which had still my baggage in it for the journey, I was arrested for a debt I had neglected in my former career, and which I had never been able to satisfy since. The die was cast—I must remain and abide the issue.

The bailiff who arrested me was a facetious jolly fellow, who evidently considered his calling as necessary to the best purposes of existence as any other functionary. He knew, by my prepared flight, that I could not be quite without means, and not being aware of the motives that urged me, gave me credit for a better stock than I had. He jested, therefore, upon my capture, as if he had won a game at cribbage, told me it was a lucky thing for me that he had stopped me when I was much more frightened than I need be, and indeed was so overpoweringly assiduous to cheer my spirits, that with the attempt to suppress my real alarm, Iwas driven into a very fever. Every one of his consolations was a new torture to me. "Come, come, one would think it was a hanging matter, you'll be all right again in a month or two, bankruptcy squares all these sort of things," and then an exhortation "not to be chicken-hearted, but die game." I thanked heaven for one thing, that as I was driven to the spunging-house in his flashy gig, I was screened from observation by the darkness, and that not even he could remark the bitterness of my anguish.

As soon as I got to the place of detention, I hurriedly asked for a private room, for brandy and a tumbler. Mr. Moses was used to such requests, and said that any one might know it was my first visit: by-and-by I should be happy to get into the public parlour for company, and smoke my pipe and play my rubber like any other gentleman under an accident. But he called a dirty fellow of an assistant, who showed me up two pair of stairs into a back room, half furnished with a dingy bed in an alcove, a worn out carpet, and only two chairs and a table, and whence, through a strongly barred window, I had a prospect of high brick walls, with a court or two, and a few wretched unpainted windows, through the dirt of which a candle gleamed here and there. I noted it, for it was the scene, as it were, fit for the hell I was enduring, and I had time to note it before he came up with the brandy and a jug of hot water, for which, as well as for the room itself, he demanded immediate and exorbitant payment, with which I complied recklessly enough.

I mixed myself a glass of the liquor, strong enough to make the water little more than a pretence, and, fiery poison as it was, I drank it —not hastily, but for its purpose, to give me strength to consider the only question which I thought worth considering—how I could least painfully get rid of life. As I drank I easily quieted all qualms of conscience. A law, the barbarity of which had never revolted me in my days of prosperity, doomed me to death, and it could matter little to the society which demanded such a punishment how it might be rid of me. "To cheat the public of an example" was the worst reproach that could be laid upon the act. "To cheat the mob of a vicious excitement" was the truer reasoning of my indignation, giving twofold stings every moment as I thought of the inadequacy of my deed to the fate it was bringing me to. I drank on, and I formed my resolution. I should have preferred poison, perhaps there is less to revolt in it, at least I felt so then. But to try to get possession of it was to be detected and prevented. My silk handkerchief, the head of the bed-post, and a chair to kick from my feet, were all that I could see to help me, and it would be done at once, before any one could know where I was, before I should meet any friend or be tortured with the necessity for fresh dissimulation. And what I projected I did. A third glass of a stimulant which, in all my dissipations I had rarely indulged in, helped me to conquer the miserable sense of uncertainty which is the great barrier between death and life. I did not pray; my heart was not subdued but defying; they were my wrongs which I was ending; I made my preparations and computed the convulsion for a minute—a view of green fields for two more—a flash of fire—then an insensibility; and I awoke with a rushing of blood, a tingling and a smart in every vein and fibre, that told me how much easier a process it is for life to leave the body than to resume it.

The first voice I heard was that of Mr. Moses: "S'help me—but this is too bad: to bring a coroner's inquest into a respectable house and stop all the business for a day, besides making the place unpopular for a year or so. Its a d——d ungentlemanly thing, these gentlemen, used as they are here, but there's an end of it; I wouldn't keep such a customer if he drank claret all day long, and treated everybody else with it, to say nothing of brandy-and-water all to himself. I thought when you left off walking and got still all of a sudden, there was something the matter—but such a go as this—my eyes! To quod you go, my fine fellow, with a proper ticket upon you. Glass, be very careful. Blow me, if it hasn't given me a turn," he continued, seizing the brandy bottle, but soon putting it down again, as he remembered it was not the quality to be served when he drank with his guests.

For me, they might do with me as they pleased. A place where misery might be more openly avowed, or at least where no one would pretend to control it, would be more tolerable. A hackney coach was called, and Mr. Moses, accompanied by an assistant, deposited me that very night in the Fleet Prison. Upon reflection he did not consider it necessary to mention my

attempt to the gaolers. He bore me no malice, he said, they might take their chance, but I was a d——d fool for being so desperate, when else I might have been so much more comfortable with him. He would take me back now if I would give him my word. I was silent. He continued his commentaries on the happiness I might enjoy in his private custody, enlarged on the peculiar discomforts, the ungentlemanliness of prisons. Still I was sullen. He left me to my fate.

"When the mind's free the body's delicate." I felt a morbid satisfaction at the misery and squalor around me, when I was ushered into the tap-room of the prison, the only place where, with about six others, I could be accommodated with bed, or space for sleeping, that night. I hugged all that could disgust me with life to give me courage to bear it. And yet, I was not disposed to repeat my attempt even if there had been easy means for it. The vile brandy and my recent pain had stupefied me. At last, I even slept.

Painful, indeed, was the waking hour, confusion resolving itself into horror, and with all the nerves prostrated. I could scarcely find resolution to rise and wash. Yet I did both, in spite of dreadful headache, rather than be remarked. I spent the day, and not that day only, in watching the entrance of the prisoners' yard; and every new arrival, prisoner or visitor, appeared to me a messenger to remove me from a debtor's gaol to a felon's. I had one consolation, that I had closed my mother's eyes. I felt acutely for my father, more than I could have believed before, and yet I had myself run all the personal risk for the sake of both. He was quite clear—I was glad of that too. I shed tears at these thoughts, and for a moment they relieved me—but then came blank horror once more.

After much reflection, I wrote a line to my father, and found a messenger to put it in a post-office at some distance. What I had to tell him of our misfortunes, I felt would not be a surprise to him. I told him that I was well—had not left London, but begged him not to seek for me till my mind should be more at ease, and I should be capable of talking with him as I wished. For how could I talk with him? The frightful concealment that I must have would be the one thing present to me. He did not come—he had not found me, and so ten days were over; changing my looks to one haggard habitual stare, that at length when the one summons that I dreaded really came, the turnkey declared, as if he only looked on the case as confirming his experience, "that he expected some such thing, for mere debt never frightened a man or wore him away as had happened to me." I was supported to the coach that waited for me at the door, and, under strict guard, I rode the short way from the Fleet to the Compter.

CHAPTER XIV.

BEING THE CLOSE OF "MY FORTUNES AMONG SUCH PEOPLE AS WE SEE EVERY DAY."

I SHALL pass over such circumstances as may daily be read in the newspapers as to the behaviour, the feelings, the treatment common to those on whom the law seizes for crime. Were I to paint all the sickness of the wretched interval between my apprehension and my trial, it would be but a thrice told tale. Let me, therefore, confine myself to the incidents peculiar to my own story.

The next morning I was taken before the magistrate. Notwithstanding my sense of danger, shame was the prevailing misery within me. And with the instinct of my disgrace, I shut out from my own observation, as much as I could, the sense of the observation of others. I determined to observe nothing that was not forced upon me.

The magistrate was a specimen of the class most popular in England, who consider it right to give even the most notorious criminal the utmost chance of escape, to whom a prisoner's confession would be as great a mischance as though a fox should be caught in a trap the moment the hounds were put upon the scent. He was for "fair play," with every desire that the guilty should be punished, but that they should have the constancy and ingenuity of their pursuers to thank for it. The evidence against me was very clear as far as it went. Jobbem had been caught and brought back, and to save himself, had made a clean breast of it. He had not seen me write the name of Peter Carpenter, but the bill came from me with that name upon it. All inquiries had been made as to the existence of such a person, and two Peters had been found, but neither had written the endorsement, and as Jobbem had had the bill directly from me, the onus fairly lay upon my shoulders. The magistrate, however, cautioned me to be silent, and I had before made up my mind to be so, not merely as the best chance of escape, but with a dogged determination to let the law and its agents take their course, and not to add to my own misery by a series of subterfuges and denials, which could but bring me the greater disgrace, and which I well knew had never succeeded in persuading a jury, or saving a criminal. The utmost satisfaction ever gained by a prisoner by such a course, was a compliment on his ingenuity from the Judge passing sentence, and an extra reason deduced from it, that he ought to have known better, and might have succeeded as an honest man, and that care ought to be taken that he should never have the op-

portunity of repeating his cleverness, and ought all the more to be made an example of.

My feud with the world, beginning with that mortal combat which had led me to attempt self destruction, was of far too serious a kind to be carried out by little stratagems. I intended no further struggle. One thing, however, I could not help perceiving—for the mere conversation of the office had given me some very few general principles of legal affairs—that Jobbem, concealing entirely his own guilty knowledge of the forgery, was placing himself in a position to become my companion, if not in the extreme penalty of the law, at least in a part of its vengeance.

My previous respectability, as it always does with the vulgar of all ranks, weighed much with the magistrate. He was sorry that he could not take bail, that in a capital case he could not even remand me to the Compter till the very eve of trial; nothing but a sense of his own responsibility prevented that; but, as I did not choose to say anything, which was certainly very discreet and sensible, and as there was no need to wait for further evidence, unless I myself pressed for a remand, that I might have legal advice at the next examination, a course he would instantly adopt, if I wished it, he must commit me to Newgate. I merely bowed. A series of public discussions would be but so much addition to what I had to endure. I was almost relieved to think that this part of the affair was past, and would gladly have accepted a verdict of guilty with all its consequences, to be spared the fever of an unwelcome hope that would intrude against assurance, and the further exposure of a criminal court.

But I had yet nearly a month to pass. I had to meet my father. Gladly would I have refused that. But the thought was selfish; he was a bereaved man, ruined, soon to lose the very last object of his hopes and affections. So we met.

Our interview was long, yet I can hardly remember what passed in it. He reproached himself for having suffered me to conduct our affairs without guidance and counsel from him. I could and did fully exonerate him and take the blame with all other consequences to myself. We parted affectionately, however sadly, and with the understanding that he was to see me again as often as it might be.

The next time, too, he brought me pleasant news as to himself. There is always a sympathy for shocking and public calamity. Many a wretch pines away in private, wasted by sickness, tortured by want, slowly devoted to death itself, and the gradual silent change takes place while the world passes on heedless, unknowing of the victim. But let a fire, or a shipwreck, or even an apoplexy—anything sudden, dramatic, exciting—reach the ear of friends or strangers, and all take up the event as a cause and provide liberally for the injured. So my father's second bankruptcy might have passed off as a sort of anti-climax after the first. He had had his great day of downfal, and further calamity of a like kind only sunk him out of notice; but an only son arrested for forgery, likely to suffer capitally, made paragraphs in the newspapers, and conversation for talkers. It was something to say that a man's pity for Mr. Bagges was personal, that he knew the gentleman, had often seen him. There is a kind of reflected celebrity about being acquainted even with a criminal that the world talks about. So a committee was formed, and a sum was raised; and, as a very first step, a presentation for the Charter House was procured, where a respectable, comfortable house, decent society, and a moderate allowance of money was secured to my father for the remainder of his days. What other friends had furnished him with, and under the circumstances many had behaved liberally, he brought entire to me. He would fee the most celebrated counsel, make interest with the Government, all should be tried. With something like means his hope came back and his energy. But I needed nothing. Within a day after my commitment, the Governor had told me that he had been desired to furnish me with whatever might conduce to my comfort unsparingly. A solicitor had been sent to investigate my case immediately, a man of clear sense and gentle manners, and he, regardless of all professional jealousy or etiquette, had associated with him a practitioner of great repute and experience in criminal cases. I could not be so ungrateful to my unknown friend as to be silent to these advisers. I laid the whole truth plainly before them. They looked at each other and shook their heads; there might be some chance, by some flaw, some quibble, some defect, some accident, but the law itself, judges, juries, society, were blood-thirstily vindictive against forgery. The indictment was drawn, we had a copy. There appeared no flaw in that. We must wait for the trial. I was a guilty man, that is guilty of a fault against society, which it chose to punish as a mortal crime. But had I been innocent, how severe a punishment would society have inflicted upon me. Confined within the gloomiest walls, surrounded by all that was morally hopeless, the presence of avowed guilt, and sometimes worse than a spectator of its punishment, for an execution took place while I was in the prison, and the condemned sermon, the building of the scaffold, the tolling of the bell are all at this moment painted upon my memory as the preliminaries to my own fate. Surely, surely society owes an immense reparation to the in-

nocent man whom it forces to pass through this agony, with the idea that by some error, some mistake, some defect of perception, all this may be visited upon him. If every man be considered innocent by the law until he is proved guilty, every man has a right to be treated as if he were innocent until he is found otherwise, and mere safe custody is the only difference which society has any excuse for making him feel. But perhaps I am anticipating. At length the day of trial came. I was led into the court; I held up my hand at the bar and pleaded not guilty; and then I felt that dreadful gaze of all around me, which is not pity, which is not interest, unless such an interest as the Romans felt when their Gladiators came forth in the arena, and which to half the spectators is disappointment if it does not end in blood. My attorney was near me, and I watched his looks. The chance of life and death is, after all, the greatest stake we can play, and even were one to wish one's-self rid of existence, a trial for life would cure that morbidity. I saw that his face fell. Counsel of great eminence I knew had been retained. One in particular had been named to me, a gentleman who had retired from practice in this very court, for the more distinguished career of the King's Bench, but who, heavily paid, had condescended to revisit his ancient sphere. Near the place which had been left vacant for him sate a young barrister with his back towards me, and he, without casting his eyes towards the bar, looked anxiously everywhere else. I could easily account for this. The responsibility of a junior in such a case would be dreadful in the absence of his senior. But the senior did not come; the Judge refused an application to put off the case, there was another gentleman there for the defence, and to my utter amazement that gentleman was Willis. I could not but remark the pain upon his countenance, and the strong effort to repress it, the rigid contracting of the muscles, the forcing himself up to a great effort, as clear, as impressive a picture of courage as ever artist of any kind could hope for a model. The youth was a man. The quiet, mild features became already stern and full of purpose. If vigour could serve me it was there. I knew well the value of practised tact, but I knew also the great trust which may be placed in the stanchness, the interest, of an honest, intelligent advocate. I was almost satisfied that the senior was absent.

At that time, the counsel for the prisoner was not allowed to address the jury. All the chance was in cross-examination. Jobbem was called up. Willis knew the whole of the points, and he used them. Determination supplied the place of cautious ability—of experienced sarcasm. He knew that he had before him a rascal who had perpetrated the very crime he came to witness against; he knew that he had no opportunity of pleading this to the jury; he put all his concentrated wrath into his cross-examination. For the moment he even paused for breath and grew pale, but he recovered. He, to use the technical phrase, which alone can describe the operation, "turned the fellow inside out." The Judge interposed. Willis was young—had his way to make; but the power of intense feeling, even in a court of justice, can bear down all else; he went on, and Jobbem left the witness's box more deeply convicted in the eyes of the audience than the prisoner at the bar could be. Willis fortunately felt this, knew his advantage, kept it up with the little more that he had to interject, and the case was left to the jury. The Judge, too, was short in his charge—spoke half in wonder at the warmth of the advocate—advised him to moderate his interest for his clients within the due respect for the Bench, but yet prognosticated for him in that case a shining career—laid down the law shortly and coldly, and left the facts as proved things to the jury. There is much even in the look of a counsel to the Court. Some know this and play it as a trick. Where it is real, as it was with Willis, it is worth a most eloquent speech. He accepted the compliments and observations with one look of earnestness in his cause; his eyes carried the jury from himself to me. They retired. They were almost three quarters of an hour. They returned. I grasped the dock in front of me to keep from falling. The silence was but for a moment, but what a silence! They found me guilty of uttering with a guilty knowledge, and acquitted me of the forgery. My life was saved. I saw nothing more. I awoke in my cell.

The evidence had been clear enough, but the severity of the law defeated itself. The jury, "to do a great right," had done "a little wrong," and found a ready excuse to their consciences in not sacrificing me, while Jobbem was permitted to escape. My sentence would be heavy enough. And so it was. It was transportation for life.

The interest of the trial, Willis's behaviour, paragraphs in the newspapers giving the most romantic accounts of our early friendship, all invested me with a degree of romance, that, had I encouraged it, would have made my cell the resort of all the dilettanti in that kind who visit the prisons of London. But I was saved. I could not understand making myself a hero by the commission of a fraud. When I was saved from death I became the more aware of disgrace. Horrors made me indignant, my preservation made me penitent. But the zeal which was felt in my behalf was not to be altogether rebuked. It served me. In these times no regular system was introduced into

the penal colonies, which makes transportation a severe endurance for all, and presses its miseries especially on the educated man. There was favour to be found even in New South Wales, and most valuable patronage to be extended in Botany Bay. My father worked as a father; Willis, too, as such a friend. It was told to me that I must submit to all convict regulations here; that even on shipboard, I might find my fate alleviated by some differences, and that when once landed I should be placed in the Government service as a clerk, and with the advantage of such assistance as my friends might afford me in the way of means and Government patronage in my speculations, I might become a rich—*a respectable man.* I did not understand this. I am glad I could not. I felt myself a convict, grateful indeed for all alleviations of physical misery; but a convict, a degraded, banished man, whose task was repentance, whose best success would be the forgiveness of society, and whose kindest reward its oblivion.

Before I departed I saw my father, and urging upon him my escape, I managed to leave him not without consolation. I promised to strive to earn a pardon, that I might revisit England and see him ere he died; and he was left well-cared for and at ease. It was not so very wretched.

Hitherto I had not met Willis. It required much courage, but I wrote to him, and requested that I might thank him. I knew well who had supplied my comforts, as well as defended my cause. As soon as the letter could have reached, and the permission be gained, he was by my side. I had looked towards this meeting with embarrassment. There was none, at all events, in the commencement of it, when I had expected the most. Willis knew all the past, and we both felt too directly and too sincerely to have to seek for subjects of conversation. "You know what you have done," he said in a manly tone; "you are to bear the consequences, you must have learned to look into yourself for such change as may conduct you more safely through the future." This was the very text of my past life and my hope for what was yet to come. We needed, therefore, no further reference to what had been, except, that the expression of my gratitude was a luxury which I could not deny myself, and evidently a delight to him to whom it was due. There was no restraint upon that. And then he had collected for me all the intelligence that might be useful—had forwarded letters already to precede me there—had pledged his own character for me, and was perfectly easy, he said, that it would not be compromised. He was full of cheer for me, yet pensive. His cheek was pale, and I observed that he wore mourning. One thought flashed across me that I felt redden my brow, half with anguish and half with shame. It was not for Ellen. Mrs. Luttrell was no more, and the two, brother and sister, were now by themselves, without relation—without friend almost, except such as their manners and heart were sure to win. I spoke of his prospects—of the compliment involuntarily paid him by the Judge. He smiled somewhat sadly and made no further reply, than to say, he hoped he should never again have such a success. Its cause was a little too deep. I counted the minutes which we were allowed to pass together, that I might, before we parted, say one word, which yet I would not speak too soon, for I wished it to be a first and last. I had not yet dared to name Ellen. The time came. Prefacing my statement with a sincere and solemn disavowal of all future community of feeling with her, I told him the story of my mother's death-bed, and of the misrepresentations which had led to the method of our breaking off our acquaintance. He seemed pleased. He had guessed as much. Ellen and he had spoken of it often since, and said so. And she owed me no ill will—believed nothing evil of me, or disrespectful to herself; and it was with her full knowledge, at her desire, that he had renewed all the essential obligations of our friendship. And here we parted, for the time permitted had expired, and the next day I was to be removed to the vessel which was to transport me from England.

I saw my father once more, and in that interview, such as it was, he did not forget to impart to me one piece of intelligence. It was mentioned, he said, in the papers as a report, that the young barrister, Willis, who had shown such extraordinary powers in a late celebrated criminal trial, had accepted the office of Attorney General, in New South Wales, and so closed prematurely a career which might have led to the highest honours of the profession in England. We sail, and I close this part of my story.

Postscript to the First Part.

Admitting, as much as the merest critics can desire, all the demerits of this attempt, it is certainly not one without an aim. While no individual has a right to recognise himself in the story, for individual traces have been always carefully obliterated, the facts are true. Fiction, it has been well said, is worth nothing except for its facts—that is its general ones. It is only another method of inculcating truth. And the facts selected and arranged are such as unquestionably lie at the very core of English society. Education, the formation of character, the source of political power—election, the will of the people, and by the exercise of which a people's right to self-government is to be tested—the views, the morals of social intercourse, the morality of trade and of govern-

ment, the study and practice of our laws, our criminal jurisprudence, our views of justice and mercy,—all these, however lightly touched upon, have not been introduced without design, or treated without a responsibility of conscience. The object, it need scarcely be said, was to show the force of circumstances, the duty of society to its members, as well as of each member to the general society. For such a reason, the hero is marked with no very individual character as far as he at present appears; he is rather created by what is around him, than creator of it.

By the description of an Utopia, by the comparison of an unconventional philosophy, it was intended to put all these subjects in relief. It was intended to repair the real by the ideal. So much of explanation is due on all hands, because a work cannot be judged fairly until it is finished, which, it is probable, this may never be.

Changes, first in the editing of this Magazine, next in its form, have led to a change of views in some respects; and the expediency of such, it is not in the desire, any more than in the right of this individual contributor to question. Nay, he is willing to declare, that his conclusion must be of a class of writing somewhat severe, for a periodical which must amuse to exist. So he parts in perfect good fellowship with all concerned, very sincerely desiring that all, readers most especially, may be disposed, in parting, to extend the same pleasant sentiment to himself.

CONTEMPORARY HISTORY.

BY CHARLES CLYATT.

When it is considered how difficult it is to obtain an accurate estimation of the characters of illustrious individuals of former days, it is hardly to be wondered that there should be such discrepancies in the accounts of passing events. Historians differ even more than doctors about the matters on which they exercise their skill. Take, for instance, the character of Richard the Third. Judging from the reminiscences of our boyish days, and by the chronicles which were deemed authentic records, that monarch was a tyrant, a crook-backed, ambitious, remorseless being, who killed wives, cousins, and friends, by wholesale; but some historians of later times, with deeper research and more cunning knowledge, have discovered that he was belied, and that in fact he was a most amiable personage, without the least spice of tyranny, and that, in short, he was altogether a man "more sinned against than sinning." The same grave doubts have arisen about the great Queen Elizabeth, for while some represent her as virtuous, patriotic, and amiable, others do not scruple to speak of her as tyrannical, proud, and entirely reckless of the happiness of her subjects, so that she could indulge in state intrigues and political partialities. Henry the Eighth has been painted in the blackest colours. His sins against religion, his cruelties to his Queens, his deceit, and a thousand vices too numerous to mention in the limits of a magazine, have all been duly set forth in historic pages; and yet he has found apologists in after times who would fain have us believe that he was what is called a good-hearted fellow, and that he did everything with the best intentions. As these discrepancies exist in regard to points, the intricacies of which no living man can unravel, it is not strange, we say, that opinions are so various about men and facts under actual observation. We fully admit the value of the "contemporary history" which is shadowed forth in its legitimate place of record, the newspaper press; but yet every one must acknowledge that party spirit gives such a colouring to the characters, opinions, and deeds, of the eminent men of the day, that plain people are likely to be considerably mystified if they resort to the odious process of comparison. Let the inquirer after truth look for the character of Lord John Russell to the *Morning Chronicle*, and then seek for further information in the *Standard*. In the one paper he is characterised as the true scion of his illustrious house, as the unflinching patriot, and the real champion of liberty. After looking on this picture let him turn to the latter paper, and there he will find the noble lord described as a charlatan, and a destructive, withal so arrogant as to justify the description given of him by the late facetious Sydney Smith, that he is a man who, at a minute's notice, would undertake to navigate the Channel Fleet. So with Sir Robert Peel, Lord Melbourne, Lord Brougham, Sir James Graham, or any leading Statesman of the day. Each of these men has his friends and his detractors, who "applaud him to the very echo," or belabour him with unceasing virulence, exercising peculiar keen-sightedness to his faults, and being stone-blind to his virtues and good qualities. Yet are all these writers "honest" in the eyes of those who pin their faith upon their opinions.

But if such inconsistencies be observable in newspapers upon "men," still greater ones may be traced in reference to the minor "things" of the day. There exists a class of men employed to record the "moving accidents by flood and field," who are familiarly termed "penny-a-liners," and those industrious and clever gentry are peculiarly apt in giving to "airy nothing" such embellishment and blazonry as to transform it into the most exciting and thrilling incident. It is with this portion of "contemporary history" that it is our present purpose to deal, and we shall give a few examples of the mode by which they give a touch of the romantic to the most commonplace event, so as to make it spicy and readable; and above all to spin out the narrative as much as possible.

They transform the common acceptation of goodness from quality to quantity. It is often said of indiscreet people, that they do not know where to draw the line, but these writers do, and their object is to draw it as long as possible. It is true that they are everything by turns, for nothing is too great or too small for them, but it is not true that they are nothing long. Length is the essential object of all their lucubrations. The readers of newspapers, perhaps, are so accustomed to the enticing headings which they give to their paragraphs, that they do not detect the profitless conclusions to which they generally lead. They may not observe, perchance, that an "extensive fire and narrow escape," turns out to be the sudden ignition of a curtain or a few shavings in an upper room, and the narrow escape resolves itself into the plain fact that the inmates would have had a narrow escape if the premises had been consumed. A penny-a-liner could no more begin an account of a fire, without calling it extensive, than he could begin an inquest which ends in a verdict of natural death, without characterising it as a "suspected murder." In fact there are regular stereotyped phrases for all the various occurrences and changes of this busy world. Every one must recollect the heading which has stared him in the face, all through this wearisome winter—"The weather, the parks"—and should he have perused the article, he must have been edified by remarking with what nice care every gradation of the thermometer was observed. How yesterday morning, at a quarter past three, the thermometer at St. Katharine's Docks, was at 32 degrees, and that the writer never omitted to remind his readers that this was freezing point. Nor can the reader have forgotten how carefully the condition of the ice was noted each day, and when it was fit for skaters, that 3000 persons were in the Regent's Park, 5000 in Hyde Park, and 2000 on "the ornamental waters" (this was never omitted) in St. James's Park. Perhaps, too, some may have remarked that a few weeks ago, when there was some skating, a touching and terrible account was given of "the excitement and alarm" caused in the neighbourhood of the Serpentine, by the breaking of the ice, when it was feared that ten or twelve persons were immersed, but from the confusion consequent upon the unexpected occurrence, the reporter could not obtain an exact account of the number of the incautious persons who had met with a "watery grave." On the next day came "further particulars," and an affecting description of the sorrowing relatives from all parts of the metropolis, who had been drawn to the spot for the purpose of identifying the bodies. A handkerchief marked with a G. or a B., we forget which letter, proved a great card, for it served to heighten the guesses and give reality to the account. We pledge ourselves that just such a narrative appeared in all the morning papers at the time, and that the incident of the Humane Society's men searching for the bodies was duly chronicled. The frost broke up, however, after it had been worked out for several days among the events of "The weather, the parks," and nothing more was heard of the incautious men whose "temerity had been rewarded with death," the plain and simple fact being, that happily not a single person met his death in the parks—a circumstance vouched for by the Secretary of the Humane Society, in a letter inserted in some of the very same newspapers in the month of March last.

It is melancholy that a dreadful murder, particularly if there be mystery and the perpetrator keeps out of the way for some time, is considered a very good windfall for the penny-a-liners, who each day exert their ingenuity in discovering additional particulars. On the other hand, a murder and suicide is worth very little. It is true there is room for a tragical account of the affair, and the Coroner's inquest turns in something; but there the thing is ended. But in the first case, to say nothing of the ample scope for fine writing about the great exertions of Inspector G—, in tracking out the murderer when he is alive, there are the examinations and re-examinations at the police-office, the account of the trial, when all the evidence given at the inquest is repeated, and last, not least, the sayings and doings of the prisoner while in the condemned cell, and then his execution. If the dead felon should happen to be a man of muscular powers, or have any personal peculiarity, the penny-a-liners sometimes try on a short account of the autopsy, together with a few phrenological developments, and a remark or two upon the singularity of the circumstance, that although the man was a most desperate villain, he had no "combativeness or destructiveness" whatever. If he should happen to have murdered a child, perhaps there is an opening for the remark that his "philoprogenitiveness" was most abundantly developed.

The recent murder at Hampstead enabled these writers to come out with unusual vigour and power of amplification. Albeit Hampstead is a locality tolerably well known, the sad incident afforded the peg whereon to hang most elaborate and picturesque descriptions of every lane, grove, field, nay almost of every tree near the spot. As Bellsize House, too, happened to have been the residence of Mr. Wright, the banker, and as it is the practice to make the most of everything connected, however remotely, with any well-known individual, the park and grounds were described with a nicety and peculiarity worthy of George Robins, in order to render the horrible part of the story still more "thick and slab."

That murder is sufficiently lamentable and disgusting in itself, but yet the penny-a-liners displayed even more than their accustomed ingenuity in endeavouring to excite morbid feelings. They were absolutely eloquent in their accounts of the deadly work. The murdered man, we were told, was lying on his face "in a pool of blood." This was a fine figure of speech, but indefinite as is the quantity of fluid necessary to constitute a pool, the remaining portion of the description is still more startling: "The back of the skull was literally dashed in, and caused the brain to protrude." This was the first account of the transaction from a pretended eye-witness, and the ghastly appearance of the poor man was a fertile source of description until the coroner's inquest, when the fact turned out to be that the head was not at all mutilated, and that death was caused by a violent blow with a *blunt* instrument, so that of course the idea of the brain protruding had no foundation but in the fertile imagination of the writer. This appalling account of the state of the skull was followed by a sketch of what the medical man said, which is quite characteristic. The skull of the victim having been "literally" dashed in, one would have supposed that it needed no doctor to

pronounce an opinion that the death was not a natural one. But yet the writer gravely affirms that the medical man "unhesitatingly" expressed his conviction that "the unfortunate gentleman had been barbarously murdered, and that it was utterly impossible he could have inflicted such blows upon himself." We should think not. Whatever may be the rage for suicide—however wild and reckless may be the monomania of the day—people do not resort to the extreme of "literally," or even figuratively, dashing in their skulls. If they did there would be very little in them, and we think no brains to protrude.

The contemporary historians did not fail to make as much as possible of a mysterious appointment arranged with a certain Caroline. The most strange surmises were raised with respect to the contents of this letter, and by way of giving probability to all these dark hints, it was stated at first, "that the female, much to her credit, voluntarily came forward as soon as she became acquainted with the dreadful occurrence." Then the writer took credit for not disclosing what the lady had revealed, lest he should frustrate the ends of justice. The value of this forbearance may be estimated by the fact well known to all our readers, that no such female did come forward, and that there is no proof of any person of the kind being at all mixed up with the sad transaction. The penny-a-liners, it must be admitted, are not solely to be blamed for these outrageous violations of propriety; the blame is to be shared by that portion of the public which likes to dwell upon horrors and exaggerations, and the conductors of some of the newspapers who indulge such tastes. Hocker has been raised into a public character; hundreds have striven for the honour of taking a pinch of snuff out of his box—Heaven forbid that any one should try to take a leaf out of his book. The penny-a-liners never try to "gild refined gold," it is true, but rather they seek to give value and importance to the dross. Thus the most trivial and repulsive incidents are straightway worked up into attractive narratives; they know well that with mental as with bodily food, the art of the *gourmet* is necessary to incite the taste. To use plain "household words" would be rather a cheerless task, and thus, in describing the most common affair of life, they torture the English language into a "fine phrenzy." If a man be drowned, he is not dead, but the surgeon, after a minute discovery, ascertains that the "vital spark has fled for ever." There was a time when poor mortals who had shuffled off their mundane existence, were quietly transported to the grave; but should it fall to the lot of these caterers to the press to describe the suicide of some poor unfortunate, he will not let the remains be tranquil, but coolly tells his readers that the "body awaits a coroner's inquest." So that the propensity of keeping up the interest never deserts these individuals. Even in the grave they will, if possible, give the idea that the person of whom they speak will do something, if he be not satisfied with the turn which matters take. The idea that the body awaits a coroner's inquest is a sort of threat that the public must be prepared for a startling discovery, should the inquiry not be satisfactory, as the subject of it will himself be on the watch to detect foul play.

We have spoken of the narrators of fires, and we beg the most cursory readers to bear witness whether this is not the most approved mode of describing such occurrences:—"Last night, or early this morning, as Policeman 102, of the G division (a most active officer), was passing by the corner of Wardour-street (which, as our readers know, is situate in Oxford-street), he considered that there was a smell of fire. On springing his rattle, he perceived that the fire proceeded from the first-floor window of the house No. 16, in that street. The utmost confusion, excitement, and alarm, immediately prevailed in the neighbourhood (the writer forgetting that almost everybody was asleep), and had it not been that there was a plentiful supply of water, and that the inmates of the house were able to put out the fire themselves, the consequences might have been serious in the extreme, and awful to contemplate." If, unfortunately, the fire should happen to be of a very serious character, and should there have been really loss of life, the number missing is always much exaggerated, the value of the property is increased four or five-fold, and there are always many pathetic incidents of the courage displayed by some of the brigade men.

A striking illustration of the extent of the exaggeration about fires, occurred only a few days ago. In the papers of Wednesday, March 19, appeared an article headed "Dreadful fire and loss of life." It professed to describe a fire which had broken out on the premises of a cabinet-maker, in Great Bermondsey Street, Southwark; and the writer gravely said "there was too much reason to conclude that it has been attended with fatal results to no fewer than from *six* to *nine* human beings." In the very same article, the writer states, that although "inquiry was made at every house in the immediate vicinity (a pretty wide range), no tidings could be gained of the occupier, his wife, or children." This being the case, it was a safe speculation to say, that "when the reporter left, the firemen were digging for the missing persons." On the day following, however, the reporter had the happiness of stating that "the parties had not met the most horrible of all deaths." This contradiction, too, he gave upon very good authority, for the "proprietor of the building came to the spot and informed the reporter" that neither himself, his wife, nor children were buried in the ruins. They were all out at the time. In this explanatory paragraph, the reporter unwittingly explains the ground on which he had said that from "six to nine human beings had met the most horrible of all deaths." It was this—"The proprietor was seen shortly after eleven o'clock, at which hour he wished one of his neighbours good night." *Therefore* the reporter entertained the supposition of "an *extensive* sacrifice of life." It must have been a sad scene, but the whimsical reporter seems bent upon giving a droll complexion to it, for he states that "during the whole of the time the firemen were at work, the neighbours were running to and fro inquiring of each other whether or not they had seen any of the occupiers of the building." H. B. alone could do justice to a scene like this. Fancy men running backwards and forwards in this way, while the flames were increasing, and this for some hours perhaps. The scene, too, was heightened by the fact, that "a number of the inhabitants having collected in front of the house, they were bewailing in a half-frantic manner the fate of the residents," none of whom were there.

An article appeared recently in "Chambers's

Journal" upon the subject of penny-a-liners, which, although professing to eschew that fraternity, must have evidently been written by one of the members of it. The writer in that respectable and clever publication, although claiming to be thoroughly acquainted with newspapers, cannot have been initiated into the "secrets of the prison-house," or he would not have spoken of the "pure inventors, the romance-writers of the daily press." We will venture to say that a pure invention very rarely appears in the columns of a newspaper. The penny-a-liners exult in romance, but there must be some reality, and as to the idea of newspapers paying frequently for fabrications, the thing is preposterous. Still less is it true that such accounts are sent in under a false name, so that the real writer escapes. It is not the practice for newspapers to insert accounts of any transaction, however trivial, unless they receive it from a known contributor, and should he be once detected in sending a false statement, never would his copy be used again. This being so, it is hardly necessary to say that the following paragraph from the article in "Chambers'" is entirely imaginative, and its only value as a description of penny-a-line doings is, that it forms of itself an instance of the exaggeration of which the writer complains:—"Murders, duels, elopements, explosions, and romantic suicides, are the staple commodities of this kind of swindlers; and the very minute manner in which they relate their false stories, their mention of dates, names, and places, so very precisely and particularly, is calculated to disarm suspicion. It must not, however, be supposed that they have invention enough to carry on this game long. No: the annual register, and the files of newspapers fifteen or twenty years old, supply them with abundant materials; and an old murder of the times of our boyhood frequently comes before us again as a murder of yesterday, with merely the change of names and localities, but with all the original circumstances identically the same as before. Antiquated accidents are brought into the light of modern days by the same industrious and unscrupulous grubbers; explosions a quarter of a century old terrify us once more in a new burst of horror; and the romantic love tragedies of the days of our grandfathers and grandmothers are repeated—the scene being laid in Whitechapel perhaps, and the time shifted to the day before yesterday. There was a few years ago a penny-a-liner who was the most remarkable specimen of this class of men, who pursued his calling in the most open and unblushing manner, weaving original stories, so interesting, but so indefinite as to time, place, and name, as to defy contradiction; and so framed, that if they once got into a newspaper, they gave him no trouble to defend their authenticity." No, no, this is not the practice of the penny-a-liners. This is too much a matter-of-fact age to be deceived by descriptions of murders in places of such an indefinite range as Whitechapel. The very street, number, lane, alley, or square, where the event takes place, must be accurately given. Indeed, the besetting sin of the penny-a-liner is that he is tediously minute about localities. A murder is ten times more interesting when the spot where it is committed admits of laborious and romantic "pencillings by the way." Were this not so it would have been impossible that hundreds of the "fairer sex" would have flocked, ancle deep in mud, as we are told by the newspapers they did, on Sunday the 9th of March, to reconnoitre the spot where the murdered man Delarue was thrust against the wall, or where he fell. But, in truth, by the united aid of penny-a-liners, and the taste for the horrible, which is the passion of the day, the readers of London newspapers are likely to become accustomed to the most fearful and most unnatural incidents of "Contemporary History;" at the same time "the remarkable specimen of the class" above alluded to could hardly be individualized even by the "oldest inhabitant."

After the specimens we have given of these purveyors to "Contemporary History," and particularly as many erroneous notions may have been formed from accounts of them, like those to which we have alluded, some authentic particulars may be acceptable. Let it be premised, that although there may be an impression among a small portion of the public, that newspapers insert misstatements, knowing them to be such, yet a more egregious mistake never existed. On the contrary, the sole aim and desire of newspaper conductors is to exhibit the truth. Nothing could be so injurious to a newspaper, as to give false statements. Each journal has its political bias, and of course bepraises the Statesman of its predilection, and condemns him to whom it is opposed; but, with the exception of a little leaning towards the writers, who embellish the history of the day, as we have shown, the daily press, generally speaking, furnishes the true record of facts. It is the only source from whence we can obtain a glimpse of the "age and body of the time, its form and pressure."

Although the writers alluded to are called penny-a-liners, the rate of pay is, in fact, three halfpence a line. That is to say, such a sum is paid by four of the morning papers and the evening papers. One of the morning papers pays somewhat less. The Sunday papers differ in the rate of remuneration paid to this class. One of them allows as much as threepence per line. Now the public may be in the habit of associating the idea of "penny-a-liners" with something excessively paltry, but, in point of fact, some of these men make a good deal of money. An article of 100 lines produces 12s. 6d., and if that amount be multiplied four or five times, the sum mounts up. It is by no means an uncommon thing for a penny-a-liner to make £40 or £50 by a good murder or any other startling event. These incidents, it is true, do not often arise; but these men are so indefatigable in picking up "unconsidered trifles," that in the worst of times the industrious get a tolerably good living. Indeed, there is one penny-a-liner, who makes something like £1000 a year. It is to be remarked that there is a vast field. They do not, as we have said, falsify events, but they make them subservient to circumstances. Thus, if a coroner's inquest should not be sufficiently interesting for the morning papers, and should the copy unfortunately not be used by any of them, it is dressed up the next day for the evenings. Luck runs sometimes so much against the writers, that even the evening papers leave out the account, perhaps pressed by Parliamentary reports, or, peradventure, urged by a spirit of economy. In these cases, the affair is treasured up till the Saturday, when a *re-chauffée* of the leading points is made up for the Sunday papers, and the date and the heading being altered, it is duly paraded under the head of latest intelligence, particularly by a certain class of Sunday papers, which affect to give news up to the very latest

hour, and the reporters for some of which, perhaps upon the principle that it is "an ill wind which blows nobody any good," sometimes convert the upsetting of a boat in the Channel into a "distressing shipwreck and melancholy loss of life."

The French press presents a vast contrast to our own, in regard to this species of contemporary history. Some of the Paris papers have been recently enlarged, but still there is no attempt made to give the mass of strange and heterogeneous events with which our own journals are inundated. Nothing, perhaps, shows more the different spirit of the two people than the contrast in this respect. True it is, that occasionally some horrible murder, attended with circumstances of peculiar atrocity, like the case of Madame Laffarge for instance, electrifies all Paris, but there are no minor chroniclers to register the sudden deaths, the extraordinary births, the commissions of lunacy, the extensive fires, the highway robberies, the fashionable changes, and the numerous other odd and exciting incidents with which the English papers abound. Not that there is no scope for descriptions of this sort, but the mind of a Frenchman is so constituted that he cannot stoop to contemplate trivial matters. It is often a wonder with the French how such an intelligent nation as the English can care about matters which, in France, are deemed so totally insignificant. With a Frenchman politics are the only things needful for conversation or discussion; but yet they look rather to the point of the debates in the Chamber than the length of them. The quantity comprised in two or three heavy debates in the Houses of Lords and Commons would serve a Frenchman for the whole Session of the two Chambers. Indeed, unless there be some angry insinuations against perfidious Albion, or some violent personal altercation between two diplomatists of note, senatorial doings in France pass almost unheeded. Literature and the drama form the staple contents of most of the Parisian journals. Even the grave *Journal des Débats* devotes a large proportion of its space once or twice a week, to a review of the novelties produced at the different theatres, written by that vivacious but somewhat erratic critic, Jules Janin, and we will venture to say that this part of the paper is considered to be the most essential by three-fourths of its readers. There is a *fureur* too for romances or exciting histories by the most eminent writers of this description of literature, such as Balzac, Alexandre Dumas, Paul de Kock, Frederic Soulié, Vicomte Walsh, &c. It is said that as much as £2000 are given to writers like these, whose romances appear in the *Débats*, the *Siècle*, *La France*, and other papers of large circulation. There may be some exaggeration as to this amount, but what is certain is, that there is a great struggle to secure the copyright of each of these works. The romances or tales are continued two or three times a-week, and to show the value attached to them by the papers in which they appear, it is only necessary to mention that they never publish any portion of them without inserting a note to the effect that any attempt at piracy will be immediately proceeded against.

The taste for literature of this kind may explain the absence of the lucubrations of gentlemen of the penny-a-line class, and we cannot help thinking that in this respect the French press is vastly superior to our own. If it be true, and there is little doubt of it, that the press exercises a great influence upon public opinion, it is clear that the quality of the matter supplied by the journals must have some effect upon the habits and manners of the people. That the disgusting and highly coloured details of the penny-a-liners vitiate the taste of at least a portion of the English people, is attested by the fact that of late murderers and other evil-doers are raised into a sort of notoriety, as if they were martyrs in some good cause, and in proportion to the atrocity of the deed, is the public anxiety to see the perpetrator, and all culprits whose offence is peculiarly rank find imitators. One monomaniac makes many. The suicide from the Monument a few years ago led very soon to another, as the force of evil example seems to be peculiarly strong, whether it be manifested in the freaks of the boy Jones or the wanton mischief of such men as the destroyer of the Portland Vase.

Upon these grounds we think there is room for reform in that department of "Contemporary History" which is supplied by the penny-a-liners. We believe the newspapers have attempted to do away with a system which holds out a direct inducement to the ingenious embellishment which we have here described; but, although the extravagances of these gentry are sometimes cut, they come again with redoubled force soon afterwards. Surely newspapers would be sufficiently interesting if they suppressed all accounts of deaths from starvation, which terminate in verdicts of apoplexy or death from inflammation of the lungs; or if they never published a sudden death that was preceded by a week's illness. Facts ought to be made to predominate over fancies. There should be no encouragement to inflated descriptions of accidents which *might* have been attended with serious consequences. The late conductor of a morning paper used to give a printed list of directions to the writers connected with his establishment, one of which was "Never throw a neighbourhood into alarm;" but so far from such a laudable caution being observed now, it seems quite impossible for a real penny-a-liner to begin any incident of ordinary magnitude without such an exordium. Should any one doubt, let him but take up a newspaper of the day on which he happens to read this, and sure we are that if there should have been a fire, a murder, a sudden death, or even should a bull have become unruly in crossing Blackfriars-bridge, the self-same form and words will meet his eye. Nay, if any occurrence should arise which gives a chance for the observation that it is "shrouded in mystery," and that, therefore, no information could be obtained about it, look only a little lower down the column and there the reader will find "further particulars" of a matter upon which no single fact to be relied on has yet been given.

There is a story told of a child who, having been asked what his father was, replied, a dreadful accident maker to the newspapers. The child did not state the literal fact, although the answer was nearly allied to the truth. We repeat that the idea of an entire fabrication is out of the question; but the penny-a-liner's occupation would be gone, if he were not allowed to weave a little of imagination with the fact. The contemporary history of the day, however, would be much improved, if the practice were "reformed altogether." Penny-a-liners, however, have a mortal

hatred to unvarnished tales; and are always determined to pitch every thing as strong as they can. They afford the most indubitable illustration that "trifles light as air" may assume the most portentous shapes. They always write as it were with magnifying glasses. A pain in the head with them is a serious indisposition; a clap of thunder, a terrific thunder storm; a slight mist, a dense fog; a little wind becomes a terrific hurricane; an Irish row is a serious disturbance; a plain matter of fact is a suspicious circumstance; a chimney on fire is often termed an alarming conflagration: there are no simple burglaries; oh no, they are all extensive ones, and let the burglar be as green as possible at his business, the chances are, that when he gets to the Old Bailey, the reporters find out that he is an experienced cracksman. These writers, too, are very prone to resort to that odious practice termed comparison; because if a small event can be compared with a great one, the thing tells. Thus, the chance is seldom lost of comparing a fire at a warehouse, with the tremendous destruction at Topping's Wharf. And a murder reads all the better if you can contrive to throw in that "the usually quiet neighbourhood" has not been in such a "state of breathless excitement since the murder of the Marr family at Ratcliffe Highway," or since the "Greenacre tragedy," or "the murder of Mr. Weare, by the infamous Thurtell." If a poor man should die, and by chance two-pence halfpenny should be found in the house, tied up in a stocking, a good par is sometimes made about a well-known miser, or a very singular character. Strange coincidences are not bad. For instance, if the second cousin of a man charged with stealing a quartern loaf, should happen to have been transported, the fact is never lost sight of. Still less does the penny-a-liner miss the opportunity of stating that a notorious character was born on the same day as Napoleon, or that his wife's brother had an aunt, who said that her cousin died on the anniversary of the battle of Waterloo. In the spring, when they do the pars about the weather, the very moment that there is an indication of a bud upon the trees, the day is chronicled as corresponding with the year when the weather was so tremendous, that the birds died like sheep for want of water, and the temperature was hotter than in India. So with autumn, wild fowl are sure to be seen at Battersea, and there are then always some old mariners living thereabouts, who predict that there will certainly be a fair upon the Thames. The "oldest inhabitant" is a very useful man too, to clinch a coincidence. Positives with these writers are not half so valuable as superlatives. They are nothing if not powerful in diction. We may observe too, *en passant*, that dramatic history partakes somewhat of the same character. At one theatre the "Bohemian Girl" and the pantomime are played together to "tremendous houses," the audience in the boxes, on these occasions, consisting of some 80 or 100 persons, and dark and dreary incidents are trumpeted forth as "blazes of triumph." Yet the system goes on, and no one seems to think it strange that the manager of a theatre should hold it forth as an attraction—that the houses are so crowded as to render it almost impossible to obtain admission.

Shopkeepers, too, write the history of their mercantile dealings in the attractive form of "unheard of sacrifices," and now and then they resort to the odd announcement of "selling off," as if it were not the fact that every individual tradesman in this great metropolis is always employed in selling off when he can. There is a spice of exaggeration among all classes and conditions of men. Even a hair-dresser is a professor. Working men are all operatives; dancers, actors, painters, shoemakers, ay, and chimney sweepers, for aught we know, are artistes. Quack doctors are cultivators of the healing art, while clergymen have the cure of souls. Shops are magazines; makers of penny crackers are classed as engaged in pyrotechnics; dairymen are purveyors of cream; milliners are modistes; farmers' labourers belong to the landed interest; sailors are gentlemen connected with the marine; the most plodding clerk is a gent; thief takers are inspectors of the detective force; every alley is an arcade; penny theatres are dramatic saloons; gaolers are wardens; coffee-shops are reading-rooms; and miserable soup houses and slap-bang shops are restaurants.

We may close our illustration of the penny-a-line system, by a few choice specimens connected with recent occurrences. The cases of Hocker and Tawell, have afforded ample scope for the display of the imaginative faculties of the diurnal historians. They have done their best (or worst) to elevate Hampstead-fields into celebrity. Not content with investing the brick wall, where the murdered man fell, with the most touching associations, they have been more than usually eloquent in their accounts of the funeral. Thus, on the day when it took place, the papers said that the Hampstead-road, was "one continued mass of human beings." To have merely said that there were immense crowds, would have been too homely language for such an occasion. A well known acquaintance of the reader, "the oldest inhabitant," was supplanted for this occasion, and was supplied by an equally good "authority," a very old inhabitant. Hear how exquisitely the writer brings him forward. He says, "cabs, coaches, and vehicles of every description were also (that is, in addition to the continued mass of human beings) seen wending their way up the well-known hills to Hampstead-town, and the reporter was informed by a very old inhabitant that so many people had never visited that place in one day within the memory of man."

What striking evidence is here of antiquarian lore. How marvellously well does the writer clinch his romantic associations with a fact going so far back as the memory of man. After this, the oldest inhabitant must hide his diminished head. The memory of man—or woman—is evidently a much stronger and happier elucidation.

This murder, too, gave rise to many "elegant extracts." Witness the following portion of an alleged letter from the prisoner Thomas to his brother Jem. A morning paper gave the following as a portion of the "correspondence."

"My dear Jem,—Why don't you come and see me? I am as happy here as they can make me; but for the governor's kindness I should have nothing but oatmeal gruel and dry bread." He then says,—"You could make me more happy if you liked. I could see you, but my dear father and mother, oh never!" In another part he goes on,—"Remember, although within the walls, I am your brother." And again,—"You have not sent me any snuff, and my linen is so dirty I am almost ashamed to be seen." After stating—"I am preparing a plain homely

defence for next Tuesday," the letter concludes thus, —"Although I am considered a murderer, I still remain your affectionate brother,—Tom."

Now, it may probably be imagined, that upon the examination of the prisoner Thomas, this letter would have been produced; but no, not a word was said of it, and the probability is, that the writer was not Thomas Hocker, but the ingenious contemporary historian, who was doing the incidents for the "mornings." This "plain homely defence" afforded the opportunity for many a par; every time Hocker was brought up, something was said about a roll of paper he had in his hand, and many were the speculations hazarded as to its probable contents, but public curiosity was always cruelly tantalized by the admission of the reporter, that in spite of every exertion, "he had been unable to obtain any accurate account of it," and to this day it is not decided whether there was any writing at all on the paper. Once, indeed, there was a hint of its being a "confession;" but the writer seems to have felt that he was treading on dangerous ground when he gave it this appellation, for almost in the same paragraph it was recorded that Hocker was fully confident of being able to establish an *alibi*. At another time, after giving a dash of interest to the inquest, by noticing the squabbles about the Coroner's jurisdiction, and the introduction of a masterly allusion to Sir James Graham and the spy system, public curiosity was tickled with this notice—"It is asserted, that it is not unlikely the Home Secretary himself will be present, with several of the gentlemen who were at Hampstead on Saturday, at the inquest." Fancy the rich absurdity of supposing that the Home Secretary, who might perhaps ultimately have to decide upon the life or death of the prisoner, was likely to give weight to the accusation by being present at a preliminary inquiry. But what care "contemporary historians" for probability or truth, when they are doing a "bit of local," or "digging the mine" of falsification for bread.

As to the wretched man Tawell, they made the most of him. Just before the trial approached they killed Mrs. Ashley, one of the principal witnesses against him; but, happily for herself and the interests of justice, she was alive and well when she was wanted. Then they raised wonderment and anxiety by making it an impossibility for Mr. Kelly, his counsel, to attend, and they even made Mr. Bevan, his solicitor, seriously indisposed; but the day before the trial, the *Chronicle* reporter wrote home to say, "Mr. Bevan, the prisoner's solicitor, who was falsely represented as being very seriously indisposed, is to be down here by the last train at eight o'clock." The same authority too, relieved the doubts about Mr. Kelly, by saying, "Mr. F. Kelly, the eminent counsel, who was reported to be some-(Heaven knows!)-where else, has just arrived by the five o'clock train." Of course, Aylesbury itself was inundated; there were to be no beds and no nothing. It was, however, fortunately discovered at the day of trial, that the town was only just as full as an Assize town generally is, but then the preliminary notes of alarm and dismay were explained by the confident prediction that "a considerable influx of visitors may be expected *to-morrow*." Where is the march of intellect, where is the sense of decorum, if it be true that "Tawell's wife applied to the high-sheriff for five seats in the court during the trial, one for herself, the remainder for her friends"? None but a penny-a-liner would imagine such a thing.

We can hardly omit to notice a very recent specimen of the illustrative powers of these gentlemen. In the neighbourhood of Kingston some furze caught fire, which had the extraordinary effect of "suddenly illuminating the whole town of Kingston to such an extent as to cause the greatest consternation among the inhabitants, *hundreds* of whom immediately hastened to the engine-station, and requested the aid of the engines. [What very active people the inhabitants of Kingston must be.] After some time the exact scene of the fire was found out, when one of the most awfully sublime sights ever witnessed presented itself; the greater portion of the plantation being enveloped in one immense sheet of flame, which was ascending many hundred feet into the air, and large showers of sparks were continually being wafted across the country a great distance, causing the most lively apprehensions for the safety of the adjoining plantations." The inconvenient effects were not limited to the production of "lively apprehensions," for we are gravely told that "an engine and four post horses started from London," but a policeman who met the firemen on Wimbledon Common "explained to them the nature of the fire," so that the engine and the brigade men "turned back;" whether they returned "post" or not, the deponent doth not say. Perhaps it would have been better if they had gone, for the paragraph proceeds to say, "for many hours the fire continued to throw its glare over the surrounding country." Now, considering that the fire was on the ground, the flames must have had a difficult task. Evidently, however, the reporter was a man of an inquiring mind, for he must have put questions to something like a thousand persons to get at the truth, as he tells us in the next line that "the immediate vicinity of the conflagration was thronged by many hundreds of persons, who came from various quarters, *most of whom* declared that they never saw so large a fire before."

We assure our readers that we have not exaggerated this exquisite foolery. We give the writer's own words literally. The account is not taken from an obscure paper, but appeared in a journal of large circulation and influence, and was probably copied into the other daily papers.

With such evidences as these, none of which we "set down in malice," we think we are justified in asserting that a strange opinion might be formed in after times of the year 1845 if the writers upon the manners and spirit of the age were to drink too deeply from the sources of "Contemporary History." The French papers, which we have also noticed, are equally clever in their examples of news. The latest we recollect was an announcement in the *Débats*, upon the occasion of the retirement of Mr. Gladstone, that he was to be made "Bishop of Exeter." Such was one day its contribution to the "latest intelligence."

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These will be found among the choicest specimems of the class of literature to which they belong, and many of them have never before appeared in English. They are equally suited for the perusal of the old and young.

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THERE is no class of persons more urgently in need of guidance and advice than Emigrants. Belonging, for the most part, to the humbler classes of society, and therefore but imperfectly acquainted either with the geography or the natural resources of the regions whither they are bound—with means so limited as to need a thrifty husbandry and jealous conservation—the future denizens of the "Far West" too frequently become the ready prey of designing knaves on shipboard, and of greedy villains on land. To inform, warn, and counsel the unwary Emigrant from the moment of his leaving England, until the hour of his arrival in the settlements,—to assist him in the choice of a vessel,—to point out the proper outfit and necessary preparations for the voyage,—to aid him in choosing a *location*, and, at the same time, furnish him with a mass of useful information relative to customs-duties, the price of provisions, distances, and rates of inland travelling, &c., &c., has been the object of the author of this unassuming *brochure*, and the manner of its accomplishment is highly creditable. We gather from the Preface, that the writer has gained his information from his own experience as an Emigrant; a circumstance which, taken in connection with the respectability of the firm by which it has been issued, may be accepted as a sufficient guarantee for its general accuracy and trustworthiness.

THE GAZETTE OF VARIETY—Vol 2. New Series.

THIS is a work likely to afford its readers great entertainment, and withal instructive. The Editor seems steadily to have kept in view the homely adage that "variety is charming," and has hence presented—in the compass of a moderate volume—some 300 distinct articles, including "Sketches of Life and Character," "Pathetic and Humorous Tales," "Incidents of Travel," "Biographical Sketches," "Gleanings in Natural History," "Science and Art," and so forth. The original articles—and they are not a few—are cleverly written, and the cullings from new and expensive books are alike judicious and interesting. In this latter respect, indeed, this "Gazette of Variety" is entitled to greater praise than some professedly more original publications, just as it has been said the bee, which gathers honey from many a flower, is to be preferred to the spider, which spins its flimsy lurking place from its own bowels.

The preface to its second volume intimates that another series of this highly interesting periodical is about to appear, under the title of THE ILLUSTRATED FAMILY JOURNAL, AND GAZETTE OF VARIETY. The editor, in his address, very justly remarks that: "Every one must have perceived the present tendency of the public taste towards the *elevated* in ART as well as LITERATURE. This is shown by the great demand for *embellished* publications—and the proportionate success of those issues of the press, in which the marriage of art to literature, has been something better than a mockery and a name!" It is easy to see the brilliant source from which this taste for illustrations has proceeded: The ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, around whose sun so many *minores stellæ* show their feeble light; that marvellous hebdomadal publication: yes wonderful indeed it must appear, if we but reflect for one moment upon the labour, unceasing perseverance, and large outlay it must necessarily involve to produce weekly the great variety of exquisite and interesting engravings it does; and that it should in a comparatively brief space of time have called into existence a host of imitators in every part of the world, where polite literature is sought for.

We wish success to the new series, which we have no doubt will prove, as promised, an expansion of the instruction and amusement so liberally afforded by its preceding numbers. We only fear, from our own experience in the great expense of good woodcuts, that, however extensive may be the sale of this work, its proprietors can scarcely hope to be reimbursed for the large outlay required in rendering it what it is—a really beautiful, interesting, and cheap periodical.

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